

trinket

by trinket

by Hugo v.2.2

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Preface

trinket is a true story that starts with a cyber-slut picking up a man (me) online, and unfolds to become an amazing look into her dysfunctional life, and the life of her large dysfunctional family. At first this story will seem to be about kinky cyber-sex, but slowly trinket began to “spill her guts” to me. Maybe my having a number of degrees in psychology had something to do with that. After you read her story, I wonder if you will come to appreciate trinket as much as I have. God!, I thought I had problems- as I outlined in *Elliot's Story by Hugo (An Autobiography)*, but after “hearing” trinket's story, mine seems kinda ordinary by comparison. Someone should make a movie of her life, but I don't know how they'd do it.

I don't know if this is a book women should read. Part of me thinks most would think of trinket as the “anti-feminist traitor from Hell”, part of me thinks women will relate to her, part of me thinks they might want to have their daughters read this book as a lesson of how not to live their lives... don't know.

Hugo, 2000

Subj: RE: availability of on-line MALE-DOMS

Date: 97-05-22 07:52:35 EDT

From: tammy

To:abouteliot@aol.com

DEAR SIR, i humbly beg you to forgive this intrusion of your privacy, but i couldn't help myself. i saw your letter on the comments and views page of the DSKIOSK web site. i knew from reading your letter that you're a "BABY-BOOMER", as i am too. my question is,"do you know how i'd go about finding a MASTER who's in our age range on the net?" i'm a newbie--like you didn't know that. i have no idea where to begin and since you describe yourself as a "SKILLED DOM", i thought you'd possibly be able to steer me in the right direction. i love everything about the D/s lifestyle and used to practice it with my husband until he decided he no longer cared to live like that. we're still married and the only relationship i would be allowed to have is one in cyber-space. any assistance you could give me would be greatly appreciated. thank-you so much. you can reach me at my email address, tammy@-----
tammy

Subj: RE: SOME NIGHT THOUGHTS

Date: 97-05-23 05:12:56 EDT

From: tammy

To: abouteliot@aol.com

DEAR SKILLED MASTER,

THANK-YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART FOR RESPONDING TO MY E-MAIL SO QUICKLY AND FOR SENDING ME TO YOUR WEB-SITE, BUT MOSTLY FOR PLAYING WITH ME!! THANKS FOR THE WARNING ABOUT CYBER-LOVE BUT I DON'T ANTICIPATE IT BEING A PROBLEM FOR ME SINCE I'M NOT LOOKING FOR LOVE--JUST A NIGHT TOY FOR NIGHT GAMES AND MIND TRIPPING. MY HUSBAND & I HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR 26 YRS. AND WE'RE WELL PAST THE PITFALLS OF OUTSIDE RELATIONSHIPS. BEEN THERE==DONE THAT==SURVIVED IT. YOU MENTIONED THAT CYBER-PLAY WASN'T REAL ENOUGH FOR YOU. I'M NOT SURPRISED---IT'S NOT FOR ME EITHER, BUT THE MIND GAMES DO ADD TO THE TAPES WE CARRY IN OUR HEADS WHICH TRIGGER THOSE FANTASTIC ORGASMS. A BAD BACK KEEPS ME FROM THE REAL THING SO CYBER-SUBMISSION WILL FILL SOME OF THE VOID. ON YOUR WEB PAGE YOUR SLAVE SAID THAT IN YOUR SPARE TIME YOU TRAIN SLAVES TO LIVE UP TO THEIR POTENTIAL. WHAT A TOUGH JOB THAT MUST BE---EVEN FOR A "SKILLED DOM". SO, HOW DOES ONE GET INTO YOUR

MASOCHISTS 101 CLASS?? DO WE STAND IN A LINE
YELLING---PICK ME--PICK ME---OR DO WE HAVE TO PASS
SOME RORSCHACH TEST OR A WRITTEN EXAM?? WHEN
--MIGHT I ASK--DO YOU HAVE THE TIME & ENERGY FOR YOUR
ARTWORK?? WHAT KIND OF ART WORK? I KNOW--I'M
WASTING YOUR TIME RIGHT NOW. ALMOST DONE... I WOULD
LIKE TO CHAT WITH YOU FROM TIME TO TIME IF YOU SO
DESIRE. GOD KNOWS I LACK GUIDANCE & DIRECTION IN MY
LIFE AND COULD POSSIBLY BENEFIT FROM SOME
INSTRUCTION AND DISCIPLINE. PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR
BEING SO FORWARD----I'M USUALLY NOT SO BRAZEN WITH
PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW. YOU BROUGHT THIS OUT IN ME--
BELIEVE THAT? LOL (= LAUGHING OUT LOUD). THANKS
FOR LISTENING TO ME. AND YES--I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO
YOUR SLAVE FOR SOME POINTERS ON CYBER-SEX. I WILL E-
MAIL HER SOON. NOW GO BE CREATIVE. SINCERELY,
TAMMY

Subj: re: apology & requested information

Date: 97-05-25 05:44:05 EDT

From: tammy

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear SIR,

as i return from the required amount of time in the corner and feeling
justly chastised, i kneel before you with bowed head as i offer my
humblest of apologies while begging forgiveness for my blatant use
of all caps in prior e-mail. i have no excuse, SIR, other than the fact
that i was simply being rebellious and chose to push buttons that
would produce expected results. i understand that this admission of
guilt in no way releases me from the punishment of the written
apology which should be in the mail this week. please don't worry
about me becoming overly dependent on you for my insatiable s&m
needs/desires. i believe you made it quite clear from the beginning
that your time and availability would be limited. trust me--i haven't
forgotten! i do plan to find a 'DOM' of my own. now-take a deep
breath and try to relax--it's gonna be ok. i sincerely appreciate the
time you've already extended to me and i promise not to abuse the
privilege of being allowed to play head games with you.

about the husband..... he has always allowed me the freedom to
pursue whatever interests me because he's secure in the knowledge
that i won't go past the boundries that have become mutually

acceptable for our continued relationship. he said to me just the other day,"i don't know what you're doing on that computer at night nor do i want to, but whatever it is--please don't stop." he also mentioned that the sparkle had returned to my irish eyes. he knows all about my passion for night games of the head variety. do you feel better now? i'm glad we had this little talk. lol.

so--you say that you want to know about my level of experience with s&m? hmm--would you believe that i was a neophyte? i didn't think so, but i couldn't resist saying it anyway. did you want the 'soup to nuts' version or the cleansed and revised edition? i guess i'd have to say that i've been exposed to a fair amount of d/s & s/m. you know--the usual stuff like total submission (which was never consistent, i might add), face slapping, spankings with the use of hands-leather belts :-) paddles- hair brushes,etc.--beatings with whips or braided leather--hand cuffs--ropes--restraints--gags--fisting--verbal humiliation--to name a few. i hope i'm not giving you a stomach ache. i've never really given much thought to being at a certain level and i have no idea of where i fall. i'll let you decide on the level of my experience from what i've told you. what i can tell you is that i thoroughly enjoyed doing each and everyone of these things. i never had enough, i always wanted more. my tolerance for pain is extremely high and i usually end up begging for far more than i ever should receive. i have very light skin color that marks easily and shows the bruises for days--sometimes weeks. needless to say, this usually thrills the one who's inflicting the pain.

i'm going to have to continue this later this evening. it's 5:28 am sunday morning and i've been up since 8:00 pm friday nite. the rebellious one is tired. think i'll lay my body down and go tripping through my head tapes until i find one that i can get off with. sound like a plan? i thought so.

i enjoy your e-mails more than you know.
tammy

Subj: RE: part B. of requested information
Date: 97-05-27 04:32:40 EDT
From: tammy
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear SIR,

now--where were we? aah, yes--discussing my major fantasy. i've had the same one for years but have never been able to live it. my

expectations tend to run a little high when it comes to fantasies!! the one i go back to time and again is the one where i'm totally controlled by a strong, aggressive, demanding, strict disciplinarian. he would demand that i totally submit my will to him and deny him nothing. he would train me to meet his every need and expect blind obedience and any infraction of the rules would be met with severe punishment. the very idea of being owned by a controlling man excites me beyond belief. i'm wet just thinking about it. i had that once with my husband for a few weeks. i loved it--he felt stressed. i think my intense need for this scared him. he said that i liked it more than he expected i would and he couldn't handle my constant need for going deeper into the game. the more things he made me do--the more i liked it. the more he hurt me--the better the orgasms. i suppose he backed off for fear of going too far. so you can see why my fantasy has always been to find the man who would welcome the chance to own a woman completely. the whole submission role is a major head trip for me. that's why i'm even willing to settle for the words being said on the computer screen. i crave this--i need it--i want it. what i don't understand about myself is that i have this love-hate thing with men. part of me hates them to my core and the other part desires only to serve and respect them. do i seem normal to you???

i can feel you running now. you're probably thinking---this one is way out there and it's no wonder her husband doesn't want this kind of attention. i don't know, maybe i am? but you did ask and i've risked your rejection to tell you my fantasy.

next you asked what exactly i was looking for. i'm looking for a DOM who is a master at head games. one who knows all the trigger words and knows how to use them as well as being comfortable with his exalted position. i want one who won't be afraid of being demanding of me. someone that can give orders and expect that they'll be met. i would be on my knees and wet with anticipation should i be lucky enough to find a man who would be willing to play this game with me. know anybody?

i'm sure you'll take pleasure in knowing that i'm a nervous wreck at the thought of sending you this description of my fantasy. that's hard to do with someone you don't know. i'm feeling a little more than naked right now.

a much humbled--tammy

Subj: RE: attitude adjustment

Date: 97-05-28 05:10:01 EDT

From: tammy

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear SKILLED DOM,

i don't mind telling you that i was devastated by your e-mail this morning. before i went to bed, i decided to check my mail and the words-("you should feel naked") jumped out at me. had the blood pumping and jumping right away. i knew this wasn't going to be your usual letter. you're a MASTER at your craft! you managed to push the anger/worry/panic buttons with that one e-mail. i sat here in a daze-- almost to the point of tears. i wasn't sure what you were trying to get across to me. it became clear when i read it again that a long distance cyber relationship isn't something that you particularly enjoyed participating in. that's when the major panic button went off. i hate being such a dysfunctional codependent and allowing myself to shatter at the mere thought of abandonment. tried to go to bed and sleep, but the tapes wouldn't shut off. i seem to be going through one of my sleepless phases again. this past holiday weekend i was up for 60 hrs. straight before i was able to crash.

and then i get another e-mail from you saying that you may reconsider taking me on if i could manage to do as i was told and do it in a timely manner. can you imagine the relief? and i do thank you for bothering to give me some thought before you went to sleep. i certainly don't deserve it and i'm grateful that you at least seem willing to let me prove i want this. what would you have me do to repay you for your kindness? how can i prove to you that i'm sincere in my desire to please you?

how much time do i have by myself? i'm ashamed to say i have more time than the average person should be allowed to have. on the serious side--probably about 4-5 hrs. a night. haven't worked in the last 3 yrs. because of severe back problems. i don't anticipate working in the near future either. not a bad gig for an over-sexed middle aged woman! i kinda like it--who wouldn't?

what kind of clothes do i usually wear? i'm a dress/skirt gal all the way. i don't even own a pair of jeans. i like long, loose, flowing fabrics with soft colors. i live in caftans/long dresses/skirts. i hardly even wear shoes unless they're sandals. i'm extremely claustrophobic and shy away from restrictive clothing of any kind. at the tender age of almost 48--i'm into comfort. :-)

you're making me nervous with these questions about time and clothes. trying to figure out just what you have in mind for me. please try to remember that i have a family. i can't get too crazy.

my punishment assignment went out in the mail today along with my check for the book you sell. when we got the computer, i swore i'd never give my real name to anyone on the net. and here i am-- mailing you a check with my name and address printed on it. my, how quickly things change?

i promise to work on living up to my full potential so i can avoid disappointing you anymore than i already have. i promise to be prompt in answering your letters, sir. thank you for your patience with me so far.

feeling reprimanded---tammy

Subj: RE: busted!!
Date: 97-05-28 06:46:40 EDT
From: tammy
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear SKILLED DOM,

i loved every word of it ! you're something else. please don't stop.

a gazillion thank-yous for the orgasm fantasy for today. i should be paying you for this. got to run. the other man in my life is demanding coffee.

(smiling) tammy

Subj: RE: yes--yes--yes--yes--yes--yes--yes!
Date: 97-06-01 06:27:43 EDT
From: tammy
To: abouteliot@aol.com

yessssssssssssssss, i would be thanking you if you had just got done telling me you were going to beat me for your amusement. in fact--i couldn't thank you enough!!!! i love what the pain/pleasure thing does to my body. i can assure you that i'd be responding to it so willingly that you might not want to beat me after all. i never feel the pain 'til it's all over and then it comes in waves of intense heat.

taught myself to block out pain while i'm going through it by going to a comfort zone in my head. that's why it's so easy to hurt me while you're beating me--i don't respond like the average person and the one who's inflicting the pain is seeking that response and expects to hear you beg him to stop. usually gives me more incentive to resist, since i do have a rebellious streak in me. i know it's there and i have to fight to keep it hidden. i don't know if it's the irish blood or just being female. i can easily withstand physical pain, but emotional pain destroys me instantly. obviously, you know this about me already.

Sir, could i ask you for something? would you tell me what you look like? i'd like to form a picture of you in my mind so that i can feel you more as i read your e-mails.

i'll tell you what i look like. i don't know---maybe you don't want to know? shot in the dark--but i'll risk it.

i'm 5'8", light brown hair/laced with lots of red highlights. hazy, blue-grey eyes. very-very light skin with lots of freckles. weight--average or pick one, your choice-- i've bounced from

slim to..... full breasts--wide hips. great ass---average legs. that's tammy in a nut shell. like her?

thank-you for your kind e-mails yesterday and today.

mega grovels-tammy

Subj: RE: slave thinks
Date: 97-06-02 03:17:30 EDT
From: tammy
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

your coldness only makes me want to serve you more. i'm so attracted to you when you're in your cold and distant moods. i'll never be able to thank you enough for rejecting my request to know what you look like. you're so good to your slave. maybe too good.

slave walks back down the hall---removes her blindfold--slings it on the floor--steps on it--kicks it across the room---opens the window--throws it out. slave is angry---slave is sad--slave crys. it was a bad time to trouble Master with slave needs. Master is a busy man and she shouldn't have approached Him with any requests. slaves hard

heart softens--slave starts to feel selfish for asking for anything for herself--slave feels unworthy of His attention---slave wonders why He won't let her see Him--slave always has to wear the blindfold in His presence--slave doesn't understand why Master barked her out of the room when she only asked to be allowed to see Him--slave thinks Master would let her see him if He knew how important it was to her. slave waits, she'll ask Him another time.

now slave thinks she'd better climb out the window and find that blindfold. slave will return to Master and tell Him that she hopes His show goes well tomorrow. slave is proud of Master's work and will tell Him how beautiful His pictures are. slave will kneel before Him and apologize for troubling Him on a night when He's so busy. slave will tell Him she didn't ask for a photograph. slave will say that she just wanted a picture of Him in her mind. slave goes away and thinks she will carry Him in her heart until He wants her to carry Him in her mind. slave thinks she will try to be a better slave. nobody ever asks what slave thinks.

mega grovels--tammy

Subj: RE: an attempt to explain.....

Date: 97-06-03 12:02:41 EDT

From: tammy

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

this is my fifth attempt at trying to write to you tonight. i tried to respond to your last e-mail and have decided that it would be best to answer a couple of questions from the one before it.

you said you were curious about the hours i keep and wondered why i was up all night. i stay up at night for many reasons. at the risk of appearing arrogant, i too am a creative person. i design and make lots of things from clothes to victorian xmas decorations. but my real talent lies in quilt making. i do some of the traditional new england ones for friends and family, and have many designs of my own. i have little or no interest in doing enough to sell. i'm a very scattered person and i tend to have 6 or 7 projects going at the same time with 5 others in mind. i enjoy working with fabric, textures and colors. my mother taught me to sew when i was about 11 yrs. old and it's been a godsend with having three daughters who live/breathe/eat clothes.

another reason i stay up is because i'm in far too much pain to stay

in bed for more than 4-5 hrs. a day. i have degenerative disk disease and it causes me a great deal of discomfort. i choose not to play "test patient" with doctors. i've taken their drugs and anti-inflammatory medications and haven't found relief yet. so i try to focus on the things that give me pleasure--like being creative or reading or playing with night people on the computer. i sometimes stay up for 3 days in a row before i crash. then i'll die for 12hrs. and start the whole process over again.

and lastly, i stay up in an effort to try to retain some semblance of sanity. i'm a loner and i require a lot of space and time to think. my youngest child is now 17 and doesn't need me to attend to her every need. i've put in my 'mom' years since i was 18. this is my time and mine alone. what about the husband? let's not go there. we have carved out a semi-peaceful cohabitation that operates best on separate schedules. end of story.

i didn't want to have to get into all this boring stuff with you, but if you're ever to understand why i don't always get assignments to you pronto, it's because i'm working on a project that i need to finish for someone/ i'm in too much pain to be kinky that day/ or your request has come at the end of one of my 3 day cycles with no sleep. i'm not trying to jerk you around or avoid doing what you tell me to do. if i didn't want to do this, i would have never approached you and asked, begged, and then nagged for attention. it's just that life and family things get in the way now and then.

i have my doubts as to whether i'll be able to satisfy you at all. i gather from your letter that just about everything i've done so far is the wrong thing. i've never done this with anyone on line and i didn't know what to expect from you or what you expected from me. perhaps we should've discussed ground rules first? when you don't know a person, it's hard to figure out what's expected of you. these were some of the things you pointed out in your letter. i'm sorry i made the mistake of thinking of you as a friend. i will never again make the mistake of thinking you're my friend and talking to you as if you were.

i noticed that we have similar mothers. i fondly refer to mine as a prison warden with all the heart and compassion of a marine boot camp drill instructor. and yes....i hate her.

please accept my apology for sending assignments in sections. i can't win any points for trying, it seems. if i'm late --you get upset, so i only wanted you to know that i hadn't forgotten about it and decided

to send what i did have. would you prefer that i stop tormenting you and just go away? i had thought this might somehow be enjoyable for both of us. what i hear you saying is that you're not having a good time at all. if you believe there's any chance of me pleasing you--i will try. if you don't--please tell me now. i feel like i'm wasting your time and i never meant to do that.

tammy

Subj: RE: something to please the Master!!!!

Date: 97-06-04 05:53:44 EDT

From: tammy

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Skilled Dom,

This should please you immensely.

Game ends-----You win-----I lose.

Lets part as friends and try to pretend this never happened.

I sincerely wish you continued success with your art work, business, and web page.

Good-bye my night friend. knowing you has been an experience i won't soon forget.

TAMMY

Subj: RE: just one question.....

Date: 97-06-04 10:59:10 EDT

From: tammy

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

now that we've managed to get rid of that other tammy---could we possibly start over with a clearly defined list of ground rules and expectations? there was no way to muddle through the mess i'd made of my poor attempt to serve you. i was in far too deep to ever climb out.

i kneel before you in a newly humbled position and beg for a chance

to serve you correctly. i find myself greatly in need of your discipline and guidance. there will be no excuses, Sir, for not following your commands.

please show me how to serve you in the manner that will most please you. i don't know what i'm doing and i want to learn proper respect for my Master. i deserve and will welcome any punishment you choose to dole out.

thank-you for your time and consideration of my request.

grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--
grovel--grovel

grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--grovel--
grovel--grovel

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grovel--grovel

mega grovels---tammy

Subj: RE: as commanded
Date: 97-06-05 09:14:32 EDT
From: tammy
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i stand before you after having been stripped of clothing, pride and negative attitudes. as commanded by you, i kneel, lower my head and wait. when you're ready, i say, "Master, if it pleases you, i'd like to offer these names for you to choose from for my slave name, which will remind me of my lowly status."

and i do kneel before you this time with a properly humbled attitude and sincere desire to serve you and please you. i feel vulnerable and exposed as i hand you the three names to choose from that will strip me of my former identity and make me feel less than humiliated every time i hear you call me by one of them. i offer you, "insecurity"---"needy"---or the "Master's plaything".

i submit myself and my will to you and acknowledge that i am now under your protection. i promise to be obedient, respectful, and totally compliant. i promise to accept all punishments willingly and cheerfully. i promise to complete all assignments and send them to you immediately with no "asides" or personal comments. i promise to follow your orders to the letter and will do as instructed in real time. if you tell me to stand in the corner, i'll stand in the corner. i promise to do this without complaining or whining. i promise to refrain from all attempts to make you my friend.

and i do acknowledge your position and i'm a little more than fiercely attracted to your power. i'm consumed by your dominant personality and demanding nature. i only feel complete when being used by you for your pleasure. i will gladly wallow in humiliation and allow myself to be degraded by you just to remain in your presence. your spoken words,(even on the screen), thrill and excite me. i feel your presence in my life and sincerely thank you for showing me any attention. i am nothing and you are everything to me. i crave you--need you--and will revere the chance to serve you.

your lowly slave--tammy

Subj: RE: separate comments
Date: 97-06-05 08:42:46 EDT
From: tammy
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Sir, i just wanted to say thank-you for giving me a detailed list to follow this time. i realize it's my fault for not asking for one in the first place. i now know that we could have avoided many problems if i'd known what you expected from the start. it was my first attempt at submission via e-mail. i'm feeling like a real dumb blonde now!

Do i sign my real name when i write to you like this or do i sign the name you will choose for me?

And please,Sir, i need your help. remember when you were telling me that i needed to find a Dom of my own because you weren't sure you had the time for me or that you were undecided as to whether you'd want me for a slave? well, i did start looking and have had a couple of responses. one gave me stomach cramps and the other one just contacted me today. how can i juggle these two and remain obedient to you? i'm only one slave and i can't handle three Dom's. i

contacted the other one because you told me i had to. i honestly don't want him. do i still have to go through with it? i really am quite happy with you and would even be willing to wait for you if you suddenly find you don't have enough time for me. as you know, even with 4-5 hrs. a night to myself--i still have a family to care for--a house to clean-- meals to cook--laundry to do, etc. and then there's my work. how will i be able to give you my best if i'm doing assignments for other Dom's? please help me. my slave brain can't sort this out and i'm starting to panic. i chose you to write to because i was attracted to you and wanted to get to know you. i don't want this new Dom---it won't feel real like it does with you. despite our rocky start--i know i won't disappoint you in the future. i don't want to lose you and will do anything to keep your attention. i will await your decision and comply with your wishes.

sadly--tammy

Subj: RE: as requested
Date: 97-06-06 06:56:33 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

your slave is very happy tonight!!!! your slave is smiling and loves the name you gave her. i was so afraid that it would be a name that would be hard to live with. i like trinket because trinkets are something we choose to have around and i feel quite special. thank-you for being a kind Master and giving me a name that won't make me cry and hang my head in shame. how could i not want to serve a Master like yourself who is capable of showing such kindness? a sincere thank-you for your gift.

and, Sir, yes Sir, i will most definitely follow your order to get rid of the other Dom. his e-mail to me made me feel queasy, cheap, and dirty. i did not like him and could never like him. thank-you for saving me from that. i ditched that other one the same day, for the same reason, i might add.

your e-mails to me right from the start have never made me feel bad about what we're doing or feeling. your letters are ones that i save to read over again because you excite me and never make me feel like a whore.

you asked if i had a pc or a mac. it's a pc (a 166mmx, whatever that

means). i know less than nothing about computers. just got this around the middle of april and i'm slowly learning how to use it with the help of my 17 yr. old daughter who shakes her head a lot and is quite patient with me.

yes, Sir, i understand you will have to correct me and point out errors from time to time and i accept that because you took the time to explain to me the difference between this and being angry with me. now that i know that, i no longer will feel that each criticism is meant to be a direct attack. i'm breathing easier already. you can't imagine how just knowing these things about you has changed my attitude from defensive to cooperative. i truly wish we could have done this from the start and i'm sorry that i was too proud to ask what was expected of me and led you to believe that i knew how to conduct myself. looking back, i can see so many mistakes that i'd like to erase and only hope you will forgive me for in the future as i prove to you that i have a sincere desire to give you my best.

and now....to continue with the fantasy you started in your email to me. yes, i do moan, but only from the pleasure of it and soon beg you to put more fingers in, and as you do--you slide the other hand into my very moist puss that spreads the minute i feel your touch. your hands have always given me such pleasure and i neither care that they've been used to slap me with or have been used to bring me to orgasm. i love the feel of your hands on me in any way you care to use them. i feel the width of your hand spreading me so that you can go deeper. i soon beg you to put your whole hand in. i can feel you exploring me in both places now as i move back towards you in an effort to force you in even deeper. you know the power you have over me when you feel me respond to you like this, and the thought of that combined with the sight of my ass and pussy exposed to you as you feel the warmth and wetness of places that belong to only you, soon has your swollen cock throbbing with desire. you fight the urge to fuck me right then and there. tonight you had promised yourself to give me pleasure to reward me for being such an obedient slave and for following your orders to the letter without being reminded to do so. you tell me i'll have to beg you to fist fuck me if that's what i really want, and it is--and i do beg--repeatedly--until you finally consent to letting me lay down so that i can fully enjoy it. i feel you remove the fingers from my ass as i kneel and slowly lower myself to the rug, turn over and stretch out in front of you with my legs spread wide. you know that i'm aroused and close to orgasm. you remind me not to cum until i have your permission and i willingly obey and instantly become wetter just from

hearing your command. i love being owned and controlled by you. i study your face to check for signs of anger and i see none tonight. i look at the body that i love to worship and the man that i enjoy serving. i relax the body to prepare for the pain that will have to come before i can begin the descent into the mind exploding multiple orgasms that are sure to follow. you push harder as you start to turn your hand slowly and work your way deeper into me. i respond with moans and tell you how good it feels. i remember to go with the pain instead of holding it in and this hastens your entry. i feel swollen and a little sore, but i welcome the pain because it comes from you and i love you so completely that i endure it without complaint. i feel you turning your hand inside me and your knuckles softly graze the cervix. i'm reaching the point of no return and you tell me i can cum now if i want to. as i begin, i stop hearing your words and totally give myself over to the pleasure of wave after wave of orgasms. i feel your hand moving inside me and feel my vaginal lips swollen and touching your arm just past your wrist. i don't care about the pain now, in fact, i want to feel it because it will bring more orgasms. i beg for you to please make it hurt some more as you push deeper and make wider turns.

i'll leave the rest for you to finish because i know you'll know how i'd respond. i not only can picture this scene--i ache from remembering ones just like it and i'm wet right now from wanting to do it with you. i hear the words you'd say and see the look in your eyes as you watch me orgasm from the pleasure you were giving me. and you'd know if you owned me that i would always cum for you like that. yes, the hand feels good--but it's the power and control that trigger those kind of orgasms---and only the power and control of experienced, demanding men like yourself!!!!!!!

thank-you for owning me and letting me experience feelings i haven't felt in a very long time. i'm grateful that you let me into your life and i hope in time that i can give back just a portion of what you've given me so far. i'm liking you better every day. good-nite, my wise Master. your slave is tired and needs to rest now.

your adoring
slave--trinket

Subj: RE: your last e-mail
Date: 97-06-07 07:13:08 EDT
From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>

Dear Master,

i'm loving the positive responses i've been getting from you since i changed my attitude and will do anything to keep you happy. i enjoy writing to you and can't wait to get up every day to see what you sent back. it feels so good to have someone special in my life that's as close to me as turning on my computer. i reach out to you and something always comes back.

i don't know who you are, my Master, but i feel blessed that i found you. i think about you a lot in the course of my day and when i wake up--i find myself rushing to the computer with juice/cigarette in hand to check my mail and see what you have to say now. and when we began--i thought it would be cold and empty without touch. slave had much to learn, didn't she. i don't want this feeling to stop and will push myself to the limits to keep you happy. you own me--use me in any way you want. i want to feel your power and control in my life. i want you inside my head. someday i'll be 80-something and sitting in a nursing home remembering the Master/trinket days and it will make me smile and fill me with warm thoughts and memories. please don't feel used. i've logged lots of people away for the rainy days.

have a good weekend. be grateful you don't live in N.H.. we're still running the furnace at night. temps. dip to the 40's til about the end of june. then we have 3 days of summer in july and fall begins. you gotta love it.

if i don't shut up--i'm going to burn you out on e-mails and i don't want to do that.

your slave adores you---trinket

Subj: RE: pieces of tammy
Date: 97-06-07 22:33:04 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i don't know if i have the right to do this or if you'd even be interested, so please forgive me if i'm out of line and delete this immediately if you don't want to know what's gone into making your slave the person she is today. i want you to know these things about

me because i feel they will answer many questions you have about why i react to certain words or punishments the way i do or should i say--the way i did in the past. i hope you don't think i'm using you for a sounding board or looking for sympathy. i can assure you, that's not my intent. i just want you to know the person behind the name so that maybe you can see that i am making an honest attempt to please you because i really want to change some of the negative patterns i've adopted over the years.

i'm not trying to make excuses and i'm not seeking special treatment and i don't expect you to handle me with kid gloves from here on out. all i ask, is just that you read it with an open mind and please try not to judge me too harshly. some of what i'm going to tell you happened because i was powerless to stop it and other things happened because i stood by and did nothing. maybe when you read this you will understand my need for pain or else you'll wonder why i still crave it at all. i'm still trying to sort it all out myself and have devoted many hours to reading books in an attempt to understand how and when the pain turned into being a pleasurable experience for me.

i'm not trying to place the blame on others and i won't name any names or tell you who did what. i will spare you the graphics and try to make it as short as possible. i'll give you a little background history and you'll see the pieces of tammy falling into place as you read. i don't guess it will shock you, since i suspect you may have heard the same story in your travels through sm land.

i'm #7 of 11 children (no signs of catholicism here) :-)
5 brothers--5 sisters
biological father--alcoholic--the 'warden' divorced him when i was 3.
no memory of him.
raised by stepfather/the 'warden'
stepfather--loving, kind, gentle soul who loved us all, unconditionally.
died 23 yrs. ago
'warden'--bitter, angry, overbearing, controlling, manipulative.

my children--3 girls--30--25--17 1 son--23
grandchildren--2 girls--4--1 2 boys--10--9 1 on the way.

first husband--alcoholic--married him at 17--divorced at 21.
1 child. single for 12 days and married 2nd husband.

have been married for over 26 yrs. to an ex-navy chief--recovering alcoholic (18 1/2 yrs. sobriety) has lapses from time to time but they

don't involve violence anymore. laid back for the most part--but still controlling and demanding. 3 children with him.

pieces are starting to fit now, aren't they?

molested repeatedly by oldest step-brother between the ages of 4-13. laying on the bed--stripped from the waist down--legs spread--hands all over me--grabbing--mauling--put in places they didn't belong--sometimes handled roughly--sometimes gently. lubrication used on occasion.--words being said that no child should hear--him looking at me--examining me--making me touch him--scared--lot of pain--nowhere to run--no one to tell--who would believe? closed eyes--screaming inside my head--pattern of wallpaper being etched into my brain--colors i can't use today. finally told 'warden' at 13--make him stop--wasn't belived--not her son--must have enticed him in some way--bad girl--dirty thoughts. stop lying--go away--shut up.

cancer of the spine at age 6--- 2 major operations, 4 mo. apart. more pain--male doctors touching me while i'm laying face down on exam tables--once again, stripped from the waist down. feeling shame even with no sex involved. cringe when men touch me.

gang raped at 14 by 8 high school boys who were friends of my then boyfriend. laying on the bed--naked--exposed--vulnerable. to afraid to cry--didn't know how to get away--closed my eyes-- more screaming in the head--all came inside me--laughing about me in the next room--hear words like whore--slut--cunt---my swollen pussy--hurt inside.....never told. blamed myself--thought i deserved it---hate men--they hurt--they use--they destroy.

marriages brought more pain--nose broken 3 times--ribs bruised and taped up for weeks so i could cough/breathe without it ripping my head off--fists used to smash mouth--give countless black eyes--teeth tearing holes inside of lips (mine)--kicked with work boots that have steel toes--thrown down stairs--bounced off walls-- head smashed into walls/floors--dragged out of cars and across lawns--threatened with knives/guns--burned with cigarettes--glass, furniture, silverware thrown at me--fork sticking into leg--made to sit in kitchen chair for hours with loaded /cocked gun held to my head and asked questions by a drunk that required correct answers now&fast--countless trips to emergency rooms to repair the damage--whispers--stares--lectures--shame--bad wife--bad mother--being thrown out of the house at 3:00 am with baby in arms, standing there in thin nightgown in a strange town at yet another navy base--no

money--no car--no place to run, dressed like that.--asking neighbors i hadn't met to please take us in for the night until he sobered up.--- and i still stayed and took it because i thought i deserved it because i didn't love enough--wasn't thin enough--didn't clean the house enough--couldn't cook well enough. all the things codependants tell ourselves to justify the abuse. gawd--i was so sick back then.

now you can see why i sometimes appeared to sound cold and bitchy with you when we first started to write? it's not you at all--it's me and my life long encounters with men. i'm not being a bad mother or wife when i stay up all night to do my own thing. i'm trying to keep me from going totally bonkers by doing things i enjoy and talking to people that make me happy.

so if i haven't made you want to run from me--i guess we're still on. that's why we have to keep the other tammy away. no, i'm not crazy--but i am two different personalities.

thank-you for listening to me. this doesn't require any comment. when you see me starting to change or rebel--just please remind me that you are not the target.

most of all--please don't hate me for telling you these things. i just don't want to feel like i have to constantly explain the things that seem to bother me. it's important to me that you know the real me. i don't want to lie to you about anything.

forgive me if i went to far. your slave--trinket.

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-08 07:04:41 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

you asked for a more vivid description of myself and i'll try my best to do that for you. dob: 7/15/49 i'm 5' 8"--wt.(125-135)--hair, very thick--not quite shoulder length--straight-- brown--generously laced with red highlights. hazy-blue-grey eyes with long eyelashes. face is more heart shaped than round. wide cheekbones, kinda squared chin. freckles scattered across cheekbones and nose. extremely light skin that remains firm (a gift from the gods) and unwrinkled with a few crows feet around the eyes. i wear tortoise shell--wire

framed glasses. and i have pierced ears adorned with my favorite pair of thinly wired--70's--gold hoop earrings. gotta have 'em. i'm broad-shouldered (irish thing again). i have large, very full tits with the expected amount of stretch marks and sag from years of nursing babies. i most generally try to cram them into 40-42 D bras. lol--forgive me,Sir, i had to say that. i have a small waist-- wide hips with yet more stretch marks from the thousand different weights i've been in my lifetime. there's a small tubal ligation scar just below the naval and a hysterectomy scar that runs from pelvic bone to pelvic bone. i have a reconstructed cunt that this teddy- bear of a navy doctor gave me for having to take my uterus and ovaries. he took lots of extra stitches, which made me really tight again and promised me my husband would thank him. and slave remembers to do her kegal exercises to keep it in shape. the thighs (must we go there?) they're average for a 48yr. old woman--definitely not firm--stretch marks--and, of course-cellulite. great ass (meaning that it's one that invites spanking and promises comfort for the ride)--i have a large scar on my back that runs from base of spine to right hip as a result of two surgerys. there's a 4" scar on the back of left thigh---skiing accident years ago. my body is as light as my face. haven't been in the sun since '78. all i do is burn-blister-and peel. i prefer moonlight--better for slaves skin. i hope this description pleases you, Master. i'm better at describing others than i am myself.

i will hold you in my mind and heart until we speak again.

your lowly and faithful slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: as requested, Sir
Date: 97-06-09 05:50:30 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

you're correct in saying that i don't know the rules for being with someone such as yourself. you have amazed me from the beginning with your wisdom and knowledge of people, especially your deep understanding of what women are really looking for. you're firm, but kind. you're demanding, but you give so much back that i don't mind you being that way. the more i write to you, the more i realize how truly special you are. you touch me in ways i've never been touched before. i never expected to feel like this from writing to a man i have

never met. you've been more than fair with me and given me at least 3 or 4 chances to serve you in the right way. you lecture me, but it was your patience with me that finally brought me to my senses. i already owe you more than i can ever repay.

thanks for saying that you thought i sounded like a beautiful woman. actually, i haven't felt beautiful since i was at least 35. i'm satisfied with myself from the neck up--but the rest i'd just as soon keep hidden. i know most women my age probably feel the same way.

no, Sir, i do not attribute my s/m interest to anything that happened in the past--nor do i now feel like i have to justify liking it today. years ago i was hung up with how society felt about us, but i don't care what they think anymore. i think what i was trying to figure out was where in all that madness did the pain turn to pleasure for me. my s/m fantasies started about the age of 12. i had this very sexy male teacher who made my heart beat faster whenever i saw him. he always wore really casual dress slacks and had this leather belt that he wore a lot that i couldn't keep my eyes from going to whenever he walked by my desk. he had a commanding nature and he expected nothing but the best from us. i was running scenes with him through my head most of the time i was in his class. i like kinky sex because it's the only kind of sex i respond to. i hate the standard, foreplay, kissy-face, missionary position, saturday-nite-only sex. i like sex with some passion, excitement and real feeling. and when i discovered that it was the pain and the control by powerful men that gave me orgasms to die for, i wanted and sought only that. i'm quite comfortable with my sexual preferences these days. i feel sorry for the in 'n' out vanilla crowd.

Master, i notice that you have no trouble explaining what you expect from me. i do understand that if man-hating tammy takes over from trinket again, she'll be required to seek another Master. it's my plan to keep tammy as far away from us as i can. what i have with you is what i want and i refuse to let her steal this from me. and it will be interesting to see how it all plays out. i sense doubt on your part and i hope to be able to prove to you that i want to stay. i will give it my all. pleasing you is at the top of my list. i'm grateful for the patience you've shown with me in trying to teach me how to serve you.

you can't even imagine my surprise when i read that you thought i was sane. i had myself convinced after i sent you the e-mail, that i most likely wouldn't be hearing from you once you read that. i was telling myself that i was an idiot for sharing that kind of information with someone i hardly knew and feared that you would think i was a

classic nut case. if you truly believe that i'm sane--i'd be scared to meet those who aren't.

writing to you has given me a chance to look at things in a different way and examine myself a little closer. if you're not already a teacher--you should be. you have a natural gift for working with people. i want you in my life and i hope i'll be allowed to stay in yours. i will think of you today and work on trying to please you more.

your humble
slave--trinket

Subj: RE: just a quick note
Date: 97-06-09 14:25:57 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

good morning---just woke up and bolted into the den to check my mail and saw that i did have something from you. i can't write for long right now. the family is about to descend on me any minute and erin and her girlfriend will be nagging to use the p/c to play with little boys in teen chat. so if i suddenly stop with this and just send it--you'll at least know i haven't gone off the deep end too far today. lol lol ---maybe, tomorrow.

i feel so much better now that you've said that i ain't the picture of mental health. i was getting worried when you said you thought i was sane---lord only knows--i'm not!

don't know how warm it is in sunshine 'n' bikini land, but we're having a heat wave here today. brace yourself--it's 70. :-) last night it was 40 and we had the furnace on. everybody is eagerly awaiting the arrival of our 3 days of summer that sneaks up on us sometime in july. i don't do summer well, so i don't care.

have you ever been to new england in the fall? if not, then you haven't lived. there's not a prettier sight to be seen than when the trees are at their peak of color. fall is my favorite season and i have the children to prove it. i got pregnant with them all in the latter part of september and i have a house full of june babies. that cool, crisp fall air is perfect for night games.

how do you stand all of that sunshine out there? i lived in san diego for a summer in 1970. didn't go all that many places while i was there, maybe as far as san bernadino. came away with the thought that you all can have that place, not for me. too hot.

after erin is out of school, we're seriously thinking about moving to montana--somewhere in the mountains. gotta have cold weather and snow. we've lived in several places in the south and done the east coast thing from N.H. to florida.

i've never seen the west and i'm dying to see co., wy., id., and mt. want a place in the mountains that's hard to get to and an unlisted tel. #. if montana is good enough for jane/ted, (fonda/turner), then it's good enough for me. those bad ass ranch boys should keep me having fantasies into my 70's. they got rope!!!!!!! they call montana the reinvention state. people go there to start over--sounds like a plan to me. i need a clean slate. never really got the gypsy out of our blood from making so many moves while John was in the navy. of course, (uncle sugar), paid for the moves then--this one will be on us.

slaves brain is a little foggy at this time of day, so if my note sounds weird, please understand that i have no caffiene in me yet. i'm heading there as soon as i send this.

you continue to make me feel better about myself and someday i may even decide that i am really ok. thank-you for that. if i was allowed to hug you--i would. can i send a mental hug? here's 2. once is never enough for me. i'm big on hugging.

must run. will write tonight.

your happy
slave--trinket

Subj: RE: trinket tried
Date: 97-06-10 06:14:00 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

please let me take off the blindfold so i can see you.

please give this some more thought, Master. i really do want to see you in my mind. i don't want to make you someone you're not. i just want a mental picture to carry with me. i promise never to ask you for a photograph. i don't care if you're black-- white--purple--green--or--orange. i don't care if you're a mormon-a jew--a methodist--a moonie--or a roman catholic. i don't care if you're a white collar worker--blue collar worker--or unemployed. i don't care if you have a nose ring--earring--or a ponytail. i don't care if you drink beer or the best of wines. i don't care about the car you drive or the house you live in. none of these things matter to me. if i never saw you, i'd still like you--just from the way you write. i need you in my head, Sir. i want to be able to picture this person i talk to everyday. ok--i'll grovel if that's what it takes

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please, please, please, please, Master? trinket is begging for you to reconsider.

i'm not trying to test your patience or anger you. i don't want to play that game anymore. you told tammy she couldn't see you, but you have never said that to your trinket, so that's why i'm pleading with you to change your mind. i need the picture more than she did.

if it pleases you, Sir, try to picture me on my knees in front of you as you slide your beautiful, glorious, magnificent, well hung penis down my throat. feel the warmth and wettness of my mouth wrapped around your very swollen, beautiful, glorious, magnificent, well hung penis. my warm, soft hands are touching your thighs and reaching to cup your testicles. you know how much pleasure it gives me to hold them and move them gently in my hands. feel yourself touching the back of my head and sinking your hands into my very thick hair as you pull me closer to you so that you can get your whole, swollen, throbbing penis all the way down my throat. feel the power and control you have over me. look at the face that worships you, loves you, needs you, obeys you, and is owned by you. feel me sucking you and massaging you with my lips. feel me loving to do this for you. feel me melting with your touch as i slide closer to you. feel yourself starting to peak as you begin face fucking me harder. know that i won't stop or move until you're completely done with using my

mouth for your pleasure. feel yourself thinking that this is where all women belong and then feel yourself emptying into all that warmth and wetness. feel me swallowing all that male sperm that you've been kind enough to give up for my pleasure. feel me waiting for you to take as long as you need to finish your orgasm. and now, my handsome, Master, feel me kissing your ass for the pleasure of being allowed to suck your beautiful, magnificent, well hung penis.

was this good for you, Master? it was good for me. thank-you for using me, Sir. i love being used by you.

i await your next command---trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-12 12:00:34 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Master, i need your help with the bound wrists fantasy. i like the **leather** ties a lot and i can certainly feel you doing it and i have a vivid picture in my mind--but i don't know how to finish the fantasy. i don't know anything about your sexual tastes and desires other than you're definitely an ass man. i don't know where to go with this one. i hesitate to put too much rough sex in my fantasies until i know the person i'm writing it for has an appetite for it. and Sir, i'm not jerking you around on this. i honestly would like to know what you like so i can tailor the fantasy to suit your tastes. most of my experience with s/m leans towards very rough sex. John is 6' 3"--235lbs. and when he hit or played rough--i felt it for days--sometimes weeks. he wasn't big on tender scenes and never held back. i don't want to turn you off by playing out in my fantasies what we did together and sometimes with other people. this is another one of those things we should probably have ironed out when we started over. i've really struggled to put together the fantasies i have for you already because i don't know how far i can go with you. can you give me some help, please? i'm not trying to get out of doing it and i will complete it--i promise. i imagine you've done just about everything--i just need to have an idea of what degree. all any of us have to go on is what we know or have experienced. this is extremely difficult via e-mail when i can't see your face and gauge your reaction. i hope you won't be angry with me for leaving this assignment on hold. you seem to know what i like and supply me with plenty of fantasies--i'm

having trouble figuring out what you like.

good-night my sexy Master.

your lowly slave--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered,Slr

Date: 97-06-13 18:04:01 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i know you demand that i put any and all chatting in a separate e-mail and i intend to apologize for that in a minute. just bare with me for a moment--i'm shaking like a leaf and very upset. i really need to talk to you for a bit before i begin the letter. Please forgive me for unloading my garbage on you, but if i suddenly stop writing and only send what i have done at whatever point--know that it couldn't be helped and i will get back to you asap. i just threw a very intoxicated male out of the house and i'm afraid he's going to return even angrier than when he left. you guessed it--the son. today's his birthday and he's been on a roll for the last week. he belongs in a rehab, not out driving around smashed out of his gourd. he gives me a hell of a time every night lately and he's on his last chance with living here as it is. he took the phone away from me--cut me off the computer and began swearing at his girlfriend and calling her names you wouldn't call a dog. i put up with it for 45min. and demanded he leave until he was sober. you can't trust him when he's drunk, because one wrong word and walls get punched and furniture starts to fly. i don't mind telling you that i'm afraid of him--we've gone fists-to-cuffs on more than one occasion. he's almost as big as John and i'm no match for him anymore. the thing that scares me the most right now is i don't know if he has a gun in the truck with him. he likes to push my buttons and tell me he's going to kill himself. his girlfriend and i have wrestled guns away from him before. oh terrific--he's back. i'm gonna try to stay calm and just sit here and freak out quietly. this will end **tomorrow**--i can't live like this anymore and i shouldn't have to in my own home. if John didn't have to work in the morning, i'd wake him up right now. have you ever lived with an alcoholic? everytime i see him drunk--it's like his father never stopped. the same fear/panic returns and all i want to do is take cover. after all this time--i still give drunks power over me. i need help myself--i can hear you saying the words and you're right.

there's been times in the course of these kids growing up when i've wished that i'd been born sterile. probably every mother has had that thought a time or two. thanks for letting me cry on your shoulder for awhile and i'm begging you not to be angry with me i just needed to talk so i could pull myself together enough to write.

maybe they've put something in the water this week? i see that your day didn't go so well either. thanks for not taking it out on me. i don't know how you manage to have so much control. i'm not used to being around people that are that centered.

i'm really sorry about being too chatty in my recent e-mail. i didn't even realize i was doing it again and i will work harder at not doing the things that upset you. and yes, i know you already warned me, Sir. i have no excuse other than the fact that it's been a very trying week for me and my mind isn't where it should be when i'm writing to you. when i first began writing to you, i swore i was going to keep my family life out of my time with you and i've failed miserably. it's not your problem and you shouldn't have to listen to it. please forgive me--i'll work harder at keeping them in the background. why do you put up with me? i ask myself that all the time.

and now i read that you're pleased with me. how can that be? you say that you don't want to share me with other Masters. that made me extremely happy, because i really don't want any others. i meant it when i said i was yours for as long as you'll have me. just in case it doesn't show--i'm crazy about this mystery Master who touches me with words in places i've never been touched before! i think about you all the time and when i'm having a bad day--you brighten it more than you know. i look forward to writing to you each evening and i check my e-mail even before i make coffee when i get up--just to see if there's something from you. i find this to be far more intimate than i'd ever expected it to be. i'm wet most of the time lately--don't laugh--it's true. thinking about you and what you say to me makes me want to cum 24/7. i realize we're not perfectly matched and it doesn't bother me one bit. i think we have more to offer each other when we're not. i don't want a clone of me. i will learn to like what you like and may even change my mind about some pre-formed opinions of things i thought i didn't like. it's true--i'm not crazy about humiliation, but if that's what you need me to go through as a sign of my true submission to you--then i will--and i will do it without complaining. whatever you want or need--take it--it's yours--i'm yours. my job is to please you and give you anything you desire. i wasn't strong enough in the begining of this to submit totally because of my battle with tammy. for awhile there, all we did was

lock horns. i don't feel like that since we started over and ironed out some problems.

what toys do i have available? all that remains is maybe a key to a long since gone pair of hand cuffs. we got rid of all the toys back in '84. that's when some things happened that changed our sex life forever and it's never been the same since. i'm not going to burden you with the details other than to say that the things that happened after that year finally came to a halt last october. we're starting to heal and maybe in time we'll even enjoy sex again. what i have left of toys are memories.

i crawl to you on my hands and knees and i say,"Master, please forgive me for being chatty with you even after you've warned me about it several times before." and i know what happens when i run my mouth too much because this isn't the first time you've reprimanded me for being too chatty. i humbly ask that you accept my apology as i begin kissing your feet. you're sitting in your favorite chair and watch as i humiliate myself for your pleasure. you don't know that i like kissing your feet and sucking your toes because i love your body so much that i'd kiss you anywhere you told me to and love every minute of it. i kiss/suck each toe separately and then slide five toes into my mouth at once. next i run my tongue along the sole of your right foot and slide it around to the top before i begin with the left. i pause every few minutes to tell you how sorry i am again and i tell you how much i enjoy kissing your feet and sucking your toes. i tell you that i would kiss your feet just for the pleasure of being in the same room with you. i tell you what a good master you are for allowing me this chance to apologize and then i begin the whole process over again until you tell me that you're done with me for the evening and demand me to get out of your sight before you change your mind about forgiving me. i leave the room quickly and feel ashamed that i disappointed my Lord/Master another time. bad slave. bad slave.

and Sir, you'll have to forgive me for not getting to the bound wrist fantasy--we're having some severe thunder storms here and i've got to get off this and shut it down. don't want to break my toy. John told me to unplug it and by the sound of the thunder-i'm going to do that now.

i hope today is a better one for you than yesterday. you really sounded frazzled.

your loving slave--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered , Sir
Date: 97-06-16 06:46:07 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

this isn't one of my better evenings. they seem to be falling out of the sky lately. i don't drink much--but i may start!!!! computer is kicking my well rounded ass tonight. grrr. it's been giving us grief all day long and i can't even get back on the net right now. computer ate my e-mail i started awhile ago and i've been swearing at it like a drunken sailor. why me-why me-why me? why can't i do anything right?

you say that you **think** i'm a natural born slave? what was the first leading indicator? dare i ask? do you think i passed this trait to my daughters? not in this lifetime!!!! i think they'd agree, loudly.

Sir, would you at least tell me your age? just give your **trinket** one thing to hang onto about you--please...please...please? i'm on my knees begging--i'll suck your magnificent **penis**, your sexy ass--whatever. couldn't you find it in your heart to give me this small morsel ? **please**.

Sir, you wouldn't really take orgasms away from me, would you? how does one live without the funny feeling at least once a day? it's a fate worse than death. John took my vibrator away for 2 wks. one time and he wouldn't fuck me either. i was climbing the walls--and nagging--and whining--and crying--and begging. i hate it when that happens. Because i can't touch my clit with my hand because it reminds me of being molested by my stepbrother, i couldn't cum for the 2 weeks!!!!

you said our relationship was going slowly because there are many things you don't know about me. what would you like to know? i'll answer any ???,s you might have. i have no problem with telling you anything. i'm yours and you have a right to know who i am and what i'm all about. i'm certainly not the most complex creature you've ever run into, am i? yes, i'm laughing too.

what would i want you to do to me if we had a cold, long evening

together ? can we make that a cold, rainy evening together. such temptation for a slave, Sir. i'd have about 100 different things i'd want you to do, but i won't be that greedy today. will try to narrow it down to a few things that would give me pleasure and possibly you too. i'd want some background music playing. something jazzy--bluesy--and moody. and of course--candle light. slaves look better with soft lighting and their Masters find them to be more appealing that way. i would most like to **feel** your power by engaging in rough foreplay and very rough sex! my idea of foreplay always involves pain / leather/ handcuffs. i'm just an old fashioned girl at heart and try to stick to the basics. i'd want you to hand cuff me to the bed face down and spread eagled. i'm wet already. i may not get through this. i've smoked 1/2 a pack of cigarettes trying to get the nerve to tell you what i'd like. i'm nervous because i know you think pain is gross. i can almost picture you reading this with a frown on your face and it's very hard to tell you what i'd like--knowing that. anyhow--swallow--bite my lip--try to find the nerve.... ok , i'd want you to beat me with a leather belt until i begged you to stop or you became too tired--whichever came first. leather belts make me fucking crazy with excitement. i like the way they feel on my skin and the warmth from the pain. gives me chills just writing about it. the best orgasm i ever had in my life was on my 27th birthday in washington, dc on a saturday night at 4:00 in the morning. not that i remember it or anything--you understand. i came 12 or 13 times in a row after being beaten with a leather belt on and off for about 2 1/2 hrs. i wasn't counting. i was in no shape to count because i was lost in the feeling of cumming. all from being beaten with leather and hearing the words i love to hear. i would want to hear the words from you too. i can only imagine what they'd do to me in person. just reading your words makes me wet. and then i'd want you to uncuff me, let me turn over and then we could let the orgasms start by you **face-fucking** me, **cunt-fucking** me and **ass-fucking** me. any or all of the above would do. i'd even kiss your ass if you wanted me to. i'd be cumming so much that you'd probably regret having given me the choice in the first place. when i cum--i soak sheets--my partner-- whatever is near me. i don't breathe well afterwards and i damn sure can't walk for a few minutes , but i am one happy woman. that's it. that's what i'd want. leather / words are the two things that really get my attention. just feeling the pain from the beating starts multiple orgasms for me. i've never been a kissy face romantic. i hate that kind of sex. if i'm going to be fucked--i want to feel it and feel the man's strength and desire. it's the only time i don't care about getting messed up. i don't care what my hair looks like or if my eye liner is smeared or the sheets are covered in cum. i love it all.... the taste /

feel / smell of sex ! and then i want a cigarette and some ice cubes in my tab, because it's usually warm by then. and i don't like to shower right after either. i'd want to feel your cum inside me for awhile and feel your body laying on mine--maybe even sleep for awhile. little girls do have their dreams, don't they? thanks for letting me tell you mine.

please Sir, pray we don't have a power outage this morning, or all my writing will be lost.

i had better get this sent before you think i didn't send one today.

your needy slave--trinket

Subj: RE: early morning surprises :-)
Date: 97-06-16 09:04:59 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

good morning--i'm back on the internet. nice man from the internet provider i use was very patient with me sounding like a dumb blonde and all. i hate it when they ask you those questions that require some kind of knowledgeable answer. you know that's when i start babbling. lol

some guy from tech support barked at me last night because i couldn't explain the problem to his liking. started telling me how many calls he gets a night and how nobody knows what they need. geez--i felt like i was behind the desk and he was lying on the couch telling me how fucked up people had screwed up his life.

using the computer is a new lesson in humiliation every day. why would i ask for more when i get double doses already?

got your e-mails. you should have my letter by now. i loved the **ps** e-mail. you know that touched me--don't you? you're too good to me and i really don't deserve you. your random acts of kindness are always so well timed. where were men like you when i was looking?? avoiding me like the plague. you don't want to be nice to me--i'm a clingy person. **warning**.

time to go upstairs and see if the electricity is still on. i'm gonna need

it for awhile after going through my fantasy with you. i already feel it coming--you're going to tell me i can't cum and then write all the things that will make me want to, aren't you? maybe if i mention it--you won't do it. i don't know how long i could take that. don't slaves have a breaking point? not having orgasms would break my will in a heartbeat. i'm so weak. :-)

tell me to shut up. i gotta go to bed. i never know when to quit. i'm wired this morning. all this sex talk is making me crazy.

until tonight--hugs (big ones)
trinket

Subj: RE: trinket surprises :-)
Date: 97-06-17 04:03:58 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

just thought i'd shoot off a quick letter to entertain you until my real one arrives. i have to share this with you. a girl never tells all on the first date.

fasten your seat belt for your own saftey. we're going on a ride, Sir. would you believe your trinket worked for an out-call escort service in washington, dc for a year that was run exclusively by gay men? and yes--lesbians worked there too. we all did many calls together and occassionally fucked each other in the office inbetween calls. i love those people to this day. we shared so much that year and i've never been so accepted in my life as i was by them. i adore gay men and lesbians. my best friend, maryann, is a lesbian. this one gay man that worked there bet me i couldn't get him off because he had no interest in women. don't cha know i couldn't back down from that. care to wager a bet as to the out come? who won? i've done calls with girls--guys-- and trinket was a bad girl in the 70's.

since i don't know you--i don't know how much i can tell you. i always fear rejection if i go too far. my history with men has been to be what they wanted or needed me to be. i have many faces. very few people know the real me.

have lots of stories from watergate hotel--to capitol hill--to senators--to those nice townhouses over in georgetown. you would die if you

knew what the people in power really do at night.

i promise not to unload these stories unless you'd like to hear some from time to time. you tell me how far to go before i turn you off.

women don't turn me off in the least. although i do have my limits as to what i like to do with them. so a woman fist fucking me isn't going to make me squirm like you thought it might in the fantasy you sent me, sir. i'd just close my eyes and pretend it was you.

i love sex--i need sex--i think about sex.

i think about you and **sex**. i'd crawl to you for it. i'd beg for it. i'd grovel for it. please don't stop.

needing you--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-17 09:06:48 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i'm even more wired tonight than i was this morning. you're doing a fantastic job with getting and holding my attention. a gazillion thank-you's for telling me your age. you have no idea how much more comfortable that makes me feel. i knew that we were fairly close in age by your knowledge of women and what their needs are. us middle-aged gals are very needy, as you know.

i'm a little nervous about the previous letter that i just sent. the negative monster keeps telling me i blew this whole deal. oh well...it's out there now and i can't take it back. kinda blows the image of the all american **mom** out the window doesn't it? that was then--and this is now--what can i say? i did it and i don't regret it at all. i learned a lot about people that year and i learned a lot about myself and our basic human needs. it was a time in my life when i was trying to stop the **free-falling**. ever been there? if so--then you know what i mean. if not--i could never explain it. i've been so many different people that i sometimes don't know who i am yet. and after all the crazy years of my life, here i sit sharing it with a man i've never met and never will. maybe it's safer this way. bothers me that i can't see your face to gage your reaction. i'm so afraid you'll stop

writing if you know too much about me. i imagine that you think i'm a slut and that's not me at all. my life is different today and the only man i've been to bed with in the last 7yrs. is my husband. we were separated from 11-'87--4-'90 while he had his male mid-life-crisis and i worked through suicide issues. it frightens me to think of what people do to each other. by the time you get to this point in life--you start wondering how you ever waded through the mire--don't you?

please forgive me for being chatty again. i just now realized that i am not answering your letter as you have ordered. what is the matter with me? it's so hard for me to break old patterns. i write like i'm talking to the person. i'm so sorry--i didn't mean to. that's why i wrote the separate letter earlier--so that wouldn't happen. it's how my mind works...i just write what comes. i'm trying hard to change that for you. i will try to stay on track for the remainder of the letter, Sir. grovel--grovel-grovel- please forgive me?

thank-you for the technical note and the useful information it contained. i'm new at this and have so much to learn. and Master, i do thank you for your time and patience with helping me through these computer problems and for your being interested enough to even want to show a slave what to do--especially one who learns so slowly.

i was a little alarmed when i checked the mail this afternoon and early evening and saw nothing from you. i immediately thought it was something i said that upset you. i was relieved to see 4 messages from you when i got on after mid-night. i do have a healthy fear of your anger and have no desire to anger you anymore. i only want to please you in any way i can. will try harder to focus on your needs than my computer/family problems.

you're correct in assuming that i haven't had much experience with the Master/slave relationship. yes, it was mostly the beating/fucking/being used that i got. but it wasn't all their fault--i asked for it many times and they were happy to give it to me. sex owned me from age 16-35. could not get my fill. every man gave me bits/pieces but not the total package i was looking for. how many of us ever get what we really wanted? not enough--i'm afraid. and **mystery Master**, if you owned me in reality, you can bet i would do any and everything you just mentioned in your letter. i would grovel just to hear the words and see your eyes as you were saying them. the tammy part of me has a real problem with liking men--but the trinket part just adores them. i love their bodies--the way they move--

the way they feel--the way they fuck. this part of me enjoys submitting to your every desire and command. you make me want to wallow in subservience and i'm getting close to even accepting humiliation as a small price to pay for being allowed to serve you at all. i love the way your mind works and what it does to mine. the more you use me for your pleasure--the more it makes me want to crawl to you to beg for more. you must have been so fucking hot in your 20's/30's. i wish i could have known you then. why don't like minded people ever find each other? i'd bet the farm that you have a trunk full of stories yourself, don't you.

i know you care for me and that makes me feel good. i more than care for you. i'm crazy about my **mystery Master**.

humbly--trinket

Subj: RE: have to explain something
Date: 97-06-18 01:17:39 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

possibly i didn't word my e-mail correctly and left out parts that now will become clearer for you. when i worked there--so did other straight people. gays ran it and there was straight--bi--gay--and lesbian workers. yes, i went on calls with other girls who just happened to be lesbian, but we didn't have sex. we went because some guy would want two girls. there weren't enough straight girls to go around so tony would send whoever wanted to go. i have never had sex or kissed another woman or even touched one other than to hug. i may have bi thoughts from time to time but never really had the desire. i'm not turned off. it's just that i really like men better. my friend, maryann, and i have spent many hours discussing what we feel for each other but it never got around to sex. she's about the only girl i ever discussed this with. i had many gay friends in dc and grew to love them very much. i missed them terribly when we first came back to N.H.. i think the reason i love them so much is that they don't seem to judge as harshly as straight people do. my favorite brother is gay and our whole family pretends he's still looking for the right girl. they're so blind and will always be that way. so when i said we fucked each other between calls-- i meant i was doing it with straight guys. william-- the guy i gave head to--teased me so damn much with his tight jeans, big cock, and cute ass that i

begged him to let me do it--that's why he bet me i couldn't get him off. lord have mercy--he was some kinda handsome with a body most men would love to have. i wanted him to be straight in the worst way. he refused to do calls with me because i wanted him so badly. even though he said he was gay--he used to do couple calls and have sex with other girls who worked there. best place i ever had to work..... and the pay wasn't bad either. (smile)

i was bouncing off the walls with all the e-mails you sent me yesterday. and yes, i'll try to remember in the future that you're **shock proof**. i just don't want to say or do anything that would make you want to send me away. that's why i tell you a little bit at a time--and wait to see your reaction. i know now that it's ok to tell you almost anything. there aren't a whole lot of surprises left. at least nothing bad--like i haven't killed anyone or anything like that. you can breathe now, Sir.

do have a great day and know that i carry you a little closer to me for sharing your age with me. i happen to like gray hair very much. John has a full gray beard. i like older men because they know better games to play.

it's bedtime. until tonight--hugs
trinket

Subj: RE: rainy night thoughts
Date: 97-06-19 10:47:33 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i don't know what it's like where you live, but here in my world...life moves to a slower beat. as i sit here writing to you, the only sounds that can be heard is the rain falling through the trees and the fog horn out on the point. no cars...no sirens..no noisy neighbors. i'm surrounded by trees of every kind, shape, and size. can't see another house from here and i like it that way. living here is equivalent to taking a step back in time. it's the kind of place where you never have to lock the doors to your house or car. we've lived in this house for 7 yrs. and i don't know where the keys are. haven't seen or used them since the day we moved in.

my favorite nights out here are rainy or windy ones. i love the sound

of the wind whistling through the tall pines and wind chimes tinkling in the background.

i've lived in about 32 houses over the last 27 yrs. i have things that haven't been unpacked since 6 moves ago. makes it easier to stay a jump ahead for the next move.

sometimes i think about you living in LA and wonder how you stand the rat race and traffic. i've lived in cities and they make me crazy after about the third day. at one time in my life, i used to be embarrassed about being from N.H.. then i married John and moved around the country a bit. today i view living here as a blessing instead of a curse. children don't have to walk through metal detectors to enter their school and nobody drives by your house and riddles it with bullets.

so that's about it. nothing much--just trinket tid-bits. was sitting here running tapes and listening to the rain and felt like talking to you.

time to call it a night and go read for awhile.

hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: ??? mail
Date: 97-06-19 20:13:47 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

yes, i do live in eden--everything is very lush and green right now with nary a cement building with-in 12 miles of here. you can breathe the air and not be inhaling smog. yes, my life is good in a lot of ways and i'm now old enough to recognize it. can you see why i treasure my nights alone?

my dog, cliff, is hooked on jazz/new age music and insense. whenever he hears my music--he comes to whatever room i'm in and lays beside me. he's my loyal night friend and has gotten me through some rough ones.

will check later for a letter. you're in my thoughts.

mega hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: not out of synch--yet
Date: 97-06-20 16:46:15 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

just read your letter. lord have mercy! i can tell there's a full moon out by your letter. i'm writing this with the biggest smile on my face that i've had in weeks.

i knew you had a full beard--and i knew it was gray. i just felt that about you. i feel things about people i have strong attractions to. i can see your face better now. i want so much to see your eyes. they tell me volumes about the man.

i'm so fucking wet that i may slide out of the chair at any moment now. my heart is pounding and i'm shaking a little--just from reading your letter. i love your creative mind.

hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-20 16:15:58 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

you've thrown me two major curve balls in the last couple of days and i'm in a state of shock. your random acts of kindness in both situations were totally unexpected. i must be really sick if kindness baffles me more than swift punishments? your bedroom scene disturbs me the most because it came as such a surprise and i was in no way prepared for it. you said that we are lying in bed together, and you're holding me, and rubbing my back, and asked what i'd like to talk about. a normal woman would be angry that a man had never held her like that and actually asked her what she might like to talk about. i've just always accepted that men didn't care what i thought as long as i continued to please them. i'd have to assume that whoever trained me, did a good job. you touched me deeply when i read how you worded that scene and i've been thinking about it all day.... sometimes with tears attached. maybe i have missed out

on some things in life? god, you really would like to know what i **think?**

happy to hear your toothache is gone. i've never had one, but i do remember the pain of wisdom teeth coming in. ouch. they felt even worse coming out.

the **non-punishment** holding/kissing has my head reeling again. it's been years since i've had anyone's tongue in my mouth but my own. i don't know if i remember how to kiss. i'll share a little something that not many people know about me. i haven't had sexual intercourse for at least the last 7 yrs. we'll skip the details, but i thought it might help to explain my need to talk about sex all the time... even via computer. so if you ever doubted my sincerity in needing to do this with you.... you can now toss that thought aside.

and Sir, i'm not whining about this. i've just accepted the fact that if i have needs--then i'm responsible for getting them met and i found a way to do that. the surprise came when i happened onto the **find of the century**. and that, Sir, is what you are..... and a whole lot more.

trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-20 07:46:58 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Master, thank-you so much for telling me more about yourself. your face is starting to fill in for me. i know that you must be **some piece of work**. i don't think you're wierd at all... you certainly don't sound wierd. and if you were... i'm sure you'd wear it well and with class.

now comes the price for all this pleasure you've just given me. and what a hefty price it is, Sir. no orgasm for 24 hrs.? after all this, you want me not to be human? this is where the rubber meets the road and i'm forced to put my money where my mouth is---isn't it? the time i read it was 12:57 am. this means i most likely won't get off 'til around 9:00 am on saturday morning, because at 12:57 tomorrow morning i'll be right here writing to you. John will be in bed and he'll be pissed if i wake him up with my pleasure toy, and i can only get

off in my own bed--codependent thing again. so here i sit, so fucking horny i can't see straight and now i'm expected to last until saturday morning? i knew you'd do this to me--i felt it coming last week. and i did say i'd do anything you asked, so i know there's no getting out of this no matter how much i beg and plead. Sir, you know that ache you get when you really need to cum? well... i have it right **now**. the only thing left to say is thank-you, Sir, for allowing me to experience your power and control over me and for allowing me to feel true submission/vulnerability/ownership. i try to swallow, but my throat is dry.... and i kneel in front of you and tell you that i will be glad to go through this for you and that i realize it's not a choice, but a command. you have trained me well enough that i know i should never disobey a command. and i swear to you, Master, that i wont disobey this one.

your slave leaves the room with a very wet pussy, dry throat and a strong determination to keep that promise for her Master.

feeling very owned--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir....part 1

Date: 97-06-21 14:59:53 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

tonight i'm going to put my letter to you in two parts, because i can't tell a story about watergate in a formal mode. just won't come out right. i hope you'll forgive me for this. since i've promised to always do my **as ordered** letters to you as you've commanded me to, i decided to split it up and make the watergate story separate. i have no desire to anger you today. i want only to please you, Master.

Sir, here i sit, needing the release of an orgasm and that won't come for at least another 8 hrs. and yes, i am suffering... but it's ok. last night was a killer and tonight i'm on the down hill slide, so i can live with it. besides... i deserve it. i noticed that you not only push buttons... you lay on them at times. your letter to me starts out with the words... **you will not only crawl** ... and i proceed to slide out of the chair from being so damn wet. the whole time i'm fixing dinner, your letters are running through my mind and making me want you. i like the leash thing, Sir. sounds like it would be fun. i could see myself crawling to you with it in my mouth. i would crawl to you with

anything in my mouth and be happy doing it. my pussy feels swollen inside from wanting to come so bad. every time i even think about crawling for you... i get these chills up my spine. please clone yourself so that the world can have another you when you're gone. think how many women would love being used by a man like you. you gotta do this for them, Sir. i'm not a perfect slave and the thought did cross my mind to cheat and cum anyway. you would've never known unless i told you, but i couldn't do it. i swore i was going to do this right and i don't want to break that promise. you are doing this for me... and i'm only going to get out of it what i put in, so i'd be cheating myself out of an experience you wanted me to have. feeling your power over me feels good and i'm glad i chewed off my hand when it reached for the vibrator.

how old was i when i first had s/m thoughts that made me hot? i was 12 yrs. old and in the 6th grade with that male teacher i told you about. the one with that leather belt that i couldn't keep my eyes off whenever he walked by me. i was **hot** that whole year. gawd... he was so sexy and he had this way of looking at you that felt like he was looking right through you. had never even been hit with a belt at that time in my life, but i wanted to be beaten by him. i remember watching the way he walked and moved. couldn't keep my eyes off him. hardly missed any days of school that year. i still remember his name to this day... **mr. wilkenson**. i used to run scenes in my head of what he would do and how he would do it. where does this stuff come from at 12 yrs. old? have been hooked on leather ever since. there's this little leather shop in a mini-mall that i go to every now and then just to immerse myself in the look, touch, and smell of leather. i'm wet from the time i walk through the door and stay that way for days afterwards. the smell of leather makes me crazy with sexual desire. we have leather recliners in the den and whenever i sit in one, i'm immediately aroused.

thank-you, Sir, for saying that you're pleased with me and that you're glad you decided to keep me. i'm happy that you decided to keep me too. i had my doubts that you'd be doing that in the beginning, especially given the way i was behaving at the time. it started as a game to me and somewhere along the line... it took a turn and that's when i wanted more than a game. i became so attached to your style of writing that i suddenly wanted to know the man behind it. that's why i never praised you much at first. i didn't know that you wanted me to and i was afraid that you'd think i was going to become too attached, so i remained a little distant and defiant. the men i've chosen to have relationships with in my life have always

kept me at arms length. maybe it's because i come off as being too needy and it scares them? never could figure out what i do wrong. today... it doesn't matter that much.... the years when i really wanted to be close are gone and i'll settle for comfortable if i can't have closeness. anything is always better than nothing.

loved the hook in the ceiling scene. yeah...i guess that would make me uncomfortable a bit. when i'm tied or restrained, i've learned to expect pain and i've never been disappointed. the last time i was tied and beaten was easter weekend, 1990, at 2:00 in the morning by a man who wasn't my husband. John and i were still separated at the time. that was also the last night i had any real sex or orgasms with intercourse. i think of him every easter now. strange....the things that stay with us and are memorable enough to keep on tape. i wouldn't mind you being gentle with me at first if i were tied like that. it would kinda be a pleasing torture while i waited for the pain. i'd probably be begging for you to hurt me though. beatings really hurt when you're hung like that because there's nothing to cushion the blows. oh, but Master, the orgasms are so much more intense. whenever i've been beaten like that, all you have to do is barely touch my puss and cum starts running down my legs. i like the feeling of giving myself over to the total loss of control that is surrendered the moment your hands and feet become immobile and you realize there's no getting out of what's about to come. that release gives me the freedom to enjoy the pain and that triggers the start of the orgasms. and to be at the mercy of a man who loves to inflict pain.... just sends me over the edge. and if he's really **skilled** and knows the words you like to hear while you're being beaten.... he can drive you fucking crazy.

part 2 will be along in a little while.

i kneel and offer this assignment as further proof of my sincere desire to serve you, Master.

your adoring slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir...part 2
Date: 97-06-21 14:10:29 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

the **watergate** story i'm about to tell you is true. some names have been changed or omitted to protect the innocent.

the players involved in this story include myself, some **john** who's name i've long since forgotten, and my **driver**, jesse.

the year was 1978...i was 29 yrs. old at the time. i had only been with the escort service for a couple of months when this went down. there are many stories to choose from, but this one sticks in my mind and still makes me laugh today whenever i remember it.

my boss, tony, gets a call for a girl to go to the watergate hotel and he chose me because i was the newest one he had and the guy wanted a fresh face. he assured me it was a **money** call 'cause those boys were big spenders. sold me. i went. don't know what he did in washington...but it was up on the hill somewhere, so i knew cash wasn't a problem. he was a strange, quiet, reserved kinda guy and we had boring, missionary style sex and i leave. well... every time he's in town after that, he calls me and i get to know him pretty well. he was a clutz in bed but he paid me enough for me to keep coming back and i knew he liked me a lot. one night i show up with left over bruises from being **disciplined** by John and he sees them and is very interested in knowing how i got them. i told him i was rough housing with a lover and we got carried away. next he asks if i'm into s/m or anything like that. i lied and said that i dabbled a bit, but nothing heavy... since i had to work. so then he wants to know if i can fix him up with a little s/m scene he'd like to act out. wanted to know if i could do it outside the service so he could avoid tony's charge. i told him if the money was right, i could get him whatever he needed. i'm seeing dollar signs add up and this clown is rock hard. he told me what he wanted and i told him i had a driver who was heavy into the scene and for xxx dollars, he'd probably do it. i promised him we'd return the next night and have some fun.

have to tell you a little bit about jesse so you can appreciate what he put that guy through. jesse was too macho for his own good. he was an ex-marine, ex-nam vet, ex-pow and a very active biker type. i chose him for a driver because i knew he would protect my dumb ass on those trouble calls that come with the turf. and that he did, too many times to call it fun. this guy was from philly and was angry with the whole world at the time. jesse loved to inflict pain and he had a mean swing. he would beat anything that moved. shit... he'd beat a turtle if the price was right. what a guy. gotta love him! we

used to fuck around and he beat me senseless one night in this motel with a wet, tightly rolled towel, so i knew he'd be what the guy was looking for. he agreed to the price and we charted out a scene this guy would be feeling for a couple of weeks---maybe longer. jesse said he'd only do it if i was totally submissive the whole time he was in the room with us and i needed him, so i consented to do it his way. he figured the john would be even more excited if he thought i was afraid of the man i'd hired to beat him, and he was right. i go to the room first... get the money... have a drink with him and get him excited about jesse coming up in awhile. he says he's feeling naughty and wants to wear something special for our guest. i'm thinking... jesus, i hope he's not going to do the lace teddy number. i knew that would set jesse off--big time. and he'd probably kill the dude. you're gonna love what happens next. lol lol lol. the john goes into the bathroom and comes out in a pair of panty hose--nothing else. says he loves the feel of nylon against his skin while he's being beaten. i'm trying to stop laughing inside and tell him that it's his scene and he can play it whatever way he likes. so we're at the table having a drink when jesse comes through the door like a storm trooper. he walks over to the table... grabs me by the hair... tells me to get on my knees now.... tells me not to say a fucking word the whole time he's there, don't look at him and don't move. he takes off his coat and underneath he has a whip, paddles, hand cuffs, rope and a gag. he tells the john to kneel and beg him for what he wants. while he's nervously telling him... jesse takes off his belt... lays it on the bed and i sneak a peak at this poor slob who has no idea what he's in for. he's white... he's shaking..but his cock was hard. he tells the john to get on the bed and lay face down... shoves the gag in his mouth...hand cuffs his hands over his head and ties them to the headboard. has him spread his legs and proceeds to tie them down. he starts off beating him with the belt until his back was pretty marked up.... grabs one of the paddles and works his ass over for awhile. the john is squirming like crazy and moaning underneath the gag. jesse never cut him any slack and moves right to the whip. in a matter of minutes... he's shredded those panty hose off the guy and he looks like a zebra with the lash marks. i was scared that he'd gone too far and maybe the guy had passed out or something because he wasn't moving when jesse got done with him. he unties him... lets him roll over, says to me, **bitch... get over here so i can watch you fuck this slime-ball.** and i do exactly as he says. i knew the john wasn't going to be taking much time after the beating he just had. he was too sore to move...so he asked me to sit on him. and jesse being jesse, couldn't resist using me for free since i had promised to be totally submissive while we were there. he saw what

he thought was a chance to hurt me and ran with it. i'd told him once that i'd never been ass-fucked before because i thought it would hurt too much. he's thinking he's going to be doing something i hate and this excites him all the more. so he gets undressed...pulls me off the john long enough to put his cock in my pussy to get it wet and tells me to continue what i was doing as he drives his cock up my ass...expecting me to scream and beg him to stop. surprise... he slides in easy as you please and fucks the shit out of me while the john is trying to fuck me and get off with out having to move too much. finally...it's over and jesse gets his stuff and leaves right away. i was tense being left with that guy because i thought he was going to be rip-shit with what had happened to him. when he got off the bed... i actually felt bad for him. he was a mess and had some cuts and was bleeding a little bit. he never said word one about it being too hard. told me the guy was one of the best he'd had to beat him in a long time. i was some kinda relieved... got dressed and left myself. when i got out to the car...jesse said he owed me a beating for lying to him about never being ass-fucked. and i want you to know that i got it about two weeks later on a night when i wasn't expecting it. he had arranged the whole thing with John behind my back. drives me home after work and says he needs a beer. i tell him to come in and i'll get him one. as we go through the door... John is coming down the stairs and jesse is behind me. John drags me up the stairs acting all pissed off 'cause i brought jesse in. he makes me go to the bedroom and starts ripping clothes off me and is slapping the whole time. i'm fighting him and wondering what the fuck his problem is now. he gets me cuffed to the bed... spread eagle and calls jesse in. then i knew what they were up to. both of them beat the fuck out of me. jesse is telling me the whole time to remember this and never lie to him again. you know how these scenes end...so i don't need to finish it. jesse remained my driver for the rest of the year i worked there. my cunt ruled my head in those days. what was i thinking?

i still have the ashtray i stole out of the watergate that night in my downstairs bath. i laugh sometimes whenever i remember the things that went on in that hotel. i continued to see that guy off 'n' on for months after his beating. he never did ask for jesse again though.

Master, i hope you enjoyed this. i can promise you that we enjoyed doing it.

i'm sorry that it was so long. i wanted you to picture as much of it as

you could. it was a kodak moment for sure.

Sir, can i please go to bed and have an orgasm now?

good-night, Master.

your tired slave--trinket

Subj: RE: all notes/letters have been received

Date: 97-06-21 20:35:10 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i haven't forgotten about the e-mail you sent telling me about a part of your life. thanks for sharing that with me and for letting me know more about this man i'm so taken with. couldn't believe you offered all that information without me nagging you for it. was surprised to see that you were from back east. did you grow up in new york or were you just born there?

hugs-trinket

Subj: RE: in answer to your note (crawling)

Date: 97-06-22 01:38:19 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

your notes lift my spirits and brighten my days and make me wet and make me horny and make me smile. i'm so crazy about you that i may go crazy from desiring you. i wish i could see you in person so that i could hug you for what you've given me. you'll be in my head for many years to come!

your very obedient slave with the wet pussy,
trinket

Subj: RE: your *aside* letter

Date: 97-06-22 07:53:59 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i had wanted to respond to this when i wasn't pressed for time and didn't want it to end up being one paragraph in an assignment letter.

i just re-read the whole thing and answered a question i asked you tonight about whether you had grown up in New York or were you just born there. i guess i missed that the first time i read it.

thank-you once again for sharing that part of your life with me. looks as though we both had rocky starts in life. one thing we share in common is our interest in people and what makes them tick and why. i haven't studied nearly as much as you, but i've spent my life reading mega books about people and their lives. everything from **the bell jar** to **Clinton**. people fascinate me, especially serial killers and serial rapists. always wanted to know what was in their heads to cause such rage. i don't have facts like you, but one thread that runs through a lot of really violent people seems to be that they came from strictly religious backgrounds such as fundamentalist or pentecostal. also, many had controlling mothers in their life. Washington, Idaho and Oregon are the three states that crop up time and again as being their birthplace. what do they eat in that part of the country? i needed to know about rage because i have or had so much of my own. i guess i'd have to say some is still there since i find myself occasionally punching walls or pillows as i make the bed. it's mostly on John's side that it happens. wouldn't you like to be the man who sleeps with me after knowing this? lol lol sometimes i'll be doing something as simple as the dishes and a thought goes across my mental scanner and before i know what's happening, dishes and water are flying everywhere. i emptied out the pots 'n' pan cupboard so fast one night that cliff ran and hid. i hate being that out of control and i never understand where it comes from since different things trigger it every time. didn't mean to get carried away but the human mind just baffles me to no end. i've known people that went through much worse things in life than me and they seem to be coping with it without depression and suicidal thoughts. John Candy (the comedian) had a hell of a life growing up and hides behind his face for the world to see. i cried when i read his book. only the people who know me know there's two tammys. i can be very **together** when i have to be. John is the only man who's ever let me fall apart when i needed to and he's always there to pick up the pieces afterwards. our **love-hate** relationship runs very deep. part of me is

still crazy in love with him and the other part can't stand the sight of him anymore. i'm a real mixed bag and i know this about myself.

being from an abusive home yourself must have caused you your own share of problems in life. i find that people like us always have major problems with intimacy, trust, and relationships. i find it extremely hard to trust anyone. i'm always on guard for the knife in the back. fucked up homes make fucked up people. i have not been the best of mothers myself. do you know when a woman really sees the kind of mother she's been? when she watches her grandchildren being raised, that's when it hit home for me. i didn't and don't like what i see. i know my daughters are only doing what they were taught, but it doesn't make it easy to watch. be grateful you're not a father. being a parent can be one of the most painful things people choose to do in life. yes...there's joy and happiness and many fun years....the pain comes later.

Sir, i like you more than you'd ever care to know.... just from what little i know about you and the letters we've exchanged these past weeks. you have a way of talking to me, aside from the s/m thing, that makes me feel good about myself and less crazy than i thought i surely must be. it's something i feel about you that comes through your writing that has me fiercely attracted to you. i tell myself, you stupid bitch--it's only words on a screen, but that's not true. i really like this man who comes to me through his writing. be thankful that we live at opposite ends of the country or i'd be trying to hunt you down so i could talk to you in person and see your face. you fascinate me.... i want to know more about you.... i want to know what you think.... i want to know what you read...i want to know what turns you on or off...i want to know what kind of music you listen to...i want to know what kind of clothes you wear... i want to know how you relax or vacation. i love everything you've showed me about yourself so far. i love that domineering, controlling, demanding, aggressive personality of yours and will continue to crawl to you and beg for more. there's nothing i'd change about you at all. you're almost too perfect for your damn self, Sir.

i kneel once again and tell you how grateful i am to have you in my life. thank-you for being exactly who you are.

do have a great day and know you'll be in my thoughts my every waking moment.

very big hugs,

trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-22 06:16:52 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Sir, i had no idea that this was your first s/m scene via e-mail. thought you'd done this lots of times since you're so good at it. yes, it has some draw backs, but i still find it enjoyable. my friend, maryann, is the only person besides yourself that i've written this many letters to. i'm hoping our e-mail problems will soon be ironed out, because i don't want you to become too frustrated with this and maybe decide you don't want to do it anymore. where would i begin to find anyone to replace you? how did i live before the computer came into my life? i can't imagine being without it today. Sir, how long do my letters run? i know i tend to ramble a lot, so i was just wondering what the average length of mine were.

Master, i was thrilled to discover that i'm a **natural born slave** and that i have a **need** for it. that need has eaten at me for years now. i never got my needs fulfilled and that's where the problem lies today. with all the s/m scenes i've ever had, none lasted long enough or were intense enough for me to really become a part of it. so many men think it's just the pain that you're seeking... no... it's the head trip and the words that make it real for a woman. yes, the pain is wanted and expected, but without the rest.... it's empty. John wasn't creative enough for me on a daily basis to hold my attention. he'd be good for one night or a weekend.... then he'd slack off 'til he was in the mood again. women's heads don't function like that... we need constant reminders to stay with the role as it should be played. i'm not blaming him, because he had a job and a house full of kids to worry about besides me and my sexual needs. he's controlling...just not in a sexual way. so i never mention it to him anymore. you still find being a Master pleasurable at 54.... your slave must worship the ground you walk on. you don't know how much i wish i could have found just one man like you when i was looking. i'd still be kissing his ass today... of that you can be sure. the **need** in me ran so deep that all i could think about for years was what it would feel like to be that owned. i read the book, **9 1/2 wks.**, back in 1977 and showed it to John with a large hint-hint attached and it went right over his head. that was long before people even knew that it was

Kim Bassinger's story, because she used the pen name of Elizabeth McNeil to write it. i told him that i thought the story sounded too real to be a novel. i wanted to be the woman in the book so bad and have a man use me like that. was excited when the movie/truth came out years later. Mickey Rourke played a good part in the movie. i'd be his slave in less than a New York minute! he has great eyes and a kinky look about him. i was wild when he made her crawl to him in the movie. so as you can see... these desires of mine have been with me for years and now they'll die with me. such a waste. the would've... could've... should've cause me great distress today. why didn't i try harder then? stupid slave has never made the right choices in her life... that's why she needs to be controlled.

your lowly slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: just a quick hello
Date: 97-06-23 07:53:06 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

it's mutha-F'n- hot and humid here tonight and has been all day. i'd trade my set of **40's** for 32's on a day like this. damn hot 'n' heavy to lug around.

all your mail has arrived at juno. will write later. family just cleared out after hitting me up for sunday dinner. they were all at the beach and decided to let mom cook so they could go home and crash. now the kitchen is trashed and i don't want to clean it myself.

was thinking about you and wanted to reach out and touch base with the man who's on my mind 24/7 lately.

maybe if i think about crawling to you while i'm cleaning up, it will make the job more pleasant. sounds like a plan...think i'll go with it. can't get that tape to shut off no-how! see the can of worms you opened up?

laughing and smiling----trinket

Subj: RE: your (semi-aside) letter, Sir

Date: 97-06-23 13:47:37 EDT

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

your letter telling me about your childhood made my heart ache. you poor baby...what you must have gone through. i can't even begin to imagine it. i feel like such a jerk for complaining about having to live with alcoholics as an adult. how did you keep from saying anything when i asked you if you knew what it was like to live with an alcoholic? you know all too well what it's like and have the emotional scars to prove it. what in god's name was your mother thinking when she sent you out on the streets at night? she could have sent you to a friend's house or a church or anywhere that was safer than the streets. my parents didn't drink, but i've talked to plenty of adults who grew up in alcoholic homes and the stories they tell are enough to rip your heart out. you must have felt very alone and unloved? it's no wonder you're a night person....nights weren't safe enough for you to sleep. that's why i stay up to this day. bad things happen at night unless you're up to protect yourself. stays with ya, doesn't it? now i understand our attraction to each other a little better. we're both a couple of wounded animals. it's not hard to see why you demand love/respect today. you never got your cup full either. you touched the mother side of me with your story. makes me just want to hold you and tell you it'll be ok now.

the shattered pieces of our lives are falling into place with each letter we write. i'm liking you more all the time. you blew me away when you offered this stuff about yourself when i didn't nag you for it. guess i figured you'd never share with me because you wanted to remain a fantasy Master. i like knowing who i'm writing to. no, i won't ask your name and i'll never ask for a photograph... so, don't get nervous. i just want to know the man behind the words that have so filled up my life and mind.

i send you my biggest mental hugs for sharing more of your life with me.

smile and feel loved today.....you are.

mega hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: ?????? about web site address

Date: 97-06-23 16:50:34 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

have you changed your web site address? tried to go there and can't get through with yahoo--alta vista--aol--etc. is members@aol.com/abouteliot/index.htm the correct address? why doesn't my computer like me? slaves get no respect.

boo-hoo----trinket

Subj: RE: website screw-up

Date: 97-06-24 08:21:09 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i am hanging my head in shame for screwing up the address to your website. dah! no wonder i couldn't get in. can you believe i'm such a fucking imbecile? i heard that. wouldn't you love to have me working in your office? i'd have ya shut down in two days.

as i hang my head in shame, i **crawl** to you because you told me i had to, but what you don't know is..... i wanted to, needed to, have to, desire to, ache to, and will continue to beg to **crawl** to you. i love to **crawl** to a man like you. i'm chewing my hand as i write this. blame it on the full moon if you must, but this overpowering need is burning a whole in my cunt from desire. i haven't been this horny in years. what the hell is the matter with me? can you imagine what i'd be like if i talked to you in person? i'd need to put bath towels between my legs to soak up the wetness. do you have this affect on all your women.... or is it only the crazy, wacked out ones like me that behave like this? you have really hit a nerve with this **crawl** thing **you** started. and now you're teasing me relentlessly.... every chance you get. don't stop.

hugging you---trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir

Date: 97-06-24 12:15:25 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

you asked me to tell you about my day and asked me to share some of myself with you. other than sleeping, taking a shower, cooking dinner, doing some laundry and working on a few projects... there isn't much left to tell about this day. so, i guess what's left is sharing myself with you. where do i begin? how much do i say? will i bore you? will i tell you things that you don't want to hear or know? these are all the questions i have been asking myself while i've been trying to think of something **safe** to share. i know i spend a lot of time thinking about pain and how much i miss it--want it--need it. but what i don't talk about is the emotional pain of not having what i wanted---feeling that it's passed me by and constantly wondering if i should try one more time to get my needs met.... or should i just throw in the towel and chalk it up to a major loss in my life. my birthday was saturday and at the tail end of my 40's.... i have to start thinking about how many years there are left to **play**. being middle-aged doesn't afford us the choices we had when we were young. i don't want to wake up one day at 75 and realize i could've made a choice way back in my 40's. i know what we're doing is fantasy, but that doesn't take away my desire to do it for real. decisions.... decisions. i've never been any good at decisions. freedom from responsibilities of being a full time parent is just around the corner and the temptation to bolt knaws at me morning--noon--and night. i want something for me... that i chose... not what someone chose to give me. i hate being second best. i'd like to be somebody's **first** just once before i die. no, not somebody's first lay. somebody's first everything. i want my sexual needs respected and catered to and appreciated... not laughed at and ignored. that's what i think about sometimes as i'm roaming the house in the middle of the night. i want someone to play with again. i want to laugh and talk in bed. i want to drink wine and be held and listen to music. i want a man to hug back when i hug him...not pull away and start talking to the dog. i want to go away for the weekend... rent a cabin in the middle of nowhere and get lost in sex and orgasms and s/m delights. i want to feel leather on my skin again. i want to **crawl** to this man and tell him how much i love him for making me do it. i miss the smell of a man's scent after sex. i miss the feel of a man's body laying on mine. i miss the taste of his cum in my mouth. all this talk about sex lately has really made me look at my life and see how empty it is. i can't wait for someone to hand me these things. i'll have to find them for myself. that's where all the self doubt steps in. i tell myself what

an idiot i am for wanting these things at 48. it's not like middle-aged women are highly desirable in today's society. everyone thinks sex belongs to the 20-30 yr. old crowd. what about the rest of us? do we just quietly masturbate into our old age? i think not! Master, that's only a little of what i think about. trust me... i think all the time. maybe i should stop thinking? don't be scared.... i'm not looking for you to solve my problems. i may just stuff them and do nothing, since that's how i usually deal with problems that seem to big to fix. oooh.... there's that word . codependents are always trying to **fix** something, aren't we? when we can't fix ourselves... we try to fix other people. Master, do you really need any further proof that i'm a certified nut case? if this hasn't convinced you.... i don't know what else i can say that would.

as you can see, the **crawl** tape isn't the only one i run through my head on a daily basis. i'm probably having the female version of the male mid-life crisis. no it's not menopause.... that started for me in Meryland... on a tuesday at high noon on August 6, 1984. it began when i woke up in a hospital bed and found out i was gutted like a deer after it had been shot. when they finally got me to stop screaming they gave me a shot so they wouldn't have to listen to me cry anymore. and everytime i woke up... they came back and did it again. and when i walked out of that navy hospital, i left behind the real tammy for good. i haven't been the same since and i never will be again. don't tell me i'm being silly until the day they cut off your cock/balls and try to convince you that you're still a man and sex will still feel the same for you. if you buy that.... then i will. deal? so that, Master, is why i masturbate. i'm dead inside and feel very little during intercourse. they did a number on me when they cut me open. cut a bunch of nerves in the process of scraping a pelvis that was loaded with scar tissue which was wrapped around everything. pain is all there's left to feel. pain tells me i'm alive. pain lets me remember when i was a woman. pain still makes my cunt wet. you use what you have and like it. vietnam vets went through much worse nightmares and they can smile today... so can i. i'm not crying about this.... i'm just starting to panic, because i want to feel something again before i die. understand what drives me a little more than the average woman at this age? that's what i would tell you... if i thought you really wanted to know what i thought about.

Master, i hope i've completed this assignment to your liking.

striving to be obedient,
trinket

Subj: RE: stuffed e-mail bag
Date: 97-06-24 23:44:14 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

five letters from you in one day? did you get anything else done?
seriously, Master, thank-you for making me feel better. i do still worry about dumping too much and i can see that i must pay closer attention to my wording in future letters. please let me clear something up right now. **i wasn't shot.** i said, when i woke up, i felt gutted, like a deer that had been shot. because that's how i felt when they told me they had to take everything out. when i went in, he had led me to believe that it would only be a partial.... leaving the ovaries intact. i wasn't prepared for a full hysterectomy at the tender age of just barely 35.... no woman is... or will be. i apologize for the remark about your cock/balls. that was misdirected anger again that surely wasn't meant for you. it should have been directed to the asshole doctors that told me i'd be fine once everything healed. they knew it was a lie, yet they continue to tell woman that all the time. when i mentioned vets and what they'd been through as opposed to my just losing my female organs.... i was trying to say.... yes, this was tragic for me, but i didn't lose arms or legs or have half my face blown away. they've come back and have learned to live with a lot more than i'll ever know about. so, i was saying, if they can still smile with all that happened to them.... then i should be able to do the same. i know you don't know how a woman feels after something like that... my own husband didn't. that's why i put it in terms that you could relate to as a man. again... forgive me for saying it like that. it's an emotional subject for me.

i have no idea what i've just written. i just got up at 5:00 and the cobwebs aren't out of my head yet and i haven't had any coffee. the pine pollen is so thick that the whole house is covered in a thick coating of yellow dust. i'm a mess. my eyes are swollen. my throat is on fire. i can't breathe well. my head is pounding. i hate summer for this reason. isn't it just like a person with allergies to live in the middle of the woods like some kind of idiot? what could i have been thinking when i found this place?

the body is screaming for coffee. must run and feed my addiction.

hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: a little talk
Date: 97-06-24 23:44:14 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

you didn't give me any assignments, so...i'll just talk about whatever you put in your letters to me. feels a little strange in a way, since i'm so used to buckling down to a structured assignment every evening. it's a nice change and you won't hear me complaining.

about the anger exercise, Sir. thanks for telling me about it....but i'm familiar with it already. i've done it many times with John. i write letters when John really pisses me off or for past hurts, then i stash them in books or sewing stuff and find them when i least expect to. sometimes i no longer feel the way i did when i wrote it and other times i feel angrier. haven't been able to do that with my brother or the warden. everytime i think about writing to them... i see the pen going through 6 pages of tablet paper. i just want them both out of my life so bad that to write to them would bring them closer. my brother lives in vermont and i seldom see him, except for the times he's home and the warden brings him over for a visit... no matter how much i try to discourage it. she doesn't want to remember what happened and i can never forget. he can't even look at me today without looking away. i'm tense and on guard if i have to be in the same room with him. to bring this whole thing out in the open again would be too painful, so i tolerate his visits once or twice a year. i never hug him and i make it a point never to be alone with him. i find myself thinking i'd like to strangle her whenever she does this to me. the last visit, she never bothered to call to tell me she was coming. i look out the window and see him with her and i fell apart in the living room. i'm crying and ready to kill her... John tells me he'll make them go away if i want him too, but i stuff it and let tammy handle them. by the time they get to the door... i'm smiling and seem as normal as anyone. tammy does all the things i can't do or won't do. i've been making her do these things for me since i was a kid. i know it sounds crazy... but that's how i learned to deal with pain, be it physical or emotional. i hide out and stay safe, and tammy takes care of whatever comes along. that's why tammy seems angry. that's why tammy appears to hate men and continues to piss people off. i've talked to other incest survivors and many

have a dual personality also. some have more than two, as you know already. read boo-coo books on the subject trying to learn how to deal with it. John has tried for years to get me to go to an incest survivors group and i refuse. don't want to hear the stories... i know i'm avoiding the pain and i'll continue running from it if i don't deal with it once and for all. yes, the warden is very much alive and lives a short 12 miles from here. i haven't let her visit in months and i won't talk to her on the phone. i want her out of my life and i can't wait for her to die. sounds terrible... but it's the truth. she's 75.. so maybe it won't be that much longer? she has a bad heart and isn't well. one can hope...

my sister, ginger, who's now divorced from an alcoholic... oh-what a surprise this must be... is a manic depressive and has spent the last several years bouncing in 'n' out of psych wards in tennessee. the last time she was **in** she wrote a letter to the warden explaining about how she felt about her childhood and mentioned the pain this has caused her over the years.... then actually sent it. jesus joseph and mary... talk about the shit hitting the fan... you don't know the half of it. we won't even go there tonight... or any other night. our family would keep a writer busy for years!

John was a drug/alcohol counselor for the navy for the last 2 yrs. before he retired. he's the one who told me about writing letters to express anger to the people we feel had caused us pain in our life. he did mention that it's not always the best idea to send them unless we were ready to deal with return anger. he had his own bag of shit from childhood and a step-mother that was extremely cruel to him, combined with a father who ran his own business and was working all the time or on the road. nobody is spared from the pain... we all bleed today because of it.

you know, i was thinking today... why didn't i create a happy person to write to you, instead of the shattered mess i presented you with? i wish i hadn't said anything about me. i don't even know why i did. this can't be enjoyable for you to read. the answer i came up with was... because, stupid slave, you don't know any happy people. how could i pretend i was? i don't want to make you afraid to read your mail for fear of what you'll have to hear next. why do i trash everything that's clean, bright and shiney? i do realize that my life reflects the decisions i've made about men and other things along the way. i understand what you're saying about my ability to make future choices. i know all too well the types that i'm attracted to time and again. when we were separated... i managed to find alcoholic

after alcoholic after alcoholic. and due to my own sickness, they provided me with all the physical and emotional abuse i had expected they would. put me in a room with 50 men... inside of 10 min., i'll be able to pick the alcoholics out and be talking to them. i'm drawn to their personalities like a moth to a flame. it's like i wear a sign saying, **use me, abuse me, i'm yours**. they see it... and we're off and running.

even though the thought of leaving John enters my mind occasionally, i know i never will. i've lived long enough to see others that thought the grass was greener on the other side, live to regret it. we've been together way too long to live apart. i was a child of 21 when i met him and he was 24. he'll be 51 next month. we've grown up together and he's ingrained in my life/mind. god only knows that we've both done horrible things to each other and the damage is substantial. also, i know that i paint him as some kind of monster at times, he's not. every marriage has two stories and our's is no exception. for all the bad that's taken place, there's an equal amount of good. he's been my husband for 26 yrs., my lover, my teacher and the father of three of my children. he was the first one to introduce me to the pleasure of love beads and he bought my first vibrator when i was 23. we have a lot of healing to do from the things that happened in this marriage from 1984- oct. of last year. my frustration comes in because of his lack of desire to at least continue with the head game part of s/m. that's all i need to be able to feel again, enough to want to have sex. i need the words because they create the desire and make me wet. can't get that to click with him. that's why i went looking for the **words** on the net. and then i found you... you had the words i was looking for and a fantastic personality to go along with it. and now i'm so excited by you that i can't see straight. all of a sudden...holes in my life are being filled, i'm having more orgasms than i've had in years, i don't have to be angry at him for not providing the words i need to hear and nobody is getting hurt this time. so, i see progress being made in some areas. he seems to be responding to my new attitude about life in general and mentions that i smile and laugh a lot more since we got the computer. i just tell him that i found some night friends to play with and they make me feel good. he doesn't ask what i talk about. i look at you as a special gift i've been given for a short while every day and you'll remain one in my heart for many years to come. you mean so much to me already that i can't imagine how i'll feel 6 mo. from now. i hope you don't feel like you're being used. if i were talking to you in person... i think i'd be able to convince you of that... but my writing doesn't always say what i mean and sometimes you

misunderstand me, because of how i may have worded something.

you mentioned that you wanted to know everything about your slave. Master, you must be a bigger glutton for punishment than myself ? i think it'd be best to let the paint dry on this load before i burden you with the **rest of the story**. i'll have to take a deep breath before i write the rest. this little voice in the back of my head keeps telling me to shut up before i screw this up too.

my **biggest** fear is that once you know everything about me..... you'll then tell me i'm one of the most fucked up people you've ever known and throw me out of your life. i know you said you wouldn't.... but i'm still a little afraid. and i'm afraid i won't be your trinket anymore, because you'll be thinking of me more in terms of being some kind of **trailer-trash-barbie**. look at it from my side and you'd be scared too. sometimes i feel like a living skin flick. instead of **debbie does dallas**..... it should read... **trinket did texas**. i'm so fucked up, that i'm now laughing at me. just goes to show ya... people on the net are out to lunch. shouldn't we be getting this down on paper and making a buck off it?

please forgive me if i sound like i'm trying to pass everything off as a joke. if i don't continue to find the humor in my life.... i'm afraid i'll start crying again and not be able to stop this time. i cried for three years after the surgery and i don't want to go there again. took a long time to climb out of the hole i fell in. please help me to stay on some solid ground for awhile. i'll do whatever you say to keep you in my life. i'll crawl. i'll grovel. whatever you want.... just don't bail on me.

thanks for listening to all this madness. please send assignments so i can shut up. i'm afraid of what i'll say next.

thank-you for being here....My Mystery Master. how can i serve you today? what would you like me to do for you? or perhaps i should say... command me to do for you? lost it for a minute, didn't i ?

your humble slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-26 15:24:08 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

yes Sir, you are correct in assuming that i have limited experiences to report to you about watersports. i'm not even sure i know what **watersports** means.

i was inadvertently introduced to **golden showers** by my kinky husband, early in our relationship. it was **his trip** and never mine. the first time it happened, i was taking a shower with him... my back was turned and he was standing behind me. then i feel this hot liquid running down my back, ass, and legs. i say, "what the hell are you doing?". and he says, "i'm pissing on you bitch... what do you think i'm doing?" i blew it off because i figured he was drunk and just too lazy to get out of the shower to take a piss. a few weeks later, one night after fucking.... he tells me he wants to piss inside me. i ain't liking the idea at all... i was afraid of getting a vaginal infection....not to mention, that it would probably trash the mattress. so, he tries, but everytime he puts his cock in me... he starts to get hard and he can't piss. he tried several more times without success before we were rolling with laughter at the thought of it. next time wasn't so much fun... because he was very drunk and angry. he's taking a shower and yells for me to get my ass in there **now**. i do... thinking i had forgotten to put out a towel for him. he's one of those men who would never think to look in a linen closet for a towel... he just expects one will be available for his use whenever he needs it. that hasn't changed in 26 yrs. either. i see the towel and know i'm not in trouble for that.... so what is it now? he tells me to strip and get in the shower with him. when i do, he tells me to lay down in the tub. i don't want to do this because i thought he wanted to fuck and i knew that would really hurt my back. it's been a problem for me for years. he stands there looking at me and holding his cock. before i know it, he's pissing on me and saying shit like, "you fucking bitches are all whores and deserve to be pissed on". i'm trying to get out and he's stepping on me and tells me if i keep fighting him, he'll piss in my mouth. i definitely didn't want that so i laid still and shut up. when he was done... he told me to lay there until he got done with his shower and then i could get my lazy ass showered. not a fun experience, Sir. didn't seem like a game i wanted to add to our list. later..... i was to see that pleasure could actually be found in this off beat form of sexual play. i didn't learn fast... in the beginning. the night i came to like it was that night i've already told you about.... the one where i had the orgasm of a lifetime. the 13 orgasm night. remember? in the course of that several hour beating, he's drinking

beer and i'm getting thirsty from watching him and wanting something to drink myself. he told me i couldn't have anything to drink until he was done with me. and i start nagging... begging... whining, etc. he says, "if you're so damn hot... then i'll just have to cool you off". so he starts pissing on me from the neck down... walks behind me and pisses all the way up my back and into my hair. i couldn't do a damn thing about it either, because my wrists were in hand cuffs that were attached to a rope that hung from a hook in the ceiling...and my legs were cuffed at the ankles, spread and tied down. there i am..tied... soaked with his piss..and still thirsty. he beats me while i'm still wet. that belt burned like hell on my skin and i'm so fucking hot and wet that i didn't care what he did to me after that. it gets better. he beat me til he got tired and left me there while he went to the store for more beer. when he gets back, he tells me that since i was crying about being so fucking thirsty, i had better drink some of these beers that he was nice enough to go and get for me. i'm not a big beer drinker at all... and he knows this. he grabs me by the hair... steadys my head and proceeds to pour beer down my throat and says i'd better start swallowing if i wanted him to continue giving me what i'd begged him for. that being... the beating he had already started. he wouldn't stop pouring beer in me until he had made me drink three in a row. he goes back to beating me off 'n' on for the next half hour or so...until i tell him that we've really got to take a break for a couple of minutes because i've got to pee real bad from all that beer he made me drink. you guessed it. he lays down between my legs and tells me that the only way i'm going to get to pee is if i pee in his mouth. i don't want to do this. but i gotta go so bad.... i didn't have a choice, since he already said that he wasn't untying me until he was done with beating me. i finally give in because i'm thinking, he's so drunk he'll never remember this anyway. in a way it felt good to piss on him for all the times he'd done it to me. he's liking this...but i'm liking it more than i dared to tell him. another time.... i caught him off guard after sex one night. i'm laughing as i write this... say i've got to pee and will be right back...normal enough... he doesn't have a clue that i have no intention of peeing in the toilet. i come back and we play for awhile... you know... whispering sweet nothings and stroking and holding and what not. he starts to get hard again and i tell him that i want to be on top this time because i want him in me deep as he can go. sounded sincere at the time. he pulls me over on him and as i sit up and start to mount him.... he goes,"baby, come here and let me kiss that beautiful cunt of yours". **bingo**.... plan B falls into place! just as he opens his mouth to start licking me..... i piss into his open mouth. i'm laughing and trying my best to keep my knees on his

shoulders so he can't move. i didn't stop until my bladder was empty. i thought he was going to kill me...but he actually liked it and it was something that was repeated many times after that. but we took the time to protect the bed before we did this again. nobody wants to sleep in the wet spot, do they, Sir ?

Master, this Watergate story i'll call the **3-c** one. what does **3-c** mean? stands for the congressman, and the two cunts that pleased him. i think it's best not to reveal his name. let's just say...he was well known in and around Washington for his passion for night games and night **ladies**.

Tony had sent him many girls over the years he was there. this congressman always wanted two girls at a time... and each had to be different. he didn't like 2 blondes or 2 brunettes, etc. so, Tony would mix/match as best he could...depending on who was working on the nights he called. this congressman was very married and usually chose the Watergate or the Hyatt to romp around in.

before we continue.... i have to correct a former statement i made to you. i said that i'd never done anything more with the lesbians who worked there, other than hug. that's not exactly true. i couldn't tell you that night, because when i read that you were surprised that i liked girls.... i don't know why, but that bothered me... because i don't really know if i'm bi or not. i do have my limits as to what i'll do and what i won't. no kissing.... and no muff diving. i don't want anybody's twat on my face and i don't want their face in mine... ok?

so anyway... Tony decides to send this girl named, Doris, and myself over to service the horny congressman..... let's call him **jack**. i knew she was a lesbian and that this guy was one of her regulars. i'm trying to talk Tony out of this because i thought it was going to be one of those **girl-on-girl** scenes that i'd never gone on and didn't want to with Doris. we called her the **ice Queen** around the office, since she wasn't too friendly with any of us. she was going to college and let it be known that she was there to make money and not to play or fuck around with the likes of us. i usually made wide circles around her to avoid her cold stare. and now Tony wants me to do a call with her. i'm thinking that this ain't gonna be one of my better nights... but i went. on the way over... i'm chain smoking... took a couple of valliums and i'm firing questions at her left and right to find out what this call would entail. she's telling me that he's an asshole with an attitude, but he tips really well. she says sometimes he likes to watch the girls do each other.... and other nights he wants the

girls to do him. i'm explaining to her that i'm kinda straight and i'd never done a call with a girl before that required us having sex. she's laughing at me and trying to get me to relax and says she knows i'm straight and proceeds to tell me and show me how to fake eating out a girl, should he ask. she showed me how to hold my hands so it would look like i was spreading her pussy and told me to lick my hand and not her. she said he never got close enough to ever notice. i'm praying every prayer i knew to gods known and unknown that that wouldn't be happening. she asked me if i was going to freak if she had to touch me.... and i'm like... where? she says.... pussy, tits, or ass. i say i guess i could handle that but i ain't kissing... so don't even try it. she tells me not to worry... she'll take care of everything. this is her john and she said she knew what she was doing. all i had to do was act like i was enjoying it and we'd be splitting a tidy little bundle.

we get there and she does most of the talking at first...gets the money...he makes us drinks and starts telling us what he wants us to do for him. we finish the drinks....and the games begin.

we got undressed....and he says he needs to decide which one he wants to eat and which one he wants to fuck. i wanted to be the one he chose to fuck because i didn't want my twat on his face in any kinda way. i didn't like him at all. he comes over to us and begins running his hands all over us...he grabs tits and nipples and is squeezing ass cheeks and runs his hand between our legs to maul pussy lips and check for desire. no...i was not wet. i was pissed, but i didn't show it. i definitely didn't like this degrading inspection and was starting to wonder if i was going to make it through the whole call.

Doris was blonde... about 5'4".... 23 yrs. old. she had firm 36-D tits... cute face... cold eyes... ass i would've liked to had... shapely legs.

next he tells us to bend over and grab our ankles so that he can decide whose twat he wants to eat. he makes us spread our legs as he begins spreading each of our pussys for a better look. all i could think about was bitching Tony out as soon as i got back to the office for ever sending me with Doris in the first place.

his choice was.... Doris to eat... me to fuck. i couldn't have been happier..... or so i thought. he tells me to lay on the bed... bend my knees and drop them open with soles of feet touching. so there i

am... twat exposed to both him and Doris. he hands her a tube of ky-jelly and tells her to lubricate my pussy inside and out because he likes to fuck a well lubricated bitch. i'm nervous and panic sets in and she's climbing on the bed and he's stroking his mutha fuckin cock. i close my eyes for a few seconds and pull myself together and tell myself that i can do this, because she's only going to lubricate me and it's not like a woman had never touched my cunt before. i'd had three kids by then and plenty of nurses had their hands in me to check my cervix during labor. i just gave myself over to it and she started lubricating me with gentle strokes while she spread my cunt lips and slipped three fingers in to rub the jelly along the walls. felt kinda nice and i didn't freak like i thought i would. he watched this with great interest and was getting harder by the minute. i decided to pretend i really liked it because i knew it would contribute to his getting off faster and we would be able to get the hell out of there. so, i pushed against her hand and moaned like i was so into her stroking me until he wanted to get down to buisness.

he climbs on the bed and i immediately get up to make room for the horny congressman. we take our appointed positions and begin riding him for all we're worth. Doris is mushing her pussy as hard as she can into his face and he's loving it. it felt a little strange to be doing him with another girl. that was the closest i'd been to a girl in bed since i'd shared a bed with my sister when i was a kid. it didn't take much rocking and rolling to get him off. he was half way there before he ever laid down.

when we left... i told her that was the last time i would ever do the good congressman. said i didn't like the meat inspection prior to intercourse. she asked me if i was comfortable with what we did and i told her that i found myself enjoying it and could probably handle more calls with girls after that. later.... i did... but we'll save those for another night, Sir.

i kneel and offer today's assignment as proof of my sincere desire to serve you.

your lowly slave,
trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 28 Jun 1997 07:05:55 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

you said there would be no phone contact, **at least for awhile**. does that mean that in the future, there **might** be a possibility of hearing the **voice** behind the words???? i'm almost too wet with anticipation over this thought! voices and eyes tell so much about a person. gawd.... i'd love to hear your voice. maybe if i was a real good girl.... you'd put your voice on tape for me so i could hear it again... and again... and again... and again? ok-ok, i know it won't be this week, Sir, and definitely not next... but maybe sometime? please..please..please?

this head trip and constantly talking about sex everyday is making me want to fuck again. are you a sex therapist, Sir? if you're not.... you should be. the desire is for you, but i'll have to use John because he's here. i haven't wanted to go to bed with anyone in a long time. and now i've been talking to you for a few weeks and it's all i can think about anymore. how many women have you done this for, Sir? i'm so unbelievably wet right now that i can barely believe it. everytime you make me do something i don't want to... i hate it. then i end up loving you for how it makes me feel. if you were here, i would kneel and thank you for this. you're such a gifted man, my Master.

Sir, i don't think i'm in the right space tonight to talk about **him** or the warden. i need to not think about them for awhile. when i told you what happened.... i never said i was going to do anything about either of them, other than avoid them as much as possible. i really don't want it to be an issue with you and me. i may never do anything. what i did tonight was, take 2 showers to get that feeling off me from talking about them as much as we have lately. i don't want to feel that dirty all the time. please, Master, just let it go. it's my problem. i'm sorry i told you. i'm not ready to feel all that pain again.

what i would like to do right now is to continue as we were before all this came up. i'm not trying to make you go away.... i fear it at times...but i'm not working towards that goal. i want to enjoy you and be happy for awhile...is that so bad, Sir? i want to learn what you need from me to keep you happy. i'm more interested in you than what i should be doing about things that are already done. please don't make me become somebody else. every man from the time i was 13 has expected me to jump through his hoops. i can't do it anymore. this is the person i am.... why isn't it ever good enough?

i will change for you in any way you want me to, only because i want to this time. i want this for me. it sounds selfish... but i don't mean it that way at all. let me try to explain it so you won't be upset. i came to you with a need that wasn't being met and you said you could help me with those needs if i was willing to do thus 'n' such. i agreed and then started to fall down many times. you've picked me up... redirected me and we're trying to work out the remaining kinks. am i being delusional.... or has this happened? while this was going on, my feelings about you started to change and i began to really like this man i was writing to every day. and now i'm so crazy about the man and his writing that i want to give myself to him in any way he'll accept. i know this can never be a real time thing, but i want it to be the best it can be with what we have to work with. two computers and two complex people. why can't we just have this, without changing my whole life? Master, you make me feel things i haven't felt for any man in a number of years. i like this feeling. i'll jump through your hoops if that's what you want me to do.... i don't care.... you're worth it to me and i want to for you. what i'm begging you not to do is... make me jump through their hoops. i'm starting to doubt my ability to have a relationship with any man on any level... even one in cyberspace.

i kneel and say that this is all i have of me to give. if you think it's enough and you feel i'm worth the time to continue training.... then i'm all yours. i'll do my level best to try to please you, Master.

trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 28 Jun 1997 05:06:35 PDT
Subject: RE: just hugs, Sir
Dear Master,

just hugs..... for nothing..... and everything.

trinket

Date: 97-06-28 20:42:02 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Subj: RE: ????????????

Dear Master,

are you sure you want to know why i don't have sex with my husband? i hope you have a good pair of reading glasses and a sense of humor. i couldn't have made this up if i tried. i knew we'd get around to this eventually. it'll take some explaining, because it isn't one simple answer... but it is the truth. one quick answer.... the decision has been somewhat mutual. just keep telling yourself.... you did ask. will write about this and other things from your letter tonight.

hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-06-29 09:37:26 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

whoa...lots of ???'s you have for me to answer...and none of them can be answered in a sentence or two. this would be so much easier over a glass of wine and a laid back evening. your house or mine, and who's bringing the wine?

yes Sir, i'm well aware that my MO is that i have to be forced into doing new things. it's all about fear... fear of failure... fear of change... fear of not doing it right... fear of not being good enough, etc.

Master, you said that you have a zillion questions to ask me. aren't you afraid of the three zillion answers i'll give and the weeks it'll take you to sort through them? nothing is ever yes or no with me, as you know by now.

you want to know about the trials and errors of the attempted Master/slave relationship i had with John? oh.. god.. where do i begin? there were many starts and stops... depending on **his** need for it at the time. i'd have to say that it began after about two years of marriage. he started to notice that i had better, and more, orgasms after one of his beatings. you know.... the kissy-face make up after the fight nights? he said he was beginning to think that i actually liked to be beaten. finally, one night i flat out told him i did... because i liked it and i liked how much better the sex felt after. that's all he needed to hear.... we were off and running. trouble is... drinking got in the way and the fun beatings started to blur with the

drunken rages. being thrown into walls and having your head banged repeatedly on the floor is not the same as being hand cuffed and beat with a leather belt. just because i liked pain... he thought that gave him the freedom to hurt me whenever he wanted to. i tried many times to explain the difference in the experiences to him, but none of it sunk in. he hurt me pretty bad right before he left for a 6 mo. deployment that year. in fact, i had to wear sunglasses to see him off at the base hanger, because my eyes were black/blue. i spent that whole summer and fall going back and forth to a Naval Hospital to repair the damage he'd done to my head. he'd beaten me so hard and banged my head so much that he'd severely damaged my inner ear, which caused terrible headaches, nausea, and made me vomit every time i tried to lay down or turn over to my side. went through many tests 'til they finally found the problem. i don't remember the doctor's name who discovered the problem, but i'll never forget the compassion he showed when he knew what had caused the damage. he sat me down in his office one day and he said, "i know you've been beaten and i want you to tell me about it and how it happened". he knew that to sustain that amount of damage that i'd had severe trauma to the head for a period of time. i fell apart in his office, but i told him. he said it would take a long time to heal and he'd give me pills for the pain and he'd make me up a separate folder to carry with me to the next base. they weren't supposed to do that at Navy Hospitals... but he did. he said he was worried about me and if i ever need him to testify in a divorce hearing... all i'd have to do is call him. he wanted me to keep the folder out of my regular one so John couldn't pull it and destroy it. husbands can get their dependents records at any time. he made me promise i'd show it to the staff at Jacksonville when we got there... so that they'd know about his violent rages... just in case i was to turn up there and be unconscious. what a guy! so anyway, after he came home, he laid off me for awhile... long enough for me to heal. the bases kept changing every couple of years and the drunken beatings continued and the emergency room visits increased. some bitches just don't learn, do they? when we got to Md., we started the first s/m relationship. i had told him what i wanted and he **seemed** to like the idea at the time. we maybe had three weeks where it worked out and things were moving in a positive direction. see... he absolutely loved the control and the fact that i worshiped him for it. he loved the sex and the mind games and the orgasms that i had. but he couldn't stay out of the clubs/bars and he needed to hurt somebody when he was done drinking for the night. i was an easy target...because i was there. after a broken nose, bruised ribs and several black eyes.... i'm kinda losing my

need to be controlled and beaten. i suggest that we put it on the back burner for another time. that's when i later found the s/m club in D.C. and talked him into going there so i could have what i needed without going to an emergency room after. don't want to get into all that right now. that would take a letter by itself. next is the year i worked at the escort service. no s/m stuff with him then...just more and longer beatings. didn't try again 'til around '82 or '83 he was gone on a 9 mo. deployment that time, and we'd talked about doing it when he came home all through the whole 9 mo. we tried.... lasted for about two weeks and he said he wasn't really into it and since he was sober now... it no longer turned him on. erin was 2 yrs. old and the other kids were getting older... so what we could do in the way of fun had to be toned down and he just drifted away from it and got lost in his A.A. crowd and spent most nights at meetings and then out for coffee with them. i let it go and i've never asked him since and i don't believe i could do it with him today anyway. too much damage. far too much anger. no desire. Master, i was so in love with him when he first got sober that he could have owned me forever. John was the best sex partner i'd ever had and my need to serve him... be controlled by him, and owned by him was all i could think about those first years he was sober. i wanted the whole s/m package. would have traded my soul for it...but it takes two, and it wasn't what he wanted. besides... he was John and his needs were and are always more important.

this next part is, in many ways, worse than anything that happened prior to my surgery... including what happened with my brother. the scars from this are bigger and deeper than any beating i ever got from him. you'll have to forgive me in advance if i seem too angry or too cold or too bitchy. please know that none of it is directed at you. my hatred of men is mostly directed at John and the shit he put us through from 1985-oct.'96. this is ugly and dirty and it hurts to write about it. what happened, isn't all his fault.... i own some of this... maybe a lot of it. get some coffee.... this will be long.

after i left the hospital..... i came home and cried for the next 6 wks. my body was shattered... my mind was shattered and i was extremely depressed. we waited the required time for me to heal and then decided to **test hop** this new cunt that the nice Dr. had told me he'd designed for me. i was in no way prepared for what i was about to feel. what i felt when my husband put his cock in me was... absolutely **nothing**. no sensation at all. i didn't even know he was in... 'til he told me he was i'm thinking.... this can't be right. the Dr. had said that sex would be exactly as before... minus the pain now.

something wasn't working as it should. so, we switch positions, thinking i could feel him better if i sat on him. same deal. no feeling at all. he's in heaven... telling me how tight i am and how good my pussy feels. i fucking lost it right then and there. i got off him and started crying and cried for weeks/weeks/weeks after that. i didn't want to live. i didn't want to spend the rest of my life with this **new** cunt i was given. i was afraid. i was pissed off. i was devastated... to say the least. Master, i had just turned 35 earlier that summer. the thought of never feeling a man inside me again was too much for me to handle emotionally. John wasn't prepared for how i was going to be from that day forward. he lost something too. he lost the woman i used to be and the sex partner he'd known for years. he did try to make me feel better in the beginning and waded through many months of depression with me before he began having affairs with women who could meet his sexual needs. i mean..what the hell... he deserved to have sex... he was a **man**. and men had needs and if women couldn't meet those needs... other women would have to fill in. i kinda reminded him of all the years he **could** have had all the sex any man would need, and how he **chose** to spend those years. and now he has the nerve to complain that i can't give him what **he needs**. the boy is lucky he's still alive! if i'd had a gun in my hand at that moment... he wouldn't be today. we try sex a few more times and the same thing happens. no feeling.... more tears... more anger. i try to climb out of the depression by working for awhile and having something else to think about besides myself, the depression and the on going affairs. to piss him off, i take jobs at 2 different clubs in town as a cocktail waitress so i can be out of the house when he comes home reeking of someone elses perfume. i worked at some base clubs too. i drank with those boys... i took drugs with those boys... i went to bed with some of them. i wanted a man to still want me. i wanted to be loved. i wanted to be held. what i got... was fucked. i never felt them either... but i didn't bother to tell them. i was running from emotional pain again and following the path i always chose. men, drugs, and night people who liked to play night games. i hate them...but i always turn to them when i'm in pain... go figure. he's due to retire in Nov. of '85... so, we come back to N.H. in June.. rent a house... he goes back to finish his tour. while he's there, he lives with some divorced chick he met in A.A. comes home... bounces from job to job to job...finally lands a good one. he's going to A.A. on a regular basis...meets yet another divorced chick and begins long time affair with her that eventually leads to our separation. during the time he's trying to decide which flavor he likes now... he's bouncing back and forth between her and me. we're still trying to have sex sometimes, but he says he can't do it with me

anymore because i'm not the **responsive** woman i was before surgery and he doesn't like the fact that i no longer cum my brains out everytime he sticks his cock in me now. the poor baby. how could i have been so cruel? what was i thinking? yes i am very angry at this moment. does it show? we do a lot of talking and shouting and crying and name calling and blaming. that always helps he tells me he's sorry for hurting me and the kids. he's going up to see her and tell her it's over... and he'll be right back. hours later at 11:15 pm on Nov. 10th...he walks in the door... up the stairs... into the bedroom and starts packing. he won't look at me or talk to me or anything. i ask him what he's doing this for, and he says,"for the last 16 yrs". kids are crying... i'm crying... dogs are pacing. he tears out of the yard and goes to move in with her. this is the part i really like and will **never** forgive him for. that mutha-fuckin-bastard left us in a big old federal style house that i could not afford to rent... let alone heat. he took my last \$8.00--he drained the checking account--he stopped paying the rent, electric bill, water bill, car insurance and called the fuel co. and cancelled our account and told them he would no longer be responsible for any of my bills. this is what i had... i had 3 of our children still at home, ages 7 to 13.... i had a house i couldn't afford, i had no money, i had a broken car in the driveway, i had no job, i had less than a pack of cigarettes, i had an oil barrel that was almost empty. i was soon to get bills i couldn't afford and he wouldn't pay. we had little food in the house. i was absolutely destroyed. i couldn't believe a man would leave his family for some piece of trash who was using him to finish building the house that the state had partially paid for. two days later he cuts off the cable...puts the phone in my name and calls me to tell me to pull myself together and take care of our kids. that's rich. that's really fucking rich. he mails me some money for food for the first month or so.... then calls to tell me i'd better get my lazy ass to welfare for A.F.D.C./food stamps because he wasn't supporting us any longer. that was one of the hardest things i've ever had to do in my life. do you have any idea how degrading and humiliating it is to ask for money/food stamps? the way they talk to you and look at you is enough to make you want to die on the spot. but when it comes to feeding her children... a woman will trade her pride to give them what they need. i was very suicidal for the first few months. thought about it all the time...got a book from the library that told me what combinations of pills would kill me and how many i would need. i didn't want to be one of those people who take a 1/2 of a bottle of vallium and only end up with their stomach pumped. i wanted to be dead. i had a shit load of pills stashed that i had been saving since my surgery. i dump them out into a dish, pour some water and

almost started swallowing. then i had the urge to go see the kids one more time. i walked into each of their rooms and watched them as they slept. by the time i'd gotten to Erin's room...i knew i couldn't do it. i looked at my precious baby and thought of how she would feel when she woke up and found her mother dead. that child was my life line that night. i thank god for her. that shocked me back to reality. killing myself wasn't going to help them at all. tammy came out in full force and just took over. i found a lawyer through the state.... for free. i got us moved into low income housing. my family helped me a lot. one of my brothers gave me money to keep the kids fed until food stamps came. others came to chop wood for the stove... John hadn't left any cut for the winter when he bailed out. he wouldn't give me any money for anything after Jan. 1st. friends/family helped us make the move. i left behind a bunch of stuff that wouldn't fit into the place they gave us. we moved into a small 4 bdrm. apt. from a 10 rm. house. i sold stuff...i gave stuff away...i left boxes from the attic that i never even went through. it just didn't matter anymore. got a job at a video store for \$4.00 an hour and my daughter landed one at mickey-D's for the same amount. between my money, her money, and the state's money... we somehow managed to stay afloat 'til i got a better job. that first year was a killer. we all cried and worked and hugged and were hungry at times. he's not paying child support or helping in any way. at one point we're down to toast/parkay. then we use the rest of the parkay. that's never a good moment. Bridget tells me that we can't keep going to work on toast and i agree. what to do? pawn something. so i took some pieces of stereo equipment and my wedding band and got enough money for some food 'til we each got paid. later, i landed a better job in a factory as a packer. moved from that to the Holiday Inn as a desk clerk and then as a night auditor. he's going through lawyer after lawyer, trying to ditch me and i won't give in. no money--no deal. state finally takes support money out of his navy retirement check. only took them a year and a half to do that. let's give them a round of applause here. and then **Mr. Wonderful** shows up at the door a year later... relationship has gone sour... he's moved out... realizes he fucked up... is sorry for putting us through 2 1/2 yrs. of hell and so on and so on. kids are excited... daddy's back... he still loves us. don't ask me why... but we start dating again, and one night we end up in bed... and you know the rest of the story. he moves back in. bridget moves out with her boyfriend. she's 16... refuses to come home as long as **he's** there. When he was gone... seems he got into religion. imagine that? i had no idea just how deep. i was to find out. he managed to get involved with this jehovah witness crowd. here comes the control

again. all of a sudden, he wants to change our whole life. he doesn't want tv's or radios or stereo's in the house anymore. he won't celebrate xmas or any other holiday. he took books that he thought i shouldn't read and burned them. he stopped having sex with me because i was not fit to be his wife if i wasn't in total **submission** to him as the church required. now mind you, this isn't about anything sexual. this is for god. yeah--right. i told him to **piss up a rope**. my son Joe couldn't stand him anymore..so he moves out. we're down to him, me and Erin. the guy can clear out a house fast. he refused to give our daughter away at her wedding...because she was a whore who'd been living with her boyfriend prior to marriage. he wasn't even going to attend. my beautiful bridget got married one day while i was sleeping before i went to work. she called me that night as i was getting out of bed and apologised for not inviting me and was crying her heart out. when i asked her why she did it... she said she did it to hurt him for hurting us and she never meant to hurt me in the process. that really made my day. why did i stay? because Erin was only 10 yrs. old when he came home and she wanted her father back home in the worst way. i told myself that i could put up with him for her sake...just until she turned 18. she was 17 this month. i'm on the down hill slide here. he continued to make our life a living hell up until last October. then he just walks away from them one day and hasn't been back. he'd told us many times over the last 6 yrs. that he was moving into some kinda christian type community in Bangor...but he never went. he gave them a lot of money each month to pay for their pretend minister. they weren't into a formal church or anything like that. just made up their own rules as they went along. their **leader** was a hard core fundamentalist with a lot of fucked up ideas on how to treat women/children. women were on this earth to serve/obey men. their opinion didn't count and they were to shut up and speak when spoken to. John grasped that concept with both hands. didn't fly around here and never will after he left them.... he changes again. he's fixing all the shit he let go for 6 yrs..... buying stuff for the house again... got this computer.... brings me flowers... is home every night, etc., etc.

if you could find a woman who'd want to still have sex with a guy like this....let me know...she can trade places with me. lol lol lol

so, my kind, loving Master, this is why i find it real easy to stay up at night and avoid him like the plague.

he hasn't asked me to have sex... he never talks about it.... he

doesn't touch me other than to kinda hug me if i am the one who hugs first. i could use the vibrator for the rest of my life if i have to. you're probably wondering why i would even want to have sex anymore after the number of times i've been laid in my lifetime, aren't you? the last time i even enjoyed it at all was with that man i was seeing before John came back. this man was very skilled with the mind game part and he could swing a mean belt. shoulda kept him. live 'n' learn.

one night, i'm in here cruising the net and happen to find an interesting sounding article written by a man who is most definitely a baby boomer. i write to him with some bull-shit excuse about being a newbie and ask him how to meet men my age on the net who are also into s/m. you see, i really only wanted to write to him, but i had to see if he was interested first. from his first letter, i knew he was and would be. we continue writing back and forth and now he's reading my letter. i like this man a whole lot. we have a lot to say to each other. he listens to me. he teaches me things. he's trying to train me to serve him and i'm trying really hard to learn. he makes sex seem so real to me that i get wet just reading his letters. i'm not so sad since i found him and sometimes i'm afraid i'll lose him because i'm too needy for attention and too hungry for his words. he has no idea what he's given me or how happy i am to have him in my life. he never sees me rush to the den when i've just stepped out of bed... and doesn't see my face light up when i discover that there is yet another letter from him. if i had to pay him in cash for what he's given me so far, i'd need to max out my credit cards and take out a loan from the bank. my daughter was my first life line in this life and he's my second. of course, he'll never know that because i'm a faceless name who trades words with him every day. but that's ok... because i know how important he is to me.

Master, if there is anything i didn't answer from your letter tonight, will you please forgive me? i have one hell of a migraine headache that's splitting my head open right now. i took some medication for it and i've got to lay down. i can't even read through this to see what it sounds like before i send it and check for mistakes and misspelled words. you got the very rough version. please send prozac, zoloft, or a shrink. i need one of them.

you'll be in my thoughts today. i live only to please you and **crawl** to you.

many hugs--trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 29 Jun 1997 18:43:41 -0700
Subject: RE: thank-you, Master

Dear Master,

just a short note to say thank-you for caring about me and for understanding how hard it was for me to even write that.

there was so much more that happened and is still happening.... those were a few of the highlights. when i think of how i've spent my life and what i've done to my children by dragging them through that mire, i can't stand to look at myself in the mirror. nobody walked away from the mess without scars.

that **mutha** of a headache finally went away. two of my children and i suffer with frequent migraines. we live on imitrex/motrin.

gotta run....feeding time at the zoo. animals are hungry. will run the **crawling** tape to help me get through making dinner. i'm still obsessed with that one. the thought of **crawling** to you always makes my puss wet.

hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-01 06:25:48 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

no, Sir, there were never any rescue calls for Jesse at the Watergate. it's not the kind of hotel that attracts those type of guests. however, there are a couple i can tell you about that took place elsewhere.

first one: went on a call with another gal from the service for a man and his friend who were roommates. this girl was a little slow and laid back, and always slightly confused about something or other. she just didn't get most things, Sir. but she was pretty and had a great body so Tony used her a lot. these guys he sent us to, lived in a

house on the outskirts of D.C. we did house/apt. calls as well as hotel/motel ones. they were quite drunk when we arrived and started haggling over prices and how long we would be there. Tony always told us never to state an exact time to the johns, because they'd feel ripped off if you didn't stay the entire amount of time you'd said you would. he said that most men would just as soon you leave after they'd had an orgasm. we're trying to dance around the subject and get the money out of them first. Sandra wasn't very convincing.... so i had to deal with these clowns. we finally get the money, call Tony to let him know we were there, and each go to a separate bedroom with them. i get undressed and he wants me to give him head before we fuck. cool... no problem. he's laying on the bed and i'm kneeling between his legs and begin to suck his cock. i feel him moving, but i don't look up because i figured he was reaching for one of the beers i'd seen on the floor beside the bed. the next thing i feel is cold metal against my head. he tells me to stop sucking him and to sit up. as i do i see the rifle he's holding at my head and i was scared out of my mind and didn't really know what to do. i'm trying to tell myself to remain calm and don't do anything to piss him off right now. drunks always have to be handled with kid gloves, as you know. he says to me, "you fucking slut... i ain't paying for no pussy from a whore like you. i want my money back and i'm going to fuck you anyway". i try the little girl approach with the crying, blue eyes and soft spoken voice... pleading with him not to hurt me and how i promise to get his money out of my purse and give it back to him if he wants it. i then tell him that we'll get in trouble with the boss if we don't bring him the money he's owed for the call. i explained to him that we'd already called it in and Tony would think we were ripping him off. he calls to his friend, Jeff, in the next room and says to come in here with that bitch he was with. they do and the guy tells him to have Sandra call that pimp we work for and tell him that he ain't getting any money for sending these whores over and he wants his money back from both of us. you'll love this part. Tony and i laughed many times over this night. Sandra, the air-head, gets him on the phone and says in this real calm voice, "Tony, the guys we're with are upset and they'd like their money back". Tony must have been bitching her out, because i then hear her say, "but Tony... one of them is holding a gun to tammy's head and what do you want us to do?" she hands the phone to me and Tony tells me to try not to panic and that he'll get us out of there as soon as he possibly can. he says to give them all the money back and fuck them if we have to, but don't do anything stupid. he says Jesse is being beeped that moment and as soon as he calls in, he'll send him to get us. so... i hang up... give them back the phone

and tell him i'll get the money right now and Tony said to forget about the money because he'd take it out of our paychecks. he makes Sandra go and get hers too, and then her and Jeff go back to his bedroom. at this point i'm not too thrilled with having to be fucked by this asshole for free. but you don't jerk somebody around who has a gun and i knew there wasn't anything else i could do. he lays the gun down and tells me to lay on my back and spread my legs because he's going to fuck me like all whores like to be fucked. meanwhile, Jeffrey boy in the next room has passed out before he got around to fucking Sandra. she gets dressed in the hall real fast and gets out of there just as Jesse is coming up the walk. she tells him where the room is and that the guy has a rifle. Jesse always carried a loaded gun and a crow bar with him at all times on calls. so he has the gun with him as he comes into the house. when he opens the bedroom door, the drunk is fucking the shit out of me and Jesse says, "don't move you son-of-a-bitch or i'll waste you right here". he tells me to get off the bed, grab the gun on the floor, my clothes, and get out to the car fast. you can believe, i did. i didn't even care about being naked.... i was shaking like hell and crying and running. Jesse let the guy put on a pair of pants and makes him come outside and he's shoving him up against a tree in the front yard. he yells at me to aim the rifle at the guy until he gets in the car. Master, i've never even used a rifle and wouldn't know how if i'd had to. i've unloaded a hand gun over John's head once, but i've certainly never aimed one at anybody. but that night i did. Jesse gets in the car and we get the hell out of there. i couldn't work the rest of the night.... my nerves were shot. we go back to the office and Tony is really glad to see us and is saying how worried he was and he was sorry for sending us there, etc. this happened when i was still fairly new at working there. Jesse said to expect more calls like that in the future. later, i was to find out how serious he was. why would somebody do this night after night? i never gave it that much thought back then... if this tells you where my head was at.

second one: i did a lot of stupid things when i first started working there and got ripped off a lot until i learned how to handle myself and them. nobody teaches you how to turn tricks... you learn as you go. yeah...the girls tell you some things, but for the most part... you wing it. so, i go to this call that's out in Montgomery, County in Maryland. nice housing development in a good section of town. i'm thinking... this is a money call for sure. guy is nice to me, real easy on the eyes... makes me a drink and we talk for awhile about what he wants to do. the price he's paying me is enough to entice me into going along with his little fantasy... so i agree. big mistake.... real

big mistake. he gives me the money and we don't talk about how long i'm gonna be there and i'm feeling good about not having to quote an exact time and didn't expect it to be a problem with Mr. easy on the eyes. i'm such a sucker for the pretty boys. my brain doesn't function in the presence of a good looking man. pretty boy's fantasy is to have a woman hand cuffed to the bed while he's fucking her. says he's never done this and it's a turn on for him. i know you're shaking your head right now and thinking how dumb your slave is, right, Master? well... the john doesn't know what a heavenly delight this is for me, or how wet i was at the thought of it. some calls still make me **drool**. this was one of them... even though i needed to be rescued. i call Tony... let him know i'm there and what time i arrived. most generally... calls took 45 min. or less. after that... Tony would call and ask if the guy wanted to book for another hour and we'd have to get more money for the second hour. pretty boy hand cuffs me to the bed... spread eagle, on my back. he does his thing... we even kiss, because he's so handsome. i'm loving this and he's a fantastic fuck. well... he decides after he gets done fucking me like that.... that he'd like to ass fuck me. i'm trying to tell him... real gently... that will cost him more. girls had told me not to ass fuck unless you got extra for it. they assured me that most guys would gladly pay more because their girlfriends/wives didn't usually go for it. pretty boy said no. and he also said he was doing it anyway, because i was cuffed and didn't have a choice. we're at the hour mark by that time and i tell him ok... but i have to call in and tell my boss that i'm staying awhile longer. tried to reason with him and explain that if i didn't call... Tony would call or beep me. he then takes the phone off the hook... goes to my purse and shuts my beeper off. my throat is getting a little dry and i can feel my heart race. he isn't angry... just firm and real controlled. i'm wondering how the hell i'm gonna get out of this tight spot. not a good position to be in, Sir. are you laughing at me yet? he uncuffs my legs and one hand.... tells me to get up and turn over and put my left hand where my right one was still cuffed. he cuffs that one... releases the right one and re-cuffs it on the opposite side... leaves the legs uncuffed. he slides a couple of pillows under my stomach, spreads my legs, puts his cock in my pussy to get it wet and proceeds to ass fuck me. i'm so taken with this guy that i let him do it without complaining one bit. i'm enjoying it as much...maybe more... than he is. isn't this just like a stupid fucking cunt? don't have a brain in my head. i was sure he'd let me go once he had an orgasm and i didn't worry at that point. guess what? he didn't uncuff me when he got done. he starts asking me how long i had planned to be there and i tell him that i usually stayed until we'd finished doing whatever the

guy had paid for. i mentioned that even though he'd kept me longer, it was alright, because he was such a great fuck. i'm feeling the walls close in at this point and i thought i'd better say things he'd want to hear. he tells me that for the amount of money he just gave me... he thought i'd be staying for the night. he says he uses escort services all the time and that's what the other girls did. i knew that was a lie. nobody ever stayed all night unless the price was in the 100's. what to do? i'm cuffed... face down. can't get to the phone... beeper is shut off. been there going on an hour and 45 min. by now. getting a little worried and wondering where the hell Jesse had gone to. well... in the interim... Tony had beeped Jesse and wanted to know where we were and why we didn't call in after the first hour and he said i was still in there and he thought i'd already called it in. Tony tells him to go back to the house and get me outta there. told him that he'd tried to call and the line was busy and i wasn't answering my beeper. Tony knew this always meant trouble. pretty soon... ole mad man Jesse is at the door...banging as loud as he could and laying on the door bell. the guy goes to the door and Jesse tells him he wants me to come out. the guy tells him that i've booked for the night and i'm staying. Jesse says he knows that's a lie because Tony said i never called back after i made the first call and that he couldn't reach me by phone. there's yelling and swearing and i hear him telling the guy if i wasn't outside in 5 min.... he was leaving to call the cops and tell them he was holding me against my will. the guy backs down at that point because he doesn't want any trouble. people that live in neighborhoods like that don't want anyone to know they call hookers and Jesse knew it. so, pretty boy comes back upstairs, uncuffs me, and lets me go. i get dressed quickly and leave. when i tell Jesse what happened.... he's all over me and saying what a dumb bitch i was to get myself in a situation like that. i'm crying and trying to explain to him that i thought the guy was ok at first, because he was nice to me and seemed like a gentlemen. Jesse lectured to me all the way back about what to do and what not to do in the future. Master, men are always training me and after all these years.... what have i learned? absolutely nothing. the training is now in your hands, Sir. do you really want to venture where others have failed? you'll probably be changing your mind after reading these two stories, won't you?

i **crawl** to you....kneel and humbly offer tonight's assignment to you, Sir.

Your lowly slave--trinket

Subj: RE: ??? about web-site, Sir

Date: 97-07-01 08:05:26 EDT

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

what am i doing wrong? i can't get to your web site from any of the addresses you gave me. they just keep saying that no matches were found.....no matter which one i type in, including the one you gave me-- .

it's always something with me, isn't it. i need 24/7 supervision. please send computer nerd. thank-you.

hugs--trinket

Subj: RE: it's too hot to work and i'm bored.

Date: 97-07-01 20:48:21 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

you know.... sometimes i look in the mirror and wonder if i'm the person who really did all that stuff. my life is so different today. i mean... here i am with grown children and grandchildren, a house in the country, two dogs, a fireplace and a woodstove. far cry from the streets of D.C. and hotels like the Watergate. that all seems a million years ago... yet.. it's like yesterday when i talk about these things.

some night i'll have to tell you about Roxanne and me going to a call for **Wolf Man Jack** at either the International or the Hyatt... can't remember. yes indeed... Your trinket has had her lips around the cock of the one and only... Wolf Man Jack! thought Tony was bullshitting me when he gave it to us. he swore he was telling the truth.... and he was. lord have mercy!

how i wish i could tell these stories in person, so that i could see your face and your reaction. i don't know if you're disgusted or laughing at me. just a little afraid of being thought of as a piece of **white trash**. it's probably my paranoid feelings of being less than the person you first started writing to. i could've had a clean slate and told you anything, but i chose to be myself. it's been my experience... that men treat me differently... depending on how much

they know about me. or maybe i just think they do? oh well... i'll never have to face you... so i guess i shouldn't worry about what you think of me... but i do.

truthfully, i don't know how the girls stay in the business for years at a time. some had been doing it for 4-5 yrs. or more. doing that night after night changes you inside. you learn not to trust anybody for any reason... and that's no way to live. one Sunday morning, after doing about eight calls, i'm wandering around the streets alone waiting for another driver to pick me up, since Jesse had gone back to Philly for a week and this jerk had bailed on me to go score some weed. i'm some kinda fucked up, tired...pussy over used... still half high from whatever i was taking that night and basically feeling like the slut of the century. i just started crying and thought of how screwed up my life was, and took a look at what i was doing and had done.... and i wanted to be anyone but the person i was that morning. then you go home, sleep it off... get up and do it all over again. i felt myself free-falling that year and i was powerless to stop it. it was like i was viewing the whole thing. i'd see myself doing these things from the outside looking in, and i just functioned without much feeling. i lost a lot of weight... didn't sleep much... did far too many drugs and hardly ever ate. you should have seen me at the end of that year. took me at least 6 mo. to get the drugs out of my system. went through a major withdrawal at home. never want to be that sick again as long as i live. it took several months just to stop shaking. it's no wonder that my back is in rough shape today. look at what i've put my body through over the years. i should be damn grateful that i'm walking... even though it's with pain.

thanks for listening. i just needed to talk to someone today. when i play too many tapes... it starts me thinking about things.

hugs---trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 2 Jul 1997 10:17:29 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i do know that i'm computer challenged...in a big way. have only had this since the middle of april, and i'd never used one before or had any training. i appreciate you helping me with the problems that

seem to crop up almost weekly. thank-you so much.

why did i decide to go into the business? because i was planning on leaving John that year and i needed some money... fast. i wasn't going to get that at a job that required me asking, "do you want fries with that?" he was down to maintenance drinking.... you know... where he needed a drink just to get out of bed and to stop the shakes. and he'd have to keep sneaking some at work so he could get through the day until he made his way to the base club after work. our children were 2--3--10. i didn't even drive back then and i had no money. one night when we were with some people from that sex club i mentioned, this guy tells me that i could be making some cash instead of giving it away for free at the club. says he's a driver for one of the escort services and i should go down and check it out. bingo.... my way out. so that's how i started working there. he told me that with my face/body and sexy night eyes.... i'd have no trouble getting enough money to get out of the situation i was presently in. Tony hired me on the spot. later that year...John checked into the rehab and got sober, and as you know, i never did get around to leaving him. i've thought of that time often, and know that's exactly when i should have left. when he first got sober, he was a whole new man. today... he no longer goes to A.A. and hasn't been since 1989. i see a drinking pattern beginning all over again. 2 beers here.... 6-8 there... some days none. he could slide over the line tomorrow or just continue like this. everytime i see him with a beer or smell it on him.... those old alarms start going off.

Your obedient slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 2 Jul 1997 17:21:21 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: lost assignment?

Dear Master,

this doesn't feel good.....checked juno and here for mail and see that

you don't have my assignment yet. swallow. sent it out around 10:00

this morning.....but when i was looking through sent

messages....i saw

no record of it. i can only imagine how angry you are if it isn't there

yet.

please send me a note if it isn't. don't know what to do now.

this has never happened with juno before. not smiling.....trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 2 Jul 1997 22:11:11 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: wringing hands now, Sir

Dear Master,

this is the first day without a letter from you and i feel so lost and alone. where did my Master go? trinket is here and frightened.

i'm gonna be crying soon if nothing turns up. you know what i just thought of? maybe i pushed send on the read page instead of the write page when i got done with your letter. i was bouncing back and forth while i was writing it to check on different things. so... did you get your letter sent to you? you're gonna lose all patience with me, if that's what i did. i feel a groveling apology coming on soon.

sadly....trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Thu, 3 Jul 1997 00:58:32 -0700
Subject: RE: what happened, Sir?

Dear Master,

here it is almost 1:00 am. and i've heard nothing from you and i don't have a letter. did you get mine yet? i hope that isn't lost. would you like me to write it over? is there something else you'd like me to write about? i trust you're ok? you are aren't you? please say you're not angry. i'll go do some work and wait to see what turns up.

sorry about this....trinket

From: trinket
Date: Thu, 3 Jul 1997 00:11:56 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: smiling now , Sir :-)
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>

Dear Master,

oh...i'm so happy that everything is cleared
up!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

i really didn't want to do that whole letter over again.

what is the matter with e-mails lately? does this happen often?

now that this problem is solved, i can now start writing
tonight's letter.

about 3:15 here.... you may not get this before you go to bed.

if you do..... i kneel and kiss your swollen **penis** and say
good-night

my Master..... big hugs/smiles, trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 3 Jul 1997 04:41:55 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: Your onslaught of notes :-)

Dear Master,

i'm falling out of my chair with laughter. your notes are priceless! of
course i missed you today.... i was crushed when i got up and there
was nothing here from you. panic.... swallow....worry... pacing...
rechecking... again and so on.

the funniest part was your trying to decide if you should have a drink.
i knew you were at the end of your rope by then. look at what i've
done to you just because i decided to open a new e-mail account.
aren't you glad that i'm not handling your checking account? John
won't let me near his. smart man... isn't he?

then when you said that you'd take my computer away if i didn't need it to write to you, i realized just how frustrated you were with me. can you even imagine what it would be like to have to deal with me in person? i know your hands would be around my throat.

please Master...no snail mail.... i'll try to be good.... no more mail changes. i can hear you ranting and raving as you bounce off the walls with each new e-mail account of mine. if you didn't already have high blood pressure, i'll bet you do now.

i **crawl** to you and beg for forgiveness of my being computer challenged. will try to be more focussed today. you're in my heart and on my mind.

craving you..... trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-04 12:12:26 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

feels strange to be back on an even keel tonight. no frantic notes and searching for e-mails. i can't deal with so much tranquility in my life.

Master, i don't expect you to be a GI-Joe doll anymore than you expect me to be a Barbie doll. i kinda sorta have a mental image of you and it hasn't been the military look at all. looks aren't all that important to me anymore. i think all of us change our minds about who and what is attractive as we age and mature. my first husband wasn't the macho type either. he was only about 5' 10" and 175-180. but.... then again... he was just my ticket to escape the warden. he was a strawberry blonde.... had really light skin/freckles. he was great in bed and the first man i ever had an orgasm with.... but incredibly, fucking boring. however.... i do admit to having a fondness for the macho marine/sailor boy types. i like cops too!!!! i grew up within 8 mi. of a navy base and several people in our family were also in the military. i'm one of those women who love men in uniform. when my husband made chief.... i was all over him. just the sight of him in those khakis would make me want to drop to my knees and suck him. and yes, the military boys do play rough.... do

they ever.

i won't get into it tonight, but make a note to have me tell you about a very dear friend/lover of mine who's an artist/photographer. i've known him since i was 15...he's now almost 59. he was never in the military... nor is he the type i have most chosen in my life. he's about 5' 8"...maybe 170-175. but when it comes to lovers... he's Primo. he's been playing mind games with me since the early 70's. we no longer have sex with each other... but he's the type of man i could call at 4:00 am and he'd come for me without question... and yes... he's married too. i've had all types/sizes in my lifetime... so why do you think it'll be a let down if you tell me what you look like? Master, i'm so taken with your mind at this point... i don't give a rip what you look like. you've shown me what's inside and i'm terribly attracted to what i see. i know you're different than any man i've ever had.... maybe i like this change.... maybe i like it a whole lot. i'm not every man's type either. i never was a size 7, nor will i ever be... but today that's ok with me. you will not **ruin** my fantasy of who you are. i've never imagined you as looking like some bad ass marine. your style of writing...gives away more than you think. you're **perfect** to me right now. oh Master, something you said saddens me and makes me wonder just who you think i am and what i'm all about. you seem to think that i equate macho with s/m. you couldn't be more wrong about me. the mind game part of it is what makes it real for me. the commitment to an s/m relationship is made with the mind...not the body. the **real** sex takes place in the head... not the bedroom. the rough play is just icing on the cake. and the head part of s/m is what you've been giving me. i can't get enough of it from you. you're classy, sexy, erotic, very demanding/controlling and the **most** sexually stimulating man i've met in years! does this sound like a woman who's going to be even slightly disappointed in what you look like????

yes, i too, am very disturbed about John's drinking pattern starting to show up again. actually... it's been coming on for a number of years if i was to be honest and not hide behind denial. it started with wine and moved to beer and if it ever moves to the Jack Daniels again.... i'll have to move. i'm pretty sick, Master, but i ain't that sick anymore. if he ever hurts me again.... it'll be his last time. when someone gets sober and then starts to drink and exhibit old patterns of behaviour.... it's a formula for disaster. i've read the books... i've been to the meetings and i've talked with many recovering alcohols and codependents. i know this isn't going to have a happy ending. we're already fighting over his constant need to control and monitor

me. he's been in my shit for at least the last 10 mo. now...ever since he left that damn religious cult he was hanging with. i know that i'm going to have to make some choices for myself in the future. right now... i'm trying to decide which is the lesser of the two evils. and those are... stay with him and put up with the drinking and know that he will take care of me and give me what i need.... even if the mental price is extremely high. or... leave him and try to make it on my own with a fucked up back that just gets worse with each passing year. i couldn't work a full time job with the condition my back is in. most i could afford is some dumpy room or apt. driving is a killer for me even with an automatic. the library is about 20mi. from here and when i drive there... i can hardly walk for the next 3 days. just riding in a car does the same thing. know something? i haven't driven a car in over a year and a half. my car is and has been at the garage of a friend of John's since last Sept. he tells him he'll work on it when he has time. this is one way he can control me. he knows i don't have any money and can't go anywhere.... so i'll always be right where he wants me. i go nowhere and i see nobody other than my children/grandchildren and one girlfriend i used to work with. John and i go nowhere together and have no friends in common. i know this must sound abnormal to you... but to me it's a way of life anymore. i don't want to be around people and i don't have anything to say.

actually... i'm happy when i'm alone at night. i love writing to you and having someone in my life that at least appears to be somewhat interested in what i have to say or might think. i got done work in April of '93 and i've been in this safe void i've created for myself ever since. just got tired of trying...tired of fighting...tired of trying to gain his attention. so one day... i said, i can't do this anymore and i just pulled away. i'm the kind of person that could live completely alone for the rest of my life and not miss anyone. the struggle comes in when i try to figure out how i'll do it on my own. when push comes to shove... i'll have to think of something. but just for today.... i'm coping. he does all the shopping and runs all the errands and makes all major decisions. do i care? no... not one bit...while he's doing that he ain't drinking or in my face. do i sound depressed? well... i'm not. at least i don't think i am. i'm still smiling and i've laughed more in the last two months than i have in the last 6 yrs. you have yourself to blame for that.

Master, two of my greatest pleasures in life are cumming and now, writing to you. and now you say you want to **control** my cumming? Master, you're killing me. that 24 hr. hold was a mutha. and you're

thinking of odd/even hours? don't you like the thought of me cumming with some of the fantasies you've given me? this isn't the correct attitude... and i'm sorry, Sir. yes Master... sure Master... whatever you say Master... of course i'll do it if you command me to Master.... it'll be my pleasure to do this for you, Master.... it's my job to please you Master...i live only to serve and obey you Master. forgive me... i forgot who i was for a minute there. i'm just a slave and i deserve to be controlled and i have no rights.

Master, i **never** wore short skirts or **five** inch heels when i was working at the escort service or any other time in my life. i happen to think it's a very **cheap** look on any woman. not my style at all. why do men think that all hookers walk the streets in slutty clothing and spiked heels or boots? i worked out-call... not the streets, Sir. we did no \$25.00 tricks. tony's service wasn't run by pimps in fur coats and gold jewelry. he wouldn't even let a girl out of the office unless she was dressed properly. he didn't like the cheap look at all. the security guards at the nicer hotels wouldn't let the girls in who looked like hookers. Roxanne was always getting tagged and thrown out by them. she'd take calls on the way in to work... then show up hours later and tony would go nuts on her. he was always telling her to tone down the make-up and trashy clothes. tony used to tell us if our hair was up to his standards and if it wasn't... you got it fixed or you didn't work. the guys on the phones were gay and they were always critiquing outfits for us. they'd help us with choosing the right shoes or accessories. they were a godsend and really were helpful. tony was a hairdresser and he'd let you know in a heart beat if you got a bad cut or perm. i could use their advice today... i miss 'em. i guess maybe you hit a nerve here, Sir. i'm not a tramp and i never dressed like one. i am quite **average** looking and dress in average clothes with a style that says,"this is tammy".

Sir, i don't think i'd shock many of my vanilla friends with my desire for kinky sex. just about all my girlfriends know i have kinky interests when it comes to sex. shit... we used to have coffee after work when I was a night auditor at hotels, and make up **creative wake-up** calls to be used on the **special** guests the next morning. tammy's herself... no matter who she runs with. no surprises here. my really close girlfriends, like Maryann and Elizabeth know all about my past and theirs are a little checkered too. what would i like to say to vanilla land or the women's movement about my very own personal preferences for kinky sex? Don't get me started, Sir. i'd tell them that i don't need their approval nor do i want it. i'd also say that i'm an adult who is quite capable of making rational, intelligent choices

about my sexual needs and how i choose to have them met. i'd say that being in an s/m relationship makes me feel more like a woman than any time i was in a vanilla one. i'd tell them that the only type of man i like or could respect is one who's man enough to bring out the woman in me. i'd tell them that surrendering my will is the only way i've ever experienced true freedom and i refuse to make apologies for something that's brought me so much pleasure. finally... i'd be forced to mention that being in a submissive role has given me the best multiple orgasms of my life and that i'm so hooked, that i wouldn't dream of giving it up to become a frigid vanilla woman!

yes Master, you do know your women. i have liked fisting for a very long time!!!!!! got into it years before my surgery. John was the first to do it with me and the size of his hands made me crazy with wanting them inside me. i was hooked from the first time we ever did it.... although it took a lot of relaxation and trust that he wouldn't jam any harder until i was ready. i finally learned that to do it easily was to treat it kind of like labor. when you feel the pain... you push with it inside... instead of trying to hold back... and before you know it.. the whole hand is in and you start cumming your brains out. what's not to like about this, Sir? you asked if the pain was inside? yeah... and right at the pubic bone as you're trying to get the knuckles through. it was a little harder to do after surgery, because i was smaller inside and his hands are big. couldn't feel his cock during intercourse, but could feel and respond with fisting. i love the pain... gets me off every time. haven't done that in 7 yrs. either. would love to do it tonight after talking about this with you. i am so fucking wet right now and i want to orgasm immediately, but i'm not finished with your letter yet. no, Sir, i have never been fisted in my ass. sounds like a big **ouch** to me, but with the right man and the right mood.... i'd be real tempted to try... maybe even ask for it. to tell you the truth... no man ever asked if i'd like to do it. but you asked me, Sir. you don't even know me and you ask questions about me that no man ever thought to ask. shows that you've spent a lot of time thinking about what women like and what they don't. how did you get to be this way? you should write a book on how to really treat a woman. tell me that wouldn't sell.

i spent the full 5 min. in the corner as you ordered me to do , Sir, and did nothing but think about you the whole time. this is such a **special** assignment to me because it was the first thing you told me to do when you answered my note to you in the beginning. remember? you told me to find a corner to stand in for 5 min. with my skirt up and panties down... and to think about thanking you for

your time. you **owned** me from that minute on, only you didn't know it then. yes, i do remember how i didn't want to do it in the past. knowing you has made me want to do it and now i like it. oh Sir, i do think about being a slave and doing what i'm told. what i think is.... i wish i was doing this for real with a real person in real time. but if i can't have that... i'd rather have this and my mystery Master than anything i've had in a very long time. you make it real for me, Sir, and your tapes are always running in my mind. you are very special to me and will remain so for many years to come. i've made a secret place in my mind for you and all that you've given to me so that i can carry you with me always... even when you choose to no longer be here. a part of you will stay inside me on the top shelf of my memory bank. everybody has different spots, nobody has yours. please don't stop... i need to hear the things you say. your humble slave awaits your next command, Master. i kneel and give you tonight's assignment and thank you for the time you're taking to train me.

Your collared slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: just checking in, Sir
Date: 97-07-05 00:36:06 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Your letter sounds different today.... bad day? not feeling well?
headache?

leave it to a moody person to pick up on a mood.

what are you doing for excitement this weekend? this will be the
extent of mine.

my brother, Barry, always gets a fifth for the fourth. kind of a family tradition with this family. i'm already anticipating the fireworks that will start when the bars close..... Joe is on the loose with his new drunken girlfriend and they started partying last night. John isn't drinking today.... yet. but then.... it's early in the day for him to start. Erin and i were braced for the worst last night and thought Joe and his friend would be coming back here after the party, but they didn't, which means.... caution lights for tonight. i'm telling ya...drunks keep the blood pumping.

hey... guess what? my jailer is letting me out today. we **have** to go see the warden because she fell last Sat. and broke her collar bone. my sisters are pretty pissed off with me since i haven't gone to see her yet. so... i'll go and pretend i'm her daughter for an hour or two and pray that i don't get trapped into staying any longer. and a fun time was had by all.

you're not getting tired of writing to me are you? do you want to take a break for awhile? i don't mind.... i'll still be here when you feel like writing again.

thanks for not giving me a bunch of assignments for tonight. sometimes it's nice just to be able to write about whatever i feel like sharing with you. please don't get me wrong.... i love the assignments and i know you do this so that they won't become routine. they haven't so far.

i suppose i should get my butt in gear and get dressed so that i can get this over with as quickly as possible. dreading it.

just had to touch base with you, my Master, because you're the first person i think about when i wake up and you're on my mind all day. do enjoy the weekend and take some time to relax.

until tonight....hugs/smiles,

trinket

Subj: RE: coast is clear, Sir
Date: 97-07-05 02:58:35 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

thought i'd put your mind at ease..... drunks are all in... accounted for and in bed. always when you prepare for the worst, they end up throwing you a curve ball. and then one night they catch you off guard and hammer you. still haven't figured this game out after all these years. all John drank today was coffee. go figure....

visit with the warden wasn't that bad. i managed to stay for an hour. world doesn't look any different than the last time i was out, which was about 6 wks. ago. please don't be concerned with me being

isolated. i'm not suffering at all.... i'm a natural born loner. i never did do people well or for long. you don't need to leave the house to go places. that's what books and your mind are for. they'll take you anywhere you need to go. and if all else fails, there's videos or computer to play with. some people don't even have a roof over their head.... i have nothing i should be complaining about, even if i do. i have all the creature comforts i'll ever need. John loves me as much as he can... given what we've been through. yeah... he's real controlling, but i'm used to it after all these years. as long as he doesn't hurt me... i'll probably let him continue controlling me..... that is... unless drinking gets out of control. i know you'll never know what's its like to give up control, because of your Dominant nature. i know i'll kick my ass for ever telling you this.... maybe you already know? it's a 100% easier to be the slave than the Master. if you ever saw it from my side, you'd know what i mean. takes a lot of time and energy to be in control and be responsible for the property you own. i wouldn't trade places with either one of you.... even if you paid me. i **love** being a bottom! yeah... i miss the sex and it would be nice to have someone that i felt really loved me and was interested in me enough to want to have the whole s/m pkg. we get what we get.... i made these choices... and now i'm living with them.

having someone like you in my life to talk to has made my life better than i ever expected it to be. long range plans get cloudy.... so i'm just going to enjoy you for however long you're here. and do know... that i enjoy you immensely.

good-night my mystery Master. i lay my head in your lap and kiss you good-night.

i adore you....trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-05 07:58:36 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i was certainly surprised to see all the letters from you when i checked my mail this evening. what a nice holiday gift. thank-you very much.

Sir, i had to laugh when you said i was living the most complete s/m

lifestyle imaginable.... minus the sex, of course. the controlling isn't what makes me angry with him. it's his incessant need to monitor every damn thing i do or read. if he gets up before i'm done writing to you, he will not stay out of the den for more than 5 min. at a time. he's always trying to see what i'm writing and i won't let him. i counted his trips in here one morning... and he made no less than 10. uses the excuse that he needs papers out of the desk or file cabinet or a book off the bookshelf... or did i feed the dogs yet... have i seen his checkbook in here, etc. just any bullshit excuse to monitor who i'm writing to. this kind of behaviour makes me crazy and he knows it. control of me... that's something he's done since he's known me, long before any s/m was ever mentioned. everything has a price in this world and giving him what he wants on some levels just ensures that i get what i need on others. think of all the women who'd love to have husbands who'd do all the shopping and errands. i'm not suffering here... he is! i fucking hate to shop...always have. he started shopping for me early in our marriage and i **let** him keep doing it. who's really in control here? think about it ,Sir, before you laugh. before this is all said and done... i imagine you'll be writing to him and saying,"take control of that manipulating bitch... now". men... you gotta love 'em.

what the girls and i used to do when i worked at the hotel, was make up things that i could say to the boys who asked for creative wake-up calls. the whole thing started from the first night i worked the 11-7 shift and continued for 4 yrs. they would check-out in the morning and ask me who did the wake-up calls. and i'd say,"why"? they'd tell me that whoever it was had a real sexy voice and she could wake them up anytime. that's all i needed to hear... tammy came out to play and stayed out! we had guys who'd stay with us for 6-8 wks. at a time when they were up here working at the shipyard. and bunches of construction workers in those hard hats, boots and jeans with some of the cutest asses this side of Texas. this one guy got the ball rolling by asking the 3-11 girl if our hotel offered creative wake-up calls. she said she'd ask me when i came on if i'd do it for him. Cheryl was this girl who was always slightly disgusted with how bold i was with men, so she figured i'd like this request. and i did. **smile**. while i was working that night, i'm trying to think about what he might like to hear the first thing in the morning. can you hear the wheels turning? at 6:00 am sharp... i ring his room and say..... "and as he awoke, he felt her warm, moist mouth surround his manhood. as he slid deeper into her, he felt his mind explode with an ecstasy he had never known before". when that guy checked out... he never said a word, but he was smiling the whole time. from then

on... whenever he stayed, he always asked for my creative wake-up calls. the whole thing kinda mushroomed after that first one. the girls helped me think of new and different things to say to them in the morning. i can't remember all of them... word for word. they all had to do with sex, of course. we teased the hell out of a bunch of 'em. we were right next door to the navy base and we always had squadrons staying with us when they ran out of room at the barracks. those boys always want you to say shit to them in the morning. and they **paid** me to work there. i hadn't had so much fun in years. they were still asking for them after i left. Doreen and i finally told the manager what i did when she had moved to Florida to manage another hotel. we did a lot of things at that hotel. the night auditor sees all, but she never told. girls talk about sex and men just like men talk about sex and women. we'd make up stories about different guests and the housekeepers could tell you who was sleeping with who and in what room. you know how small towns are? everybody knows everybodys business. the manager insisted that we do the wake-up calls rather than set them by the automatic timer on the office phone. said she liked the personal touch for the guests. well... i hope to shout... we got some kinda personal. i had maybe 40-50 or so guests to wake up on any given morning.... so i couldn't get too carried away. had to keep the creative ones down to a couple of lines. ok... ok.. one more and that's it. how 'bout this one to go with the morning hard-on? "she knelt on the bed and laid her head on the pillow as she offered him her hot, wet pussy and promised to milk him dry with her well trained kegal muscles". we'd sit over coffee and try to imagine these guys in their rooms fucking the pillow case or chewing a hole in the spread after i hung up.... and we couldn't stop laughing.... i'm laughing now. vanilla joe's are so pathetic and such easy targets. women really are bitches, aren't we? you can say it... it's the truth.

Master, this is why i have to be controlled by a very demanding, powerful man like yourself. i tend to run the average guy right into the ground. i don't like 'em and i don't respect them.

i loved the scene where you had me sitting at your feet with my hands cuffed behind my back and my head resting on your thigh with my eyes closed as you were stroking my hair. what a tender moment, not to mention... erotic. i liked to be cuffed and stroked and stroked and cuffed and cuffed and stroked. please don't stop. it feels so good, Master.

Sir, i didn't know you were giving me a compliment about not being

the type of person to dress like a hooker. i reread that tonight and saw it quite clearly. i'm so very sorry that i took it the wrong way and went off on you. i feel like such an idiot now... how did i miss it? i'm not used to compliments as much as i am criticism. you have a right to be upset with me and i humbly and apologetically beg for your forgiveness.

Master, oh no, Sir, i was not trying to be insolent at all when i used the words.... yes master, sure Master, of course Master, whatever you say Master, etc. i'm sorry if i gave you that impression. yes, i know you couldn't hear the tone of my voice and that's why it **maybe** sounded like i was being insolent. Master, do you think i'd dare to be insolent with you? of course i wouldn't. i certainly understand how you might have thought i was just being snotty, but please know that it came from the heart and see me **crawling** to you and kneeling as i try to explain this to you and asking for forgiveness if this has upset you in any way.

you said that you don't discipline when you're angry.... oh please, Sir, could you make an exception and just do it one time? for your trinket?

please Master, no enema giving Dommies. those big mean women scare me. i don't like rough girls at all. i'm trying my best to be the kind of slave that you'd never have to think about sending to one of them. trinket shakes with fear.... trinket cries..... trinket begs you, Master.... trinket only wants to be with you.

sorry if i made you worry needlessly about my being isolated. it's ok... really... it is. it's quite beautiful out here where we live. even though we live close to the water... it looks very country with all the trees, hills and rolling fields. some of the neighbors down the road even have horses. when i stand at the front door, there's this huge hill across the road that's loaded with xmas trees, maple, oak and whatever. about 3 yds. from the front steps is a gigantic evergreen. there's white birch and pine trees everywhere, even some apple trees. there's a swing in the big pine tree on the south side of the house that the grandchildren fight over. we even have a garden, planted and tended to by John. he can grow anything. had some new peas out of there for dinner tonight... yummy. in the back yard, there's a babbling brook that runs down through the hills and trees. i can hear it from our bedroom and it's very peaceful. Master, not to worry. i like being a prisoner out here... it's breath taking, isolated and clean. no city noise/smog/crime. what's not to love about this?

i get to hear birds and seagulls, instead of sirens. your trinket likes being a hermit. the only thing i lack in this paradise is a powerful, controlling, demanding Master to tie me to one of these trees and beat the fuck out of me so that i could have just one more of the orgasms that i remember so well. wanna fly in for an afternoon?

i'm the one who should feel sorry for you having to live in L.A. i wouldn't live there if they paid me to. i just don't get the whole California thing at all. too many people/cars and no privacy... not to mention...the heat/smog. you said it was 100 degrees there yesterday? people here had to wear jackets to the fireworks last night. i guess it's all in what you get used to. i lean more towards the Norman Rockwell home towns. nothing about me matches... does it?

i honestly didn't mean to sound insolent and i do hope you'll forgive me, Master. i live to serve you.

your collared slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: one thing i forgot to include, Sir
Date: 97-07-05 10:17:06 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

while reading your letters through again, i noticed that i forgot to mention one part. i do understand what you were saying about the difference between having an s/m partner and holding a captive. but we don't have an s/m relationship of any kind... he's just controlling. John is very insecure in many ways, and some of the things i've done to him over the years have added to that insecurity. you'd think he'd know that i'm not the type who runs away. i don't travel lightly. i'd need a moving van to run away today.

relationships are a real struggle on any level when you've been with the person for as long as we've been together. in the beginning... i wanted nothing more than to be his captive... his slave... his whatever. the **if-onlys** kill ya when you look back and see how many years you've wasted and realize that something you could have had is now gone.

maybe a part of me likes being held prisoner...if i didn't like it...i guess i'd fight it more. takes two to create a mess like this and he is in no way the only person to blame here. i honestly think giving up control is and always was, the easier, softer way.

the thing that bothers me the most is the old drinking patterns coming to the surface again. after about 3-4 beers... his whole personality changes and he starts to sound like that man i'm afraid of and never want to see again. he doesn't drink every day or anything like that. but he sneaks them and hides them and only brings in two at a time and leaves the rest on the porch so i won't see them and get upset. that's a caution light if i ever saw one. i tend to think it's his guilt about drinking again after so long without it. Joe tells me that the garage is littered with empty bottles.... so possibly... he's drinking more than i know or want to admit to. i suppose i should check it out for myself. i hate garages, especially Brians. they're always greasy, dirty and messy. a girl could ruin an outfit just walking through it.

ok... i hear ya... i'm in denial and i don't want to look, do i?

scared to, Sir, afraid of what i'll see. i do listen to you when you talk to me about things concerning my life. please don't ever be afraid to tell me what you think. you give very good advice and you make me think about things i try to avoid. i'm not just saying this as your slave.... i truly mean it and i appreciate you caring about me enough to want to help and offer advice. i know i'm a sick cookie in a lot of ways and my codependency is obvious to even the most casual of observers. i joke about it frequently, only because i know i can't hide it... much as i would like to.

your advice isn't being ignored and i don't find it offensive. i feel that you hedge sometimes because i'm emotional and get upset so easily. and no wonder... look at how i reacted to a compliment you tried to give me and i was too stupid to see it for what it was. i've got to start reading your letters a second time before i respond. i am so sorry about that. you're a better man than you realize and i hope some lucky lady is enjoying the hell out of you. your advice is needed and wanted and i do respect your opinion. try not to worry about me getting upset... if i do... i'll get over it. hopefully, without taking it out on you. i never plan to do that, but i know i have a couple of times.

your slave kneels and asks you to hold her for a few minutes. i just

need to feel your strength and know that i'm safe.

trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-06 11:28:37 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

yes, i guess i am a bit feisty this evening. i slept for about 2 hrs. longer than i usually do and when i woke up... i was wired. weekend isn't nearly as bad as i had anticipated it would be. Joe has been very drunk... but not loud and rowdy. so i'm not as tense as i was Friday evening when the whole weekend was ahead of us.

Master, you're really going off about this **house arrest** thing. are you laughing at me... or at the fact that i'm leading an s/m lifestyle without the sex? it is almost too funny. here you are training a slave who was already a slave...only you didn't know it. well...i wasn't **properly** trained and that's where you come in. thing is...once you have me trained...i'll end up being a slave to nobody. John won't play my game and you can't. what a waste of a perfectly trained slave. i guess i'll have to be in submission to my damn self.

naked with a collar... that's a good thought.... i know the kind of stockings you mean... i've worn them on a couple of occasions. all men like those. remember during the 80's when chokers came back into style again? i was always wearing one because i liked them and John did too. men seem to like women with something around their necks and that's why you probably like the scarf idea. it's sex.... but only on a certain type of woman. she has to have the face/eyes to match the look of being collared. you know the faces when you see them in a crowd... don't you?

when i worked at one of the bars in Memphis, there was this psychologist who had a thirst for liquid embellishments who was one of our regulars. he saw me one night in a black velvet choker and he says to me,"tammy, you look so good in that collar, i think you should always be collared". he knew that i knew what he meant and we both laughed about it and cat 'n' moused a lot after that. he always tipped me well and was constantly analyzing me. men are always trying to **fix** me. it's like i wear this neon sign that says,"i'm

fucked up and i need you to fix me".

brown eyes... sounds good... face is shaping up. what kind of brown eyes are we talking about? warm... cold..penetrating... sexy?

thanks for holding me as i knelt by your feet. i needed to be held by you and needed to be close to you so that i could feel protected and safe. also, i needed to touch you and breathe in your male scent. i love male bodies... the way they feel... the way they look... the way they move and stand.

yes, i should've charged for phone sex. could've made a few pennies in the four years i was there. my years at the hotel came well after the escort service job. started working there in 7-'89 , while John and i were still separated and worked for 3 more years after he came back.

i have noticed that you never use words like, whore and prostitute. thank-you for that... i don't like the sound of them... even if i was one. and no, i didn't realize that Masters respected their slaves. however, i have noticed that you do treat me as though you respected me as a woman and you've not been judgemental about anything i've told you about my past. a girl with my kind of past, notices these things right away. actually, nobody could judge me any harder than i already have myself. and i understand that you hedge with me, due to my very low self esteem. it was most wise of you to do that until you got to know me better. i'm sure you realized from the start that i was a highly emotional person. who could miss it? all kidding aside, i love that you've been easy on me in the areas that i'm most sensitive about. i appreciate the fact that you don't treat me like some kind of animal just because i'm your slave and you own me. makes me want to serve you even more. your writing tells me that you're far too classy to treat anyone like that. i keep telling you that your writing tells a lot about the man behind it, and i'm quite taken with the man i write to every day.

so, Sir, you want to know about my children? okay, but as you read the things i'm going to tell you about them... please try to remember that i'm their mother and my feelings are somewhat biased. i didn't need to say that, did i?

Anna is my oldest daughter and she just turned 30 last month. she's the one we've damaged the most over the years with all the things that we've put her through. i had her 2 weeks before my 18th

birthday. she was devastated when her father, Robert, and i divorced when she was 3 1/2. took her a long time to warm up to John. she hated him when we first got married and constantly told him she wanted her real dad back. Anna has beautiful, strawberry blonde hair, very pale skin, lots of freckles and bright blue eyes. she's presently living with a 38 yr. old, late stage, alcoholic who's never been married. she has 2 sons. Zel is 10... John is 8. she had an abortion after she had Zel and was going through a really bad period with her then husband, Leon, who was an alcoholic's alcoholic. that asshole never drew a sober breath and he was a heavy coke/pot user. he abused her and never kept a job. i went to rescue her once in the middle of the night when he was tearing up the house. my little girl came walking down the stairs in a bloody, torn nightgown with her 5 mo. pregnant belly sticking out. i had all i could do, to not go back in that apt. and kill him. John had refused to go when she called because he said if i made him go... he was taking a loaded gun with him. at that point... i thought it'd be best if i went. she stayed with that jerk for 6-7 yrs. and finally moved out and divorced him. today she's a heavy pot user herself and can't get through the day without smoking at some point. she's very paranoid and i've noticed a drastic personality change in the last 2-3 yrs. her oldest son lives with his father and visits frequently, since they live in the same town. he's a wild kid that has many problems at home/school. he lives what he's seen and tends to beat up on younger children to the point of even breaking one boy's nose this past school year. Anna has never been able to control him and they fight whenever they're together. Zel's dad still drinks/drugs as much as he always did. the kid hasn't had a very good life since he was born. he's always been good when i watch him and loves to be hugged and talked to. he usually brings me special little gifts/flowers he's picked/ and plants /things he's done in school. it tears my heart out to see what he goes through. little John is the most out of control 8 yr. old that i've ever laid eyes on. he's a doll baby with blonde hair that's almost white and has gorgeous blue eyes. he loves John to death and is always in his back pocket the whole time he's here. he wants to work on cars... hammer/pound things... take stuff apart, etc. he's all boy and he has the energy for 6 kids. Anna yells at him 24/7 and her boyfriend is always teasing him until he ends up in tears. they call him names and tell him he's stupid and bad, etc. i've had to ask them to back off at times when they'd be here and be working him over. i try to remind them that he's just a little boy and that they tend to be a tad bit more rowdy in the house than girls do. her boyfriend does try to do more things with him than his father does. Leon doesn't much care for the kid at all. Ted takes him to ball

games and car races and fishing and sports events at the school. John is crazy about him and talks about Ted all the time. he doesn't call him dad... but he uses him like he was. Anna should have never had children... she admits this herself and has said she regrets it. she's very outgoing and bubbly with her friends, but at home she's angry, tense, moody and emotional. she was 11 yrs. old the year John got sober. she lived through his worst years of drinking and has a lot of pain as a result of it. she saw me beaten by him many times because she'd be in the room or else she'd come to where i was laying and hurt after he'd storm out of the house. i wasn't a very good mother during her younger years because i was always pissed off at John for being drunk again or for tearing up the house and destroying more things. she heard a lot of screaming and fighting and name calling... and god knows what else. her and i were thrown out of the house many times in the middle of the night in towns where we knew no one and had to ask strangers to take us in. John never hurt her but he scared her a lot and used to say he was gonna send her back to her father if the son-of-a-bitch didn't send the child support on a more regular basis. he'd yell at me to get out and take "my daughter" with me when he'd come home drunk. i don't know what she knows about my job in D.C. at the time... i told her that i worked at a hotel in town and i had to work nights because that was the only shift available. god only knows what John told her while i was at work. she's never said anything... so i let it go. somewhere in those years of madness, she became daddy's girl and remains his pet, even today. we had some extremely rough mother/daughter years during her teens. once she turned 21, things ironed out and we became friends and are pretty close now. i carry more guilt for her than i do the other children. i wish i could take it all back and give her the kind of life that any child deserves. i've apologized many times for putting her through all that hell and she tells me that she forgives me. i don't know... if i was her... i wouldn't.

some mothers won't admit that they have a favorite child... i'm not one of those... because i do. bridget is my second child. she's my love child... my angel... my special one and most definitely, my pet. she's 23... she's beautiful... tall.... blonde... leggy... electric blue eyes... has a face and body that turns heads wherever she goes. she was the only baby that i ever planned and at the time i had her... i was crazy in love with John. i'd wanted another baby and it had taken me 3 yrs. to get pregnant with her. from the time i first held her, all i could see was perfection and i still think she's just about perfect. she was a great baby, good kid and not a bad teenager. she was extremely smart in school and loved sports. out of all my

children...i believed she was the one who held the most promise. i just knew she was going to make it to college and do something with her life besides being beaten up by a drunk and having a house full of babies. how wrong i was...and how disappointed i still am. and no...i do not voice this to her presently...she's pregnant with her third child and will be delivering in early Jan. she does office work, and just recently quit working because of childcare problems. her husband is one of 9 children and came from a severely alcoholic home with a father who's dying from it today. bridget and Andrew both have drinking problems. actually...Bridget is probably the worst of the two. she likes beer and Jack Daniels...just like John did. she was 4 when John got sober and has no memory of him drinking...or so she says. she's very angry, moody, extremely depressed and every bit as emotional as myself. she has a shorter fuse than i do. she was on anti-depressant medication prior to this last pregnancy. she hates being a mother and doesn't want to have the baby at all... even though i know she will. she has 2 little girls. Nina, who is 5, and Megan, who'll be a year old later this month. my Megan is a carbon copy of her mother at her age, and wouldn't you guess... my favorite grandchild. this one has stolen a large chunk of my heart. Bridget didn't want her either and the day i went to the hospital to see this brand new bundle... she's crying and depressed and andy is dragging his dick in the dirt because it wasn't a boy. welcome to the world, Megan. she resents any time she has to spend with the kids and nails andy the minute he comes in the door to help take care of his kids. Nina has been through a good many fights and loud partys with those two and now is acting out some very bad behaviour. i watch the girls whenever they go out and i have a hard time to let them go when they come to get them, because i know the kind of night they'll have once they get home with the two of them... drinking and fighting. i'd like to steal both of the girls and move to Montana with 'em to keep my babies safe. but i can't do that and i know it. so hard to stand by and watch our grandchildren being raised and having to face the things i did to my own babies. Andrew won't keep a job and bounces from one to the other every few months. they're heavily in debt and will most likely lose it all in the coming months and be back in low income housing. they can't even afford the mortgage on their mobile home anymore. John and i have helped them quite a bit and we just can't do it forever. we finally told them if they needed food... our house is always open... come and eat, take what you need... but no more loans that will never be paid back. you have to stop at some point, because all you do is hurt after that. they're 23/26. time to fly.

i'm only half way through. are you starting to be grateful that you were never a parent?

and then there's Joe. you already know a little bit about him. Joe is 22.. 6' 3"... 220-225lbs... with thick, brown hair... and has his father's, sexy, blue eyes. women love him... he's a real good looking kid. Joe came along at a very bad time in my life and an even worse one in John's drinking career. had him a year... less 15 days... after bridget. wasn't planning on another so soon and wasn't all that thrilled when i found out i was pregnant. truthfully, i didn't bond with Joe when i had him. i know it sounds cold and unloving, but at the time, i just couldn't. John was completely out of control by then and every day was a living hell. there i was with 3 kids and i couldn't even protect myself from him. i didn't breast feed joe because i still had a baby in diapers and i didn't want to be tied that closely with a new baby... but mostly i didn't because he was a boy and i was real angry with men by that time in my life. i would shake sometimes with having to hold back the rage when i picked him up. other times... i couldn't... i was afraid i'd hurt him. so i'd leave him in his crib and come back in a few minutes when i felt it was safe to pick him up. not a good mother at all. Joe was born with seizures and had to be on medication for the first 2 1/2 years. we damn near lost him at 9 mo. they then put him on phenobarbital... with a dose so high..that when they took him off... he went through withdrawal at age 2 1/2. he was a hyper-active kid and pushed boundries all the time. from the moment he set foot in a school... til the day they threw him out for the last time... there was nothing but trouble. he bit kids... he fought... he swore at teachers and physically threatened female teachers whenever he could. he got into drugs/drinking during our separation and had many fights that required me going to court with him, until the judge finally said that if i didn't do something with him... they would. i used to live in fear of answering the door... knowing it was the police to tell me about yet another thing he'd done ... or else somebody he'd hurt. sent him to a drug/alcohol rehab at 15. didn't work. got out and did twice as much... got thrown out of school and hooked up with a 29 yr. old alcoholic at 16. he left home and refused to come back. they drank themselves out of an apt. lost 2 vehicles and ended up sleeping in the woods in a tent. they'd only work long enough to keep themselves in booze/dope. Joe beat the shit out of her until she left him and he's been drinking and beating up girlfriends ever since. resently... he's staying here because he got hurt on a construction job and has some injured disks, and is out of work. he found another girlfriend to keep him in booze/cigs and he beats her too.

John got sober at 32... i don't see Joe as lasting that long. he's on probation right now for an alcohol related accident and he still drives around drunk. Joe is another child that i carry a lot of guilt for. he's extremely angry at the world, his father, most likely me, he's depressed and suicidal more than he's happy. we talk a lot when he's sober and i've also apologized to him for not being the kind of mother he should have had. my heart aches for Joe the most. i hate to see him on the same path that John took, but there's no reaching him. he's to the point where he needs a drink to stop the sweats/shaking. i have to let go and let him finish his self destructive course until he hurts enough to want to get help. this is one of the most difficult things to do as a parent.

Erin is the A.A. baby. you know... the one a lot of couples have when the husband gets sober and they think they're in love again? Erin is 17... tall... blonde. she has a radiant complexion with seductive blue eyes. she's very outgoing, bright, funny, pushy, demanding and let's not forget... persuasive. she's a daddy's girl all the way around. as soon as she requests something... he's at the store buying it. she has name brand clothes... name brand stereo... had to have an expensive L.L. Bean bike and her latest demand was a car for her birthday. he got it... although, not new. Erin already knows the power of being an excellent debater. all you have to do is tell her she can't have something and she proceeds to bombard you with 625 reasons why she really needs it...and John falls for it every time. gawd! she's a brat... but i love her. we get along pretty well and manage to talk to each other a little more regularly than i did with the others when they were teens. she shares a lot about feelings and discusses her friends with me. we do fight over the computer a little bit... but nothing serious. i do see problems down the road for her, since she too likes the beer/dope. she's been drunk a few times and comes home high at other times. i'm keeping my fingers crossed, dreading the day she leaves and starts down the same path as the others. i try to remember to just enjoy her for now and not be worrying about what might happen in the future.

now if this isn't proof that children from fucked up homes create children who make their own fucked up homes and go on to have children who'll create even more fucked up homes.... then i don't know what it'll take to convince you.

why do i call the warden... the warden? because growing up in our house was like a prison sentence. she was the head jailer and everyone followed her rules to the letter or there was hell to pay. my

step-dad gave in to her every demand and would back down during any fight just to shut her up. if you displeased her... she wouldn't talk to you for days at a time. she was cold...she was cruel... she controlled the whole house. all decisions were made by her and her word was final. the house was lysol clean at all times and friends were not encouraged to visit. other children were not allowed in our yard and very few were ever allowed in the house. she spent her days inspecting and watching everything we did. and if it didn't meet her expectations... you kept doing it until it did. when we started dating... any boyfriends that we had and liked, she soon found a reason why we couldn't see them anymore. so when Robert came along... i said ... this one will be my ticket out of here and he was. these are my memories of love, home, mom and apple pie. touching.

back to us... this family stuff is giving me stomach cramps and a headache.

loved the meal scene. how'd i know that you'd feed your slaves like a pet? Master, you're too erotic for me and i don't deserve you. yeah, i'd eat off your hand in a heart beat and be happy to do it. but Sir, i just couldn't be naked while we were doing this, because... being humbled that much would make me so wet that i'd be dripping down my legs and that might not be the best thing to be doing while my Master is trying to eat.

Master, i hope you find this assignment to your liking. please know that i tried my best to have it meet your expectations. i love doing what you order me to do.

your lowly slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-07 06:39:09 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i'm feeling slightly drained tonight as a result of writing about my family. it's one thing to know all this stuff... but to see it on paper... just blows me away. we are definitely not the Walton's.

the Master likes the look of his naked slave with a choker on, kneeling in front of him as she prepares to take him into her mouth and suck him inside out? Master, your slave likes that look too. being on my knees in front of a man with his **penis** crammed down my throat, makes me so damn hot and wet. i especially love it when he stands. that image of all that male power looming over me sends electrical currents straight. i don't understand why i like this position better than most... but i do know that it's one i've found myself in many times over the years. maybe i just have the kind of face that men feel comfortable putting their cocks in? perhaps it's the insolence that they pick up on and they do it to humble me? you know in a heart beat when i'm being insolent, don't you? i still don't know how you seem to know these things about me without ever having met me do i give this away in my writing, or is it something you sense?

have been reviewing tapes for hours, trying to come up with one that would be sexy/hot for the both of us. and i do tend to over do it with the pain fantasies since they happen to be my favorite. so... tonight i decided to let us both have some fun. something tells me that you may like this one. now if only i can stop laughing enough to type it, you might get to read about it. ok... i think i'm together enough to try to make some kinda sense. as i'm sure you know... i'm a teensy bit on the prissy side when it comes to getting messed up or dirty or doing outdoorsey things that would ruin my hair, nails or make-up. you didn't know that about me? this is something we were always going to do, but neither of us wanted to be the one to have to clean it up... so we never got around to it... just talked about it in letters while he was on deployment. what is it already? well.....

this scene is one i created in my head, but have never actually done. what's the one thing that men always want to do to women who don't like being messed up.... you got it... they want to fuck 'em up bad! so, i envisioned this room that has been cleared of furniture and then the floor is completely covered in plastic to protect it and make for a quick clean up. and then we go to the kitchen and drag in anything that's liquid, messy, sticky, slimy, gooey, oily, or greasy. you liking this so far, Sir? i changed it a bit to personalize it for us in this next sentence or two. we both take off our clothes... because you're gonna be covered too... by the time we get done. you'll see. then you tell me to go to the opposite end of the room and **crawl** to you and start begging you to fuck me up with all this stuff we just brought in here. just doing it to me isn't enough for you... you want the added humiliation of making me beg you to do it, knowing that i'll

hate every minute of it and don't really want you to see me like that. then, as you begin to swell, i **crawl** to you and obediently and humbly start begging you to cover me with everything we brought in... like... eggs, miracle whip, chocolate pudding, cool whip, orange juice, mustard, relish, ketchup, cooking oil, cracker crumbs, coffee grounds, sugar, flour, crisco, peanut butter, thousand island dressing, etc. or any combination you want. you put it all through my hair... rub it in my face... put it up my cunt and ass, just completely cover and destroy me with whatever turns you on. you don't even care about having some of it on you at this point. when you're done making me suffer and you've had your fun...we make love in this whole mess. i think it'd be very erotic to lay in all that stuff and feel your body laying on me while we fuck with total and complete abandon. how liberating it would be to just fuck and not worry about what i looked like and whether or not i was turning you on. just naked bodies rolling around in all that stuff and fucking... and sucking... and ass fucking until we couldn't do it anymore. yes... yes... yes... yes.. yes! when we get done... you want to make sure i remember that i'm still your slave... so you rub my face in all the stuff we just laid in and tell me to go and get myself cleaned up and then get my slave ass back in here to clean up this mess. but before i leave...you make me kneel and thank you for giving me so much pleasure. you then leave to take a shower and have a long nap before dinner.

Master, i've been left alone too much and had far too much time to think... wouldn't you say? however, i do hope you found this to be amusing or entertaining.

now that i finally got the cooking oil out of my hair, i kneel and offer tonight's assignment to you my Lord and Master... my Owner... my Teacher.

obediently yours,
trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-08 09:58:06 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Master, it's time i told you just how bad my back, hips, and legs are.

i don't usually talk about it much because i hate boring people with medical problems. so we'll talk about it this one time and let it go... ok?

not only do i have degenerative disk disease...i also have arthritis in my back... both hips.. and legs. my right hip on ex-rays looks like a sponge and it will most likely have to be replaced one of these days i can bend from the waist to pick up things, but i definitely can't bend the knees without excruciating pain to the back and hips. **crawling** wasn't a problem because all the pressure is off the back. i have to sleep in a semi-fetal position to even get to sleep. haven't slept on my back in years and can't even lay on my side with my legs straight. the reason i have to tell you this is... as time goes on... i'm sure there would've been other things you wanted me to do and i didn't want to have to keep refusing to do it. i had thought about lying to you and just pretending i was a normal person who could do these things and writing to you like i'd done them anyway. but i have no desire to lie to you or have you waste your time on making up exercises that i'd never be doing. seemed a little counter productive to me. i try to stay focussed on other things to keep my mind off the pain that's always present and some days makes me crazy. i refuse to run around like some kind of zombie with all the medications the doctors would like to put me on. been there... done that... got clean... never again. i live on large doses of Motrin and occasionally codiene when i start to chew the inside of my mouth to cope with the pain. trinket will never be anybody's sex kitten again. Master, most days... it's all i can do to even walk up or down stairs. i have to do any work around here in shifts because i can't stand that long without severe pain to the back and legs. when i told you that i had a fucked up back...i just didn't tell you how fucked up it really was. when i bend to pick up anything...as i'm standing up... you can here my back cracking/snapping all the way up. if John and i were still having sex... it would have to be doggy style or me sitting on him. one of the last times we tried to have sex, he was laying on me and he stopped fucking me because he knew i was in pain and he couldn't stand the sound of my back cracking every time he moved on me. said it was killing his hard-on just knowing how much he was hurting me. and a good time was not had by all. **laughing**

now maybe you'll understand a little better why i'm willing to stay in a marriage that isn't emotionally fulfilling for me and you'll know why i most likely will never leave John. where would i go like this? that's right, Sir. no where. a year or so ago... i did something as simple as pick up a bath towel off the floor and when i stood up, i couldn't

move to walk by myself. i was in bed for a week or better. had to have him help me in and out and i screamed when i went to sit on the toilet because the pain was incredible. drunk or not... i need him. the choices without him aren't too rosey, know what i mean?

now you have a rough idea of how much pleasure you've given me and what happiness it's brought me to be able to just talk about things that i probably will never be able to do again. you've brought joy/laughter to my life, you've listened to me, you understand my sexual needs without laughing about them, you act interested in the things i have to talk about and give me intelligent feed back and advice, even if i am a woman. you write better sex than any skin books i've ever read, you have a warped/wonderful sense of humor, you're perverted enough to keep me wet on a daily basis, you're kind-loving-compassionate-forgiving-erotic-demanding-controlling-playful-creative-exciting and lovable. who wouldn't want you in their life? do you have any idea what health benefits there are in orgasms and plain ole happiness/laughter? when your life changes this much... believe me... you begin to find pleasure in everything that comes your way and you're damn grateful to have it. reading and being creative gave me something to do to keep my mind off me and the pain... then i found you and my life suddenly got a whole lot better because you fill that aching need i have for s/m talk... writing... fantasies... and the terrific orgasms that come as a result of it. i live for your letters and i love writing to you every day. you know so much about people and there's so much i want to know. i despise idle chit-chat and that's what i'm exposed to without someone interesting in my life like yourself and my friend Maryann. she lives in up-state New York now and i haven't seen her in 4 yrs. we talk on the phone, but it's not the same as having her here in person. John surface talks to me... when he does. you and i talk about things i want to talk about and i'm so hungry for anything you have to say that i could talk to you for the next 10 yrs. i'm thrilled and excited to even be in your life. that's why i keep nagging you for bits and pieces of your life. i want to know about this person who has so filled me up with the one thing i most enjoy. i can still kneel and if i were in your presence... i would kneel and thank you from the bottom of my heart for just being the man you are.

this is what i wanted to share with you tonight, my Master.

my biggest hugs--trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 8 Jul 1997 14:08:18 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: your feel good letter, Sir

Dear Master,

thanks for the "feel good" letter you just sent. you never fail to make me feel better. as usual, you've included lots of things to think about and respond to.

no Sir, i don't enjoy suffering.... just to suffer. anyone who's ever dealt with doctors on a running basis...knows that they're best avoided. i've seen what they've done for my mother, 2 sisters and a brother. when they can't fix you with medication, they CUT. both of my sisters have had the disk surgery, one of them even had two... and today... they're in worse shape than i am and neither has worked in years. they've both been majorly hooked on pain medication and one still is. this is why i've opted to find other ways to try to control it. our minds are our most precious gifts and i don't want mine screwed up any more than it already is. <laughing now> i have to be able to read/think and interact with people on some level. doing drugs on a regular basis would greatly diminish that. do you want me writing you letters when i'm high? didn't think so.

i know it sounds bad...but i really am coping. i take it one day at a time and what doesn't get done today... will still be here tomorrow. i try not to think long range thoughts... they'll destroy ya. Erin helps me a lot and John does what he can, or what i'll let him do. i tend to be just a little **picky** about how things get done. bet you would have never guessed that about your trinket, would you? yeah, right.

have to run... just got a phone call and there's another family crisis unfolding. bridget is on her way here with the baby and they're about to be homeless. i swear to god... it never ends. maybe i should start taking drugs? kidding.

will get back to you tonight.... thanks for being here. you mean a lot to me.

hugs... more hugs... more hugs

trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir

Date: 97-07-09 08:16:58 EDT

From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

oh my poor Master. what did you ever do to have ended up with this mixed bag of a person? you're probably wondering what i'm going to hit you with next, and who could blame you? Sir, i have to dole my life out in bits and pieces because it would scare the average person. sometimes it scares me, and i lived it. you just keep rolling with the punches and manage to stay positive about your latest piece of property.

About my friend Maryann... her and i bonded within 5 min. of meeting each other. she'd come to the hotel to apply for a weekend position for the night auditor, in addition to the two part time jobs that she already had. she was trying to get as much work as possible so that she could afford to go back to college at some point and finish what she'd started. as if this wasn't enough...she was also enrolled in some ship building course. Maryann is a bit of a workaholic... a recovering alcoholic, (with about 8 yrs. of sobriety), highly intelligent, witty, funny, loving, giving, energetic person. she's also a manic depressive... but a very lovable one. the hotel was never quite the same once Maryann came on board. gawd... the girl was a mess. she screwed up the paper work... the drawer was always off and she could never remember to wake up the guests on time. she just can't function on a simple level, but she can speak, using \$3.25 words. i'd come in and she'd have everything all turned around and have nothing logged and had the whole balance sheet covered in white out and be frantic over how she was gonna get out of there on time to make it to her next job. all i could do was laugh at her and tell her to go and i'd fix stuff so the boss wouldn't know. Maryann has the kind of personality that makes you forgive her for just about everything. the reason she couldn't do the work, is that she was always reading and studying something or other and would spend days and weeks reserching whatever she was into at the moment. it's not that she was some air head bimbo who couldn't balance figures and count money. she started dropping by for coffee in the middle of the night after she'd get done work and we'd talk until the sun came up and she'd be falling asleep in a chair. she was so interesting that i couldn't get enough of her and encouraged her to visit more and finally asked her over to the house when she had free time. we talked about everything under the sun and discovered that

we had a lot in common. we were each from large families, both of us had been hookers, have addictive personalities, had a need for sex that went beyond the norm, loved books/music, have an insatiable need to know how the mind works and why people do what they do, and we both liked s/m and hadn't had our fill yet. when she first told me she was gay... she asked me if i knew that she was. what i said was, "only about as quickly as you knew i was straight". we never had to hedge after that. we discussed Karen, her lover and others she'd had in her past. we were open and honest about our past sexual experiences and the people we'd had them with. when she found out why i didn't like to be eaten... she started wondering about whether Karen had been molested as a child because she was as hung up about it as myself. then she got around to asking questions concerning my s/m experiences and comparing them to ones she'd had. we spent many nights on this subject and when she'd leave... i'd find myself being sexually aroused from talking about it with her. it wasn't that i actually wanted to have sex with her... it was more like a feeling i had from being around her that made me crave these s/m discussions. she has a great voice and eyes that capture your attention and never stray while she's talking to you. she used to ask me if i'd be comfortable living with a woman and did i think i was bi-sexual. told her i could live with another woman easily...but i don't know as i'd have a real desire for the sex part. i like the company of females around me because it's less stressful than living with a man. you should have heard this family when i told them that Maryann was coming for the weekend that first time. they were all prepared not to like her just because she was a lesbian. i'd had to tell them, since she wasn't sure if Karen would be up from New York... and if she was... she was invited too. i explained that they were my friends and i expected them to treat Maryann and Karen like any other guests we'd had in our home. told them that there would be no snickers or snide comments made while they were here. when they came... the family fell in love with them. Karen is very sweet and lovable... kinda quiet... loves pets... and adopted Erin right away. Maryann and her contagious personality took over the house from the moment she came in. pretty soon everyone is relaxed, laughing and talking at the dining room table. she had Joe falling out of his chair with stories about her and Karen and their adventures of living in Brooklyn while Karen was stationed at the Coast Guard Base. Maryann had been in the Coast Guard too... during her heaviest drinking years. she even went to bed with some men just to see if she really was gay and she told me she hated it. her and John talked quite a bit and she later asked me how i could stand to live

with a man who had no respect for me at all. she didn't like him or the way he talked to me while they were here. John acts very superior when in the company of intelligent women and you can almost see him trying to take control and top whatever the woman is talking about. with Maryann, he found himself jockeying for position and i'm secretly cheering her on. this was during his fundamentalist reign of terror and they were discussing different religions and some preachers misguided interpretations of bible texts. he was positively seething with anger when she finally went to bed. he let me know how screwed up he thought she was and told me he didn't **approve** of their lifestyle and huffed off to bed himself. the last time i saw Maryann was Memorial Day weekend 1993. her/Karen came for one last visit before they left for the west coast, where Karen would be stationed. weekend went well until the morning they were to leave and John just had to fuck it up and put yet another woman in her lowly place... which is definitely below him. he goes outside while their loading the car and starts in on Maryann about being a lesbian and how unnatural it was and begins quoting bible verses and saying what a sin it is, etc. and being true to form...he then takes off and leaves me to deal with a mess he started. i had no idea of what he'd done and when i got up.... Maryann is stalking the house like a tiger and Karen won't stop crying. she was so fucking pissed that he'd have the balls to talk to her like that and she was calling him every name in the book. it took some doing to calm her down and to get Karen to lighten up. she wouldn't stay the rest of the day that we had planned to be together because they didn't want to be there when he came back home. we said some real tearful good-byes and hugged a lot... that was the last time i saw her. she wrote to me often and called and told me that if Erin and i ever needed to get out of here or away from John, to call them and they'd send money for us to come to them. she felt bad about leaving me behind with him and constantly worries about me. Maryann is a real mother type and thinks she needs to take care of me. she's 35 and i'm 48. i should be mothering her. gawd... she's a trip. anyway... she finally got back to college... got a bad case of mononucleosis and became very sick... went back home to New York to recover for awhile... found out her brother was infected with aids and hadn't had any medical attention for 2 yrs. and was homeless and living in the back room of a mini mart he worked at. Maryann drops out of college again and stays home to take care of him til he got back on his feet. presently she's working and going to college part time. she has no idea what the hell she's gonna do when she gets done... that's Maryann. i love her dearly and miss her terribly. she refuses to come back here for a visit because of John. when i talk to her...

she talks in paragraphs because we have so much to catch up on. you should see her letters when she's in one of her manic phases... she writes enough to fill a book and keeps me laughing for weeks.

about beatings/cum/pissing, Sir. sometimes when i'm beaten either for a long time or else very hard, i start cumming so much and so fast... that sometimes i begin pissing and cumming at the same time without even realizing it. you know... it's like an automatic reaction once the orgasms start. my pussy is usually quite swollen with the need to come by the time the beating is over and if you just touch me... it starts the flow and i'm some kinda out of it and couldn't tell you which i was doing if you asked. at that point... i don't really care... i just want to cum. it's never been planned and only happens after a beating with a leather belt. leather takes me over the edge every time. show me a belt and i'm already half way there. as i write this i can feel myself automatically doing kegal exercises because my pussy is wet and feels swollen. i can't write about leather and not have my body react. i want to be hurt with it so bad i can taste it, Master.

yes, my back would be okay if i were to be hung from a hanging plant hook, because the spine would be stretched out rather than compressed as in standing straight up or when sitting down. would work best with my feet just barely touching or if my legs were spread. the greatest pain occurs when the disks are compressed for a period of time. this is why i sleep in a semi-fetal position with one leg bent at the knee and brought up to about hip level. takes all the pressure off and allows me to stretch and relax the spine. i hug a pillow when i sleep so that it doesn't feel like i'm sleeping alone. i'd be willing to bet that you have other slaves who do this also.

oh... Master, i love **crawling** around and being on your leash at the party. how positively humiliating and degrading this is for me! i suppose i'm naked, too? swallow... dry throat... swallow again... and obey. i sniff everybodys crotch that we get close to and i secretly pray that no **big Dommies** like me enough to buy me at the auction. those big angry women scare your trinket, Master. i begin thinking that maybe none of them will like me and how much i'd like that, because i could then go back home with my Master instead of spending the night with those that will only hurt me. and then i think of how bad my Master would feel and look if nobody thought He had a good enough slave to even bid on, and i decide to try my best to please Him and do exactly as He'd instructed me to do as i begin to sniff with a little more enthusiasm. i start a new prayer...i pray that

there's one Dom who's richer than any of the Dommies in the room and hope he'll bid on me and beat me if he wants to...just as long as he keeps me from having to go home with one of those big angry women. i shake a little bit as i **crawl** around and wish i was sniffing my Master's crotch instead. having to **crawl** like this is so embarrassing with all these people here who are dressed.... but i do feel myself getting wet and i close my mind to what i'm doing and concentrate on **crawling** for my Master and wanting only to serve and please Him. just being near Him takes some of the humiliation of the evening away and i begin to focus my thoughts only on Him.

You want me to tell you a dirty story about my sex club days. i scan my tape bank and begin telling you about the 3 room daisy chain that we did at the sex club in D.C. i don't know if you've ever been in one or watched one.... but if you have... you'll like this one, Sir. one Sat. night a bunch of us got a little high and crazy and decided to do a rather long daisy chain. we had a whole section of rooms at the Ramada and 3 of them were connecting rooms... so we opened all the doors and rounded up people who wanted to take part in the chain and soon several got the ball rolling with one guy standing against the back wall and a girl kneeling in front of him to blow him as another guy entered her cunt from behind. then another girl began sucking his ass as another guy began fucking her and the girl behind him sucked his ass.... and so on down the line...until we reached the far wall of the third bedroom. some of us girls were cunt fucked and others were ass fucked depending on where you were in the chain. you can be sure... i held my ground until the ass fucking spot had neared me and i jumped in and started sucking the guys ass in front of me while i was being **ass-fucked**. nobody was supposed to cum until every one was in position... which was hardest for the first people in line. you know me... i'm middle of the road all the way... so you can bet that that's where i was that night. i'm telling ya... have never seen so many asses all in a row as i did on that occasion. it was a real **ass mans** delight. there were people who just watched and cocks were swelling left and right and i imagine a few pussys were wet too. i can't help but giggle whenever i remember those fools and some of the shit we did. oh... gawd... to be that young and horny again. i love decadent sex and uninhibited people Master.

i kneel and hand you this assignment and wonder it will meet your needs and i hope it pleases you, Master.

Your happy slave,

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 11 Jul 1997 10:06:05 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

what do you mean.... we're getting old? oh no, Master, we're a little older... but we ain't old yet. actually, i shouldn't complain, because i've had more orgasms in this lifetime than any six women i know. i'm glad i had the sense to have them while the having was good. i regret none of my sexual experiences or what i did to get them. i spent my 20's and half of my 30's in search of that funny feeling that made my legs weak. i've always wondered how frigid women function without orgasms. from the time i had my first one at 17, i wanted more and more.

you want to know about the family crisis Tuesday night? bridget, **my favorite one**, shows up here with the baby and she's all upset because the bank is ready to start proceedings to foreclose on their mobile home and car, since they're both on the same loan. it seems that andy hasn't been making the payments and also neglected to even pay the lot rent for the last 6 mo. park manager is ready to throw them out of there. the power company is now coming to the door to try to collect some of the \$6-800.00 that they're behind on the electric bill.... and so on... and so on. Andrew quit yet another job last Friday and they're almost out of food. this is nothing new... they've been married for 6 yrs. and have moved three times already because of not paying the rent. kids... what's a mother to do? what any mother would do... i held her... let her cry and tell me all about it... then i made dinner. people tend to be a little more rational with a full belly. John and i spent the evening trying to calm her down and get her to look at their situation a little more realistically than she has been. she, of course, just wants to bail out and avoid having to deal with the mess that both of them created from being irresponsible with money and making some unwise choices along the way. they must be about \$25-30,000 in debt right now and it would take about \$3,000 to get them out of the immediate problems with bank, park manager, school loans that they're behind on and the electric co. we don't have that kind of ready cash to play with at this time of year and i told her we couldn't loan them any more money because they never pay us back and i have to remind them every month to make

the deposit on the money we loaned them last summer that i'm still making payments on. i didn't have the heart to say no then because she was about a week away from having Megan and i didn't want my granddaughter going home to a shelter for her first days of life, so i bailed 'em out. now here it is, 1 yr. later and they're back in the same situation. she knows that being a single mother with 2 kids and pregnant with a third isn't one of the choices that's going to improve her life right away. but then again... neither is staying with a man who won't keep a job or make payments when he does have money. i can't **fix** this for her... she has to make her own choices. i realize that i've enabled them to continue this behavior by bailing them out as many times as i have. it's hard not to do... when it's your child. between you and me.... i'm still so sick... 'cause if i had the money and didn't have to get it from John... i'd do it in a heart beat. Master, this is my love child... my baby girl... my pet. it hurts to stand by and do nothing, but i know i have to if they're ever gonna learn to do it on their own. so..i guess they'll be losing the trailer and car and will have to move back to low income housing. it's the same place the kids and i lived when John left us. as housing of that kind goes... it's not that bad... not desirable... but livable... they'll manage. i don't know how all this will play out and i worry about the kids. andy must have called 10 times the night she stayed here and they were fighting and name calling and blaming each other, etc. he shows up the next day and there's more of the same. i had told her she could stay for a few days to get herself together enough to make some kind of decision about what she was going to do, but she finally gave in to him and went back home the next night. she isn't happy with Andrew and is feeling like she has totally fucked up her life. bridget makes my heart bleed.... i know that feeling so well. you wake up one day and wonder how the hell you got in so deep and you have no idea how to get out. she's living my life without even knowing it. only differences are that John has always worked and we never got tossed out of any place for not paying the rent. before it's all said and done... i see Bridget going through a few men in her lifetime. i just want to leave for Montana tomorrow, so that i can avoid having to watch my children destroy themselves right before my eyes. once again, Sir, be grateful that you don't have any.

now... about the warden/John: John's mother died from uterine cancer when he was only 4 yrs. old. he was bounced back and forth between his grandmother and his father until his dad remarried a little over a year after his mother's death. Betty was in her late 30's... had never been married and had no children of her own. i never knew her, but i heard from other family members that she was

a little less than thrilled to have a 5 yr. old boy in her life to care for during all the hours that his dad put into running his own store. John grew up in a small town. he says that Betty was a cold, unloving, strict disciplinarian who made his life a living hell and let him constantly know that she didn't like kids and reminded him what an inconvenience he was in her life. he says in the beginning... he tried to please her in any way he could and nothing he ever did was good enough. later he did what he could to irritate her and push her over the edge until she finally complained to his dad. his father told him that Betty was in charge of him since he had to work long hours and he was to obey her every command without whining. he continued trying to win her over so that she'd be nice to him... but it never did work. she died from a heart attack when John was 14. that's when he hit the streets and started running with a wild crowd and drinking and staying out late at night. his dad still had a business to run and couldn't track him down all the time... so he let him do it for 3 yrs. then one morning his dad woke him up while he was still sleeping off the drunk from the night before and drove him to the Navy Recruiter and told him he had 2 choices... go in there and sign up or get his ass going and find a job... because he wasn't going to hang around that town and become another town drunk. as you know... he went in and found himself at boot camp in April '63 at 17 yrs. old. when i first met John, he'd already been in for 8 yrs. and he still wasn't over the anger of being raised by her. when he beat me sometimes he'd call me by her name... and i knew then that he wasn't beating me... he was beating her... i was just there. it's no wonder he grew up hating women and not knowing how to treat one with respect. he was never held or loved by one after his mother died until he started dating girls. i've met his first wife and she seems like a decent woman...but awfully controlling and independent. he had 2 girls with Linda and their oldest daughter died from cancer when she was only 10 yrs. old. she spent the last 3 yrs. of her life wasting away in a hospital. i was pregnant with Joe that year and Annie died on Mother's Day, of all days. John never cried and walked through the whole thing like it was happening to someone else. i was shocked to see a person that cold. he actually never dealt with the loss of her until he got sober and then he was able to cry and grieve. his other daughter is 30... married... lives in Boston and is a nurse. she doesn't have any kids yet and i don't think she's planning on any in the near future. Brenda is drop dead gorgeous! she's a great kid and i've known her since she was 3 1/2. John hasn't spent much time with her over the years and Brenda has missed out on a lot. she always came for short visits to whatever base we were stationed at but never got the quality time with him that she needed. she has

a forgiving nature and still comes up to visit us once in awhile. and yes... she's a borderline alcoholic as well as her new husband of 1 1/2 yrs. the circle just keeps getting wider. John finally got in touch with the rage he was carrying around for Betty when the Navy sent him to drug/alcohol school in San Diego for training before he became a counselor. he says he's over it today. but with the way he still feels about and treats women, one does have to wonder. i know one thing...he doesn't like independent women or ones who have strong opinions about anything. he hates feminists and he's not too fond of lesbians and i imagine that i'm on his list somewhere.

my mother grew up on a farm way up on the coast of N.H.. she was one of 7 kids and has a twin sister who passed away about 5 yrs. ago. her father was a quiet, cold, distant man from what i remember of him from our very few visits and she seems to back that feeling up. her mother was your typical, rigid, New England farm woman who worked around the farm with her husband and took care of the kids and cleaned non stop. she never seemed happy at any of the times we visited. i don't remember ever being held, talked to or played with by either of them and we visited up until i was 11 yrs. old. they were really strange people and didn't seem that excited to see mother when she went back home. i gather that her sister was the favored twin and mom just didn't get her cup full and complained about her sister for years. she's pretty vague about her younger years and also quite bitter. who the hell knows what happened to her, but whatever it was... affected her greatly. mother has been married 4 times. her first husband died of a heart attack and left her with 5 kids. he was having an affair and left all his insurance money and the family car to his girlfriend. guess mother pissed him off in a big way? my father she divorced after 4 yrs. of marriage and 4 more kids. my step-dad and her had 2 more kids and he died in '75. her 4th husband is a nice man who allows himself to be controlled by her 24/7. Arthur has always treated all of us as his own and would do anything for her. he's bought her many things and they've traveled a lot and he never fails to ask **how high** when she says jump. does she love this man? hell no. she uses him like a dog and talks to him like he was a kid without a brain. tells me she can't wait for him to die. i told John... i sure hope we're outta here before that happens, because there ain't no way she's gonna live with us.

Master, writing all this stuff about my family is making me see how really sick we all are. too much pain and not enough love and happiness. how do things like this happen? god knows how far back this pattern runs in our family. not a pretty picture at all.

sorry about that... had to keep them on the other side of us so i can continue with this letter.

loved the scene where i'm kneeling at your feet with my hands cuffed behind my back while you're kissing me before you begin to slap my face with hard... methodical... slow... slaps. i want this... i love this... i need this! Sir, you just don't know how much i like being slapped across my face. it makes me so damn wet. the hard... slow slaps are the absolute best. i'm going to end up with very moist panties before i get through writing about this. i feel the dampness starting already..... Master, of course i would have a smile on my face and be thanking you after each and every slap. i'd probably be thanking you twice for every one and be begging for more. yes... yes... yes... i am very pleased to be disciplined for your amusement and i do realize that i haven't been living up to my potential. i'm more than happy to submit to this discipline that hopefully will encourage me to try harder to please you. when you're done, you help me to stand... reach up under my skirt and pull my panties down and tell me to step out of them. you then take me by the ear and walk me over to the couch and my heart is starting to pound and i'm very excited about what's to come. you sit down and then help to place me across your lap. you push my skirt up past my waist and run your hands over the well rounded flesh that you will soon mark with repeated smacks with that heavy wooden ruler that you're so fond of using on me. first you run one hand up my pussy to see how successful the face slapping was. you discover that my cunt is soaking wet and feels swollen and hot. you tell me that you feel this spanking is needed in addition to the face slapping to further remind me to start living up to your expectations and hope it'll give me something to think about for a few days as i review my recent behavior. my stomach has butterflies and i'm excited to be in this position and thrilled at the thought of being spanked by my Master. i secretly know how much you enjoy doing this and have felt you swell every time you've spanked me this way. i can barely wait for you to start. that first smack was loud and hard and caused me to clench my fists to keep from crying out. it always takes a little while to get used to the pain when i haven't been spanked in a few weeks. you make me thank you for each smack... just like you did for each slap. you love to be thanked for taking your precious time to discipline a slave and i thank you, not because you tell me to, but because i really want to. this is more of a gift to me than a discipline and i love every mark you're leaving on me. my ass must be bright red

because it feels like it's on fire and my cunt is dripping down my legs. you beat me long enough to satisfy your desire to punish me, but not long enough for me to start having orgasms... since this isn't for my enjoyment and is meant to be remembered as the discipline it is. i was hoping that you stopped because you wanted to fuck me. instead... you helped me to stand up and then uncuffed my hands. you then told me to kneel and thank you for my discipline and promise to try harder to please you. i do... and you tell me to go and not to forget to pick up those panties off the floor before i leave. when i get to the door... you tell me to stop... raise my skirt and stand there so that you can view the results of your hard work. i find this to be extremely humiliating because it's bad enough to be punished... but to have to stand there with my skirt up and feel you looking at me when you know i'm suffering because i'd really hoped we could've fucked and here i am with a cunt that's dripping goo down my legs from wanting to feel you inside me. you make me stand there with my need and my burning red ass for at least 10 min. before you finally tell me to leave.

Master, you wanted me to look at all the rooms that you've beaten me in at my house. i'll take you through and you can share it with me, Sir. we'll start with the kitchen and then move to the pantry... next we go to the dining room and then on to the living room that leads out to the sun porch and then move down the hall and go to the den..you beat me in the closet that's in there too. we move back out into the hall and you beat me in the downstairs bath... then on to the laundry room and move to the sewing room and beat me in the two closets that are in there. we start up the stairs and you beat me on the landing at the point where the stairs go off in the opposite direction. we make our way through all three bedrooms that each have a closet... one has two. then it's onto the hall linen closet and into the upstairs bath and yet another linen closet. by the time you get done... you could do just about anything with me because i'd be so fucking horny that i'd be the most cooperative slave you've ever owned. thank-you for this erotic memory, Sir. doing housework will never be the same with these images burned into my memory.

i humbly kneel and offer you tonight's assignment for your inspection, Master. i hope it pleases you, Sir.

Your less than perfect slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: you scared me, Sir

Date: 97-07-11 21:30:45 EDT

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

when i saw the heading on the e-mail..... my heart began to pound. i was trying to think of what i might've done wrong now. was very relieved to see that you weren't angry with me.

here it is after 7:00 pm and i'm just now getting in here to check my mail. my sister and brother-in-law were here when i got up at 4:00 and i had to wait for them to leave so that i could read your letter in peace without prying eyes. don't you hate it when that happens.... i do.

this was a fast week for me... how 'bout you? when you're under **house arrest**, the weekends start blending in with the week and there's not a whole lot of difference to the days.... except it usually brings out the drunks in full force. i'd like to find out where all the sober people have moved to... and go there. i'm really burned out on drunks and all the problems that come about as a result of it. our whole family belongs in a rehab and would need years of counseling to ever get back on track. i don't see it happening any time soon.

thanks for telling me more about yourself. once you describe your facial structure, i'll have a pretty good idea of what you look like. that's all i wanted... i just needed to see your face so that i could form a picture of you in my mind. now i can start nagging about the rest of you and begin to create the whole man. i like what i see so far, Sir. i **know** you must have a scanner. here it comes... like you knew it would. pretty... pretty... pretty... please.... couldn't you scan your face from the eyes up and send it to me? i'm dying to see your eyes. of course... i'd like to see all of you... but your eyes are the most important to me. that's the first thing i look at when i look at a man. they tell me all i need to know about him and i know that yours will speak volumes! give it some thought... and maybe... one day????

animals are hungry.... feeding time approaches and my name is being called. no rest for the wicked. will send a bedtime note later. have a good evening.

i had a fantastic orgasm this morning as i remembered the spanking

and face slapping fantasy. you know the kind i mean.... where you feel the warm feeling spreading all the way down your legs as you cum your brains out.

thinking of you.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 12 Jul 1997 08:21:51 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

about the people who enjoy giving pain as opposed to those who'd rather receive it.... all i know is that some men have a deep seated need to inflict pain. John and Jesse are two who very much enjoy hurting women. other men you have to kinda coax into it a little at a time. i can tell in a heart beat if they really like to inflict pain. it's in the way they swing and how hard they hit. Jesse could hit me hard enough to take my breath away and he always made me scream. sometimes i actually had to beg him to stop because i couldn't take it anymore. it was mostly with the whip. he likes to whip until you're cut and bleeding. ouch. i didn't want to be carrying lifetime scars...so i had to slow him down or he would have shredded me some night. i heal pretty fast and have no lingering or noticeable scars today. you can't even tell that my nose was broken three times. sometime when i get the nerve... i'll tell you about steel toed flight boots, but it'll take me knowing you a little longer before i lay that scene on ya. your trinket had no kinda sense when she was younger.... like she has a lot now? still bothers me that i can't see your face when i tell you these things. i try to imagine what you must think as you read some of the things i've told you. everything i did is buried deep inside and if you were to see me in a crowd... i wouldn't look any different than most of the women there. at the risk of sounding arrogant... i could probably pass for early 40's. mostly because i've stayed out of the sun and have no wrinkles like those who have lived at the beach all summer. no gray in the hair either. an **experienced** man could see much more in my eyes than i tell the average person. we always know who **we** are, don't we?

yes, Erin is home from school for the summer and she is here most days and almost every evening up until 1:00 am. she just doesn't seem to want to go any place this summer. she's eaten up with the computer and is on here all the time chatting with friends and boys.

guess i should be grateful... she could be out doing god knows what. this is the last summer i'll have a child in my life and i rather like having her around. next June my baby will be 18 and then it's just me an my **jailer**. <laughing> John now works for himself and sets his own hours which are quite flexible during the summer months. i never know what days and when he'll be home. he's here when he's here and he's not when he's not. but when he's home... he's usually up until at least 11:00 pm. then there's Joe/his girlfriend who float in 'n' out all hours of the day and night...but most generally are tucked in by 3:00 am. so... the only time i have all to myself right now is between 3:00 am--6:30-7:00 am. will be glad when fall comes and that changes. i like a little more peace 'n' quiet than what i'm getting lately. do have fun tailoring assignments around this schedule.. which is always subject to change in this house.

Master, i kneel and hand you this assignment with a smile on my face. why am i smiling? because i'm happy to be here and happy to be allowed to do this for you.

Your very grateful slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: trinket says, Sir
Date: 97-07-13 01:05:46 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

trinket says that hairy men are so sexy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

trinket **loves** hairy men.

trinket loves to lay next to hairy men and run her fingers through their hair.

trinket asks if you knew that men with a lot of hair are usually kinky lovers?

trinket knew that.... many years ago.

trinket has studied men as long as you've studied women.

trinket says that you're starting to look an awful lot like my artist

friend...except for your ponytail.... which i think is cute on some guys.
sexy on others.

i'm liking what i see, my Master.

your eyes.... i've got to see your eyes. i know the look i want to see
will be there.

you would feel so good laying on my soft white skin and my large...
full... tits.

tell me about your facial structure... so i can put the pieces all
together.

will be thinking about you all evening..... and the thoughts i'll be
having will be erotic.

mega hugs..... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 13 Jul 1997 12:16:10 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i don't know how my life will change when i'm finally **out on parole**
after John gets the car fixed, which he recently promised to do, but i
will most definitely like the freedom of coming and going when i want
to. there's some girlfriends i haven't seen in a couple of years that
i'd like to visit with. and i haven't been to see my artist friend in a
long time. i want to see his new paintings and catch up on things.
we're long over due for coffee and conversation. i'd like the freedom
to drive down to one of my favorite spots on the whole east coast, a
pensulia, where you can drive and park and be right at the ocean.
the whole coastline there is covered with these huge rocks that you
can walk out on and watch the waves and hear the sea gulls. it's
always so windy there and at 3:00 in the morning... no one else is
around. i haven't been there this year at all. it's a very scenic spot .
when you drive along the coast in the summer, all you can smell is
the salt air, lobsters/clams cooking, and freshly mowed grass. i love
the ocean at night when all the tourists are back at their camps or
motels. and it'll certainly be nice to be able to go to the library and

spend as much time as i like looking for books and not have to feel like i'm taking too long or that i'm keeping someone from doing what they'd really like to be doing. i can't make good selections when the person i'm with is asking me every 5 min if i'm ready to go yet. my car has seats that support my back a whole lot better than John's car does, and when i'm by myself... i can stop if i need to get out and stretch or walk around for awhile. i can only drive for short periods of time before my legs start to feel numb and my hands/arms burn and tingle. but i'm willing to put up with that to have even a little time to myself. i don't like to go places with John, he rushes me too much and acts bored if you don't leave when he wants to.

how'd you know there would be **excitement** this weekend with family around? right on! several got quite drunk last night and some were driving that shouldn't have been... par for the course on the average Sat. night around here. i'm so sick of drunks that i could scream. i hate the tension and chaos they bring with them and the messes they make. one of these times they're gonna push me too far and i'm going to join them and then they'll be sorry. when and if i ever decide to let it all go... i'll be crossing the line and there won't be any coming back.

you ask me if my brothers/sisters are as dysfunctional as the others in my family that i've told you about? is the sky blue, Sir? you sure you want to see this much madness all in one assignment? oh Master.... you have no idea of the depth of our insanity. i'll tell you what i think you can handle. this would be so much easier in person or on the phone. it'll take boo-coo words to tell you about this assorted can of nuts. i hardly know where to begin. which disaster should i start with first? should i pick the sanest and move to the craziest? do i tell you the truth or fabricate a **real** family? this ain't no Walton's Mountain story. we've got a shit load of drunks... a couple of ex-cons... some druggies, a gay... some prone to suicide... some plain ole depressed... one who's gone into hiding like Kasinkski was doing up in Montana... and one who must surely be out of her gourd, because she seems **almost** normal. you're not getting cold feet yet, are you? you could delete this right now and spare yourself the agony of knowing that families like this do actually exist. okay then... i feel i did my best to forewarn you. here goes.....

we'll start at the beginning... i can't do this... yes i can... i have to do this... i don't want to do this.... you won't want to write to me anymore when i tell you about my family.... i've read my last e-mail

from you today... you did ask me to do this... i did tell you that i'd tell you anything you wanted to know... i'm afraid that when you see how sick we are that you won't want me in your life... why didn't i say i was an only child... trinket you talk too much... i take a deep breath... swallow... light a cigarette and begin.

only 7 of us grew up together. 4 were adopted after mother's first husband died. they didn't have child welfare/food stamps back then and she couldn't take care of 5 kids on what she was making as being a maid for some wealthy families. she kept my oldest brother, Tom, and let the others go. one was only 6 mo. old. we've since met them all... except one brother.

we'll start with Tom first... he's the one i like the least because he's the one who molested me all those years. he lives in MA, is married and has 2 grown sons and a couple of grandchildren. his wife owns and operates her own **leather** shop. Sandra also makes most of the things she sells there. Tom works for a telephone company and i have no idea what he does there, because i never cared or asked. he drinks a lot... but i don't think he's an alcoholic. he's depressed a good bit of the time and still can't speak without stuttering and he's now 56. i have never gone to his home since he left ours to go in the Navy years ago. he comes here once in awhile when mother brings him for those unwelcome surprise visits that make me want to strangle her. we never write and i have never spoken to him on the phone or sent one single birthday or xmas card.

Steve is my second most favorite brother. Steve and i are tight... two peas in a pod...hell cats from the word go. this man has saved my ass too many times to count! he protects me when he's around, he hugs a lot... he makes me feel safe. he's a great dancer... he's always laughing... and he has stories up the ying yang. i love this brother to death. i never met Steve 'til i was 15 and he and one of my older sisters found out where mom was and came to see us. he lived with us for a short time until mom found out that he wasn't the type that was easily controlled and made him leave. she said he'd threatened my step-dad when he was drunk and she just wasn't having that in **her** home. Steve was 22 at the time and he took me everywhere with him and let me see boys and told mom i was with him all night. he'd lie for me and cover up for me and give me money to blow. i got hooked on coffee with Steve. i'd wait up every night for him to come in and he'd be a little drunk and need me to make him something to eat and we'd drink coffee and talk half the night while we caught up on all the years we'd missed growing up

together. today he's a very late stage alcoholic and has been drinking ever since i've known him. he's had 5 wives and 5 kids and has some grandchildren. one kid per wife and then he'd leave and never look back and never paid child support. he's been to the men's reformatory 2 or 3 times. i'm not sure what the first two were for since that happened before he came to us. just after mom made him move out..he married a girl and moved to Bakersfield, Ca. trouble was... he was on probation and didn't have permission to leave the state or to get married. when they found him..they brought him back and threw him back in for a year or so... can't really remember. he has severe liver damage and is dreadfully thin with a very swollen belly. he has heart trouble and has already had a quadruple bi-pass. he has emphysema and still chain smokes... not to mention, that he goes through at least 1/2 gallon of Black Velvet every day... and sometimes more. he lives in Florida... alone... and has a dog. he's too sick/drunk to work now. for years he was a finish carpenter and can make some of the nicest furniture and cabinets you've ever seen. his adoptive mother died years ago and left him a rather large trust fund that is doled out by his dad in monthly installments so he won't blow the whole wad. i gather that they were pretty well off. to tell you the truth... i don't know why he's still alive. he's never sober... he sleeps 2-3 hrs. a night and as soon as his feet hit the floor he makes a drink. he hardly ever eats and has gotten to the point that when you call him you can't understand what he's saying because he slurs his words so bad. i picture him dying one night ... all alone in that house with nobody even knowing it until days later. Steve is a hermit like me and doesn't do people well anymore. drunk as he is... he's an excellent housekeeper and you could eat off the floors on any given day. i don't know how he does it... maybe he's trained the dog to run the vacuum?

Kent is the Ted Kasinski dude. never have met him, don't know where he lives or anything about him. Steve contacted him when he looked us up and he said he'd rather leave the past alone and that was that. Tom says that all he knows is that he lives in some really remote place all by himself.

Brenda came with Steve to meet us when he did. she didn't seem to thrilled with mother or the size of our family... since she'd been given away. she was every bit as cold and rigid as mother and not friendly to us at all. never saw her again after that visit. Steve says she's been married several times and lives with some guy somewhere in Ca. she's an alcoholic... pill junkie... and has had several suicide

attempts. i believe he said she was a beautician. she, of course, never writes or calls. Steve has been out to see her a couple of times and says she's not a happy camper. who in this family is... might i ask?

Gail, we only met 3 yrs. ago and i hated her immediately. she's a carbon copy of mother and is every bit as cold and controlling as she is. she found my sister first and had her invite all the brothers/sisters to her house for a family meeting/barbecue. she's married and her husband is a carpenter with his own business. he built there house and it was some piece of work. meeting didn't go well at all... lots of tension and false smiles. she was quite bitter with having been adopted and she really only seemed interested in getting to know Tom. Since that day... he's been the only one to go back and i guess they stay in touch via mail/phone calls. i could care less and don't really need another sister. she didn't appear to like the booze...but i'd say she liked some kind of pills...takes one to know one... and i'm one and we do know our kind. oh... almost forgot... she stutters as bad as Tom does and is a nervous wreck.

Ginger lives in Florida... is divorced... has 2 kids and 1 grandson. she worked in the offices at Disney World for a number of years until her back got so bad she had to quit too. she also has degenerative disk disease and has had 2 operations and is in worst shape than i am. her ex-husband is a full blown late stage alcoholic who continues to torment them 3 yrs. after the divorce. Ginger is always bouncing in 'n' out of psyche wards, is a manic depressive... heavy into drugs and doesn't talk much to anybody. not street drugs... pills for depression... pain pills... sleeping pills. she came up for a visit 3 yrs. ago... stayed 2 weeks..and hardly said 4 words to anyone. little did we know that she was in a deep depression until she went back home and was hospitalized for it once again. her daughter says it's so bad at times that she can't even speak... she just stands there and stares until they take her away. sometimes she calls and she's way out in the ozone somewhere and other times she seems fairly lucid. we're not terribly close but then... we never were. for years she used to send me pain/sleeping pills by the box full. she had so many from the Navy doctors that she could never have taken them all in this lifetime. so i'd call... she'd give me a rundown on what she had and i'd place an order. just like going to the pharmacy... only i never left the house... i waited by the mail box. <lol> we finally stopped that nonsense a couple of years ago for fear of getting caught shipping drugs across state lines. i used to tell her not to put a return address on the box...and be damned if she didn't do it

everytime. she was most likely zoned when she sent them. i do miss those **special** sister to sister packages every now and then.
<rats>

Theresa lives in Portland, Me... is married to a man who's worked for the city for years. they both married late... Terry was 30 and Lin was 32. they have 2 sons. Terry hasn't worked for years for the same reason as myself. she had surgery in the 80's and has been getting worse ever since. she's a major pain/sleeping pill junky but she still manages to function and attends school events for the boys and trucks them around to baseball games, swimming lessons, etc. she suffers from depression and is angry a good bit of the time. she has zero patience with the boys and even less with her husband. i think they're both unhappy with each other. they're so strange. both of them went to college and continued taking classes after they were done for some damn thing or another... and he ends up working for the city and she worked for the post office for years... go figure. what a waste of college her and the boys make tense little visits every once in awhile and always come around during the holidays... we talk on the phone... surface shit only.

Barry... my favorite brother... gay..lives alone... has a dog... alcoholic... very depressed... same back as mine and our sisters. he's an out of work chef right now because of an accident in the kitchen that has left him with a pretty screwed up leg that will require a plastic knee joint. has been 2 yrs. trying to get back on his feet. surgerys/doctors/the whole bit. this one may be **kinky**... don't know for sure... but when i visited him last summer... he let me stay in his room and as i was laying on the bed... i look up to the ceiling and there's these hooks... not by the window... like maybe he had a plant...and not even in the corner... these were in the middle of the room. **exactly**.... that was my first thought too, Master. i'm laying there and laughing and thinking that my brother has the same taste for sex that i do. Barry isn't the kind of guy who would ever discuss it with me so i just left it alone. he's had his lovers over the years...although mother chooses to call them his **room mates**. one time she spent the night at his house and they went out for dinner. Barry had left his answering machine on and when he got home he turned it on and there were several messages from men saying things like,"hi, babe, called... you weren't home... maybe we can get together later this evening, ring me darling". well... don't you know that the warden came back and reported that to the whole family. she says to me,"dear... you don't suppose he's gay... do you?" i told her if she'd take off the blinders, she'd know he was... and so what if

he is? Barry isn't depressed all the time and he's so damn funny that i ache from laughing so much when i'm with him. he's a great dancer too, fantastic cook and the best interior decorator north of Boston. his holiday parties are social events in his town. people come to see his house and his lavish decorations. here he is a raging alcoholic and he lives in the Methodist Parsonage and rents from the church... has for years. they make the pastor rent a house two towns away. Barry uses it like his own house and paints and papers as he chooses to. he's had siding put on the house and new porches and fenced the whole place in. you'll love this. he's paying the same rent he was paying back in the 70's. \$200 a month. he does stupid things for them like having tea parties for the old ladies in the church. he'll bake cookies for them and make tea... but he also puts out a bowl of spiked punch just for shits and giggles... and they drink it, like all good Methodists would. he got drunk and crazy one time and put a message on his answering machine like he was the pastor of the parsonage. well..i guess some of the church ladies called the house for something or other and knew he wasn't any kind of a preacher and reported it to the church board. he damn near lost his cheap rent over that one. Barry is a fast talker and confuses people easily and somehow they over looked the whole thing. i can be having the worst day and all it takes is a call from him and i'm bouncing off the walls. i can't talk to him without laughing. he makes a joke out of everything... even out of his time in prison. he spent 20 mo. in N.H. State Prison for arson. he was at a party and got into a hassel with the sheriff's kid and on his way home, he set the sheriffs house on fire. i don't know what got into him... but he even pushed buttons in jail. they made him mop floors in his cell block and instead of using detergent and water... he poured straight ammonia in the bucket and proceeded to swab the decks. the boys in the cells went nuts, they were swearing at him and throwing shit out through the bars and yelling for the guards to get him outta there. that ended his short career as hut boy. he brought me gifts from the prison store. who couldn't love a brother like this?

Angie is the only one who appears to be somewhat normal. she's married to a late stage alcoholic who no longer works because of a heart attack that's left him in such rough shape that he may never work again. they have 5 grown children and 6 grandchildren. she was a very good mother to her kids and an even better grandmother. she loves them all and never has anything negative to say. she stands behind that drunk she's married to 100% and never complains about how much he drinks or how often. yeah... she's in denial... but i don't see how she manages to stay so happy. she

doesn't drink or do pills and has never cheated on Ted. she calls and visits more than any of the others, since she only lives 25 mi. from here. Angie doesn't even mind working full time, now that Ted can't anymore. who knows... she's probably just stuffing the rage and will turn into a serial killer one day. nothing would surprise me with this family.

Joe... baby of the family... late stage alcoholic... pot head... heavy coke user... part time drug dealer. lives in Florida. he's in Asia right now on some job i don't know much about. he moves all over the country with this latest job and they sent him to Japan last year. he never calls and no one has seen him in years. he lives alone... of course. he was married once for long enough to make 2 boys and then he bailed out and started drifting around the country from place to place and job to job. he's been on the run since he was 16 and been drinking/drugging all these years. he used to call me nights when i worked at the hotel... who else is up at 4:00 in the morning? he'd be so wasted that he'd fall asleep during the call and never even remember that he'd called me when he'd call again weeks later. joe lives in his own world and moves to another beat. he's real hard to be around because his fuse is down to the the last few shreds and his blood pressure is over the top. i haven't seen him in 7 yrs.

how do you like the happy... loving..well adjusted family? we're not your average bears, are we? we could keep 15 shrinks busy for the next 20 yrs.

your slave---trinket

Subj: RE: just checking in, Sir
Date: 97-07-14 02:16:22 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

hello... how are you this evening? head still reeling with all of the sickness i laid on you today? my place in that mixed bag is between the psyche ward patient and the college educated postal clerk. <laughing>

can i leave for Montana now, Sir? writing about family always wipes me out. took medication for migraine... 4 motrin...and nyquil... went

to bed at 1:30 this afternoon and died until 9:30 tonight. headache is gone and i feel like a new person.

never got to read my mail 'til 10:00 tonight. just wanted to send hugs before you turned in and let you know that i was thinking about you.

good-night my Master.... trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-14 08:47:53 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Sir, trusting people is very hard for me to do and there's been only a few in this lifetime that i've ever dared to trust. trust wasn't a staple in our home and hasn't been in my marriages... with either of my husbands and myself. there's times when i don't even trust myself to do the right thing. please don't take this personally... it's nothing against you.... it's my fear of trusting anyone. yes, you have been very supportive and patient with me and i should trust you more than i do. the minute i tell anyone something about my past or family.... the negative tapes kick in and the fear of rejection comes out. knowing about my family is like visiting a nut ward... and since i'm part of that...i can't imagine why anyone would want to have a relationship with me. so... it's natural for me to fear rejection whenever i expose us for who we really are. do you honestly blame me? saying that you understand and understanding are two different things. if i had seen your face as i was telling you these things, perhaps i wouldn't be so nervous about it. you're the most accepting person that i've known in years and i'm starting to believe that you won't abandon me for who i was in the past, because you like the person i am today.

yes... i do the see the cycle of abuse and madness being repeated in my brothers/sisters children and grandchildren. their children are drunks/druggies and grandchildren are in the same boat as mine are. sad... but true. when does it end?

for some reason or another... i seem to be drawing a blank when trying to remember another kinky adventure from my sex work days. sometimes nothing comes to mind... tonight's one of those nights. not to worry, Sir, this is not unusual for me after a bad migraine

headache. they always leave me kinda dazed the next day and i don't think as clearly as i usually do. however, i can tell you one that one of the drivers named Tom told me about the boss... Tony up over the office... Tony had a whole floor of rooms that he used for private parties and some of his boy toys. the guys that worked there used to use them too for a place to try out new lovers or for just screwing around. i had Tom take me up there one night because i wanted to see what it was like. i'd heard that they had a bunch of kinky shit up there and i was nosey and quite interested. well... i hope to shout... they had lots of kinky shit and some pretty gloomy rooms. they had torture racks... hooks/ropes in the ceiling...restraints screwed into the wall...leather gear everywhere.... whips... crops... paddles... belts... cuffs... dildoes... enema junk... blindfolds... gags... clamps... and other assorted stuff. there were 3 bathrooms and 8-10 small rooms. Tom and i are checking everything out and he takes me into a room he had rescued Tony from the month before and he starts telling me what happened. seems Tom had taken a girl to a real late call and they were just about done for the night when Tom's beeper goes off and he calls the number and finds out Tony's calling from upstairs and wants Tom to get over there fast because he's in trouble and he needs help. Tom couldn't imagine what the hell was going on... but he went as soon as he could. if i can stop laughing... i'll finish this. Tony was a bit of a male slut and slept around on his lover all the time and he was a real bad drunk. he'd go on benders that would last for days and he'd fuck any guy that would have him or else he'd let himself be used and trashed to the max. i'd say he was in the latter mood that night. Tom runs upstairs and into the room Tony had told him he was holed up in... and.... when he walks in... Tony is laying face down on the bed... all marked to shit with belt marks and whip lashes and he's covered in shit from head to toe. Tom said he had all he could do not to throw up at that point. Tony was drunk as hell and crying and trying to comb the shit out of his hair and asking Tom to help get him out of the ankle cuffs that the guy had left him locked in. the guy... or guys who'd done this to him had thrown the key under the bed and it took awhile to locate it and get Tony uncuffed. he was so drunk and sore from that savage beating that he could barely stand up... so Tom had to help him down the hall to one of the bathrooms and somehow got him into the shower. he made Tom swear that he wouldn't tell anyone about how he'd found him and what had happened to him. Tom said he told him that he'd gone there with three guys to drink and party and the scene turned a little ugly as Tony got drunker. that's when they cuffed him to the bed and beat the crap out of him and fucked him. evidently... one of the sick puppies thought it would be funny to shit all over this guy

that they had at their mercy. Tom didn't want to know the details... but he said from the looks of the bed and Tony... somebody had had an enema and decided to evacuate on Tony instead of in the toilet. once Tony got cleaned up, Tom drove him back to his lovers house and took off. he said he didn't know who cleaned that room up, but it damn sure wasn't him. Tom knew a lot of stuff about Tony and his night games and i think that's why he had worked for him so long... Tony was afraid to fire him, for fear of what he'd spread around. as a rule... drivers never lasted more than a few months. the exceptions being... Jesse and Tom.

you know... sometimes i think that men can be bigger sluts than women. some of the things those boys did would make the average hooker look tame.

Your slave, trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir (part 1)
Date: 97-07-16 08:59:41 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

You've finally told me what you really like, after all this time... and it turns out to be just one word, submission? slave brain went... "well..gee, that's easy enough to give him". and then the other half of my slave brain kicked in, and i suddenly remembered that it's more of a struggle than i'd thought it would be when i first begged you to let me be your slave. submission sounds very erotic on paper, and the very word makes me wet, but it's a bit more difficult to give than i'd originally thought. this is something i want to do and i repeatedly fail at it time and again. however, if this is what you turns you on, then i must try harder to achieve perfection in this area.

I will work on learning to be cared for, and will somehow learn to accept that you do. i'm an adult, why is this such a hard concept for me to grasp? probably because i don't think i'm worthy of being cared for with a past as checkered as mine is, would be my guess. maybe people have cared for me and i just haven't realized it because i convinced myself i didn't deserve it? i sometimes get caring mixed up with expectations, and think that if someone cares for me, they will then expect me to be the person they want me to be instead of allowing me to be who i really am. everything in life has a

price tag, and i've learned to expect that things like love..caring... acceptance... and understanding come with some pretty hefty prices attached, and then you come along and start giving these things away like candy and i grabbed them because they were free. now the guilt has set in because i didn't earn them... so i work to have you take them away. sounds like what i've been doing, doesn't it?

i loved the part about my head being buried in your chest as you held me and let me cry, especially since you told me that you were real hairy. i can feel my face laying against you and imagine breathing in your scent. and Master, if you keep rubbing my hair and the back of my neck like that, i'm going to be dripping on you and begging for sex. i'm not sure that you want to do that tonight and in another two minutes, i'm going to start shamelessly begging to sit on the part of you that i feel swelling underneath me.

as far as my brother Barry and his kinky interests go... i'm afraid i haven't a clue... since he's never discussed them with me. Barry has always been very closed mouth when it comes to talking about sex. Steve and i are the only two in the whole family that'll talk about it with anybody. we each have such insatiable needs and cravings. Barry was always very quiet when he was younger and still living at home. mother was forever yelling at him to come out of his room and join the rest of the family. he's made up for all those quiet years by being a screaming lunatic for most of his adult life. he's followed my sister, Ginger, and i all over the country to different bases with us and has lived in both our homes. he'd get a friend to sublet the parsonage for a few months or a year, depending on his need to get away, and he'd come and add some sparkle to our lives for a time. he's been a cook forever... it seems. he's worked for restaurants, clubs and bars since he was in high school. he kept my sister and her husband supplied with the best of steaks while working for the officer's club at an Air Force Base... compliments of **Uncle Sugar**. he lived with John and i after he got out of prison in '76 and he knew about the sex club deal and my working in D.C. he used to tease John about being a chief in the Navy and living with a whore and an ex-con. Barry never told the rest of the family about our Chesapeake Beach/ D.C. adventures. he used to babysit while we went to the sex club on Sat. nights. i loved it when he did because he cleaned the whole time he was there and the kids loved it because he was a much better cook than myself. he's the type of person who can walk into a room and break the ice immediately and have people laughing and talking before they realize what hit them. he caters a lot of weddings and banquets and did my sister's wedding reception for

her. he makes some of the most beautiful center pieces that i've ever seen and loves to decorate halls, party rooms and catered events. my favorite story of Barry to tell is the one that still makes us all roar with laughter, even today. the time was... Oct. 15, 1978... Barry's birthday and the night before John got sober. they had been belting down Black Velvet for a good bit of the afternoon and most of the evening, when they decided to go out and do a little birthday celebrating in the bars. i was working... they hired a sitter... and decided to make a night of it. they were pretty near trashed before they left the house, so it didn't take a whole lot more to polish them off. they realized that neither of them was in any shape to drive the 35 mi. back to the beach... so they decide to get a motel room and sleep it off for a few hours until one of them was sober enough to at least walk without weaving. well.... they got a room alright... trouble is... they both were so drunk that they got a single instead of a double. i'm gonna be pissing myself before i get through this, i'm laughing already. when they woke up... they were surprised to find themselves in bed with each other and immediately got up and got dressed as fast as they could. what makes this so funny is, John is one of the biggest homophobics this world has ever known... and he knew Barry was gay. so naturally... he's all hung up on what might've gone on. they were trying to remember if anyone had seen them come in together and John is picturing his Navy career going down the shitter. picture the two of them checking in...John is this big 6' 3", 235 lb. guy... and Barry is roughly 5', 140 lbs. the two of them at the desk... drunk as shit..and requesting a single room late at night is bound to start rumors. John checked into the military alcoholics program that next morning. it takes what it takes to get them sober. i've heard him tell the story at A.A. meetings and he'd say that that was the most sobering moment of his life. Barry still giggles about it because he knows what a homophobic like John put himself through when he woke up beside his gay brother-in-law. even though John is drinking again from time to time... he makes it a point to never drink when Barry is around.

now that i think of it... i should have known he was kinky a long time ago. i'd forgotten that he was at the house the day Jesse and i brought back all the toys from the leather shop he'd taken me to. Barry was real interested in this whip that Jesse had picked out and he was checking out all of our gear and toys.... then Jesse asked him if he wanted a demo or anything and he backed away. but he did talk about that stuff for the longest time... so maybe he was into it even then. he used to ask me if only John used the toys with me or if Jesse did too. i told him that they both did... depending on my

mood and who happened to be there when i felt like being hurt. the two of them together was a bit much to handle... even for someone like me who lived for pain. the words...stop...or slow down didn't register in their brain and my **luscious** ass would be red for several days. i wanna do it again... and with some **feeling** this time.

i kneel and offer you tonight's assignment, Sir. now i'll **crawl** out of the room and let you read it in peace.

Your learning to be obedient slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: rubbing it in deep, Sir :-)
Date: 97-07-17 01:46:32 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i trust you're enjoying yourself tonight? rubbing it in kinda deep, wouldn't ya say? sure.... take away orgasms... then send me a three orgasm fantasy. i let out a moan that i'm sure was heard 'round the world when i read that. this is low down... this is dirty.... and it hurts. but it made me unbelievably wet. this is another **first** with you, Sir. i have never been **ass-fucked** like that. but i can tell you one thing.... i damn sure wanna be... and **soon**. i repeat... where the hell did you come from, and are there any more like you? i just know that you love teasing your slaves and making them suffer. you'll have to stop doing this or i'll start liking you too much... and then what?

we should get together and write **fuck books**..... damn.... we're good! your mind is your most dangerous weapon, and you've got to be a handful to live with. you'd have to keep me caged to keep me off you.... if i lived with you. jesus... joseph... and mary.... do you have a brother? Master, you make me so fucking hot and needy. i pictured you smiling as you banged that little fantasy out for me. you have very calculated moves, don't you? maybe not, after all... you are only playing with a slave brain. now, that fantasy will be on my mind for the rest of the night, and just how am i supposed to concentrate on doing the assignment.... when all i'll be thinking about is being **ass-fucked** by you and hanging like that? these little lilac, lace trimmed panties that i have on will have to be wrung out in the next 15 min. or so. you're pure evil.

going mad with moistness.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 17 Jul 1997 09:55:45 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

I'm wallowing in humility and dampness, thanks to your rather well versed fantasy. i deserve this punishment.... i love this punishment... can we do this again sometime? not.

have you been in my kitchen, Sir? how'd you know that i was one of those gals who'd leave the light on when no one was in there? you've got to stop this... you're blowing my mind...how do you know so much about me? every week you tell me something about myself that i never told you. all slaves must have the same M.O..... or i should fear you more than i have. maybe it's just something that girls do, and you assumed that i'd be one of them?

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 19 Jul 1997 09:20:52 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

your **fuck-puppy** is a happy puppy tonight, because all her puppy needs were met this morning. i heard from you before i went to bed and i came my brains out after i went to bed. what more does a slave need? a truckload of codiene for this headache would be nice. it's starting to ease up some... imitrex is kicking in now... finally. aaah! fall can't come soon enough for me. i'm October dreaming in July. don't see how you can stand 7 mo. of heat/humidity.

yes Sir, i do believe that you ordering me not to cum had a lot to do with the intensity of the orgasm. that and the fantasies that you gave me were a perfect combination. i've used the **slapping** one on more than a few occasions to get off. that gets me off... almost too soon.

you want to hear two tapes that will make my cunt wet and bring a smile to my face? Sir, i believe i could come up with two. two

hundred... that is. but we'll narrow it down to two.

the first one always makes me smile, even though i can no longer remember his name. i remember his face and his very hard body. there was this gunnery sergeant in the Marine Corps at one of the southern bases we were stationed at, that happened to work at the same club as i did. he worked nights and weekends. he had a GI-Joe body, a Marine attitude, and eyes that said, "come here little girl and let me fuck you". i was nuts about him from the first night i worked there, and there was no doubt in my mind that we'd end up in bed sooner or later. sooner... if i had my way. he cat 'n' moused with me for about a month, and i got to the point that i challenged him to back up his words with some action. you know i love these military macho types... they make me drool. i wanted him to stick it in me in the worst way... and... boy... did he ever!!!! one night the manager gave him the keys and left us to close up... first mistake. giggle. you can't leave trinket all alone in a bar with a Marine and not expect some kinda hanky panky. we cleaned up alright... but in the process... we stopped to fuck four times. i'm doing the tables and taking glasses back to the bar... he's ripping through cleaning up the bar, and he says he's going to give me a hand with the rest of the work. so... he comes around and grabs a table cloth, and says, "i should lay this down on the dance floor and fuck you on it". i told him, "if you had any balls... you would". that's all the fighting words a gunny needs to hear. we're out of clothes in two seconds flat. and he did fuck the shit out of me. right there on the dance floor on a red linen table cloth. and then.... after cigarettes and a drink... we do it on one of the tables with me on my back and my legs over his shoulders so i wouldn't fall off the damn thing. Marines give it there all when they're jamming it into you, and this guy did the Marine Corps proud. after that.... he made me one of his way too scrumptious, strawberry daiquiris and we chitty chat... listen to music, etc. he puts his pants back on and i slip into panties and his t-shirt... and we try like hell to finish cleaning up. well... Sir, i said we tried. i'm trucking glasses and ashtrays back to the bar in these pink panties and that olive green t-shirt of his, and he tells me if i don't get some clothes on... we're gonna go for round three. i'm bending over and wiping off tables...knowing that his eyes are on me as he watches those little panties get tighter as i bent all the way to reach the other side of the bigger tables. pretty soon, he's jumping over the bar and he says, "that's it... get over to the band stand... get those panties off and bend over". he puts his hand inside me to pleasure me until i'm running down his wrist, and he puts his cock in me to get it wet and then **ass-fucks** me to **parade rest**. he had a

cock that i won't be forgetting for years... but i can't even remember his name. i'm thinking we're all done for the night, so i go to get cleaned up and put my clothes back on, come back out... finish up... get the last cup of coffee, and go to the back office where he's doing the paperwork and getting the deposit ready. he asks me to stay and talk to him until he's ready to go. your trinket sits down on the **leather** couch and tries to be a good girl... yeah, right. the feel of the leather... the smell of the leather... the thought of being fucked on the leather.... **made** me start wondering how nice it would feel to sink into this with a big... strong..bad ass... Marine on top of me. clothes come off again and we're going for round four. that was very erotic... sinking into the feel of that leather on my skin with that Marine driving home his **weapon**, with my legs wrapped around his back, just sent me into immediate orgasms. there's not a better match in this world than a Marine and a Navy wife. yeah... he was married too. we fucked off 'n' on after that night, and even did it at his office on base one afternoon. he would have been in big trouble if we ever got caught, but we didn't. i've used this tape a couple of times to get off.... maybe about 65-70 times. <lol>

this next one always makes me wet and always will, because the guy was so very special to me. although it happened a long time ago, when i recall it... it's like yesterday. his name was Rob... he was 17 and i was 15. we started seeing each other the fall of my sophomore year, and fucked up until two days before he died at the age of 23. he shot his wife and then himself, while their 2 yr. old daughter was running around the house. i was blown away when it happened, since i'd just been with him and he seemed fine. My first husband Robert and i had been separated for awhile and when i ran into Rob one night, he ended up at my house and was telling me that he most likely would be divorced soon himself. then two days later.... he's history. when i first met him... we were kids and i didn't have all that much sexual experience, but enough to know i liked it. Rob used to like fucking outside, especially in the woods. afternoons when school got out, he'd walk me home and we'd get sidetracked somewhere secluded and end up fucking on those warm Sept./Oct. days with the earthy smell of the woods all around us as i looked up through canopies of brightly colored fall leaves. sometimes we'd do it in fields of tall, cool grass. he had dark hair and a body that was covered with it. i loved the feel of him on me and he had a way of moving when he fucked, that felt like he was trying to crawl up inside me. he had a cock that was not only long...but thick. i was wild about his body and miss him to this day. Rob always took his time with me... which is unusual for teenage

boys at that age. we fucked in the woods a lot before he finally got a car. maybe that's why i still find trees and the woods so exciting. they bring back all those erotic afternoons with him. get me anywhere near trees and my pussy is soaked. every October i think of him when the smell of fall is in the air and the trees are ablaze with color.

when i recall these memories and tapes i've saved over the years, it's almost like someone else lived them and i was just recording, because i see them in my mind from outside the circle and watch myself doing these things. i remember certain feelings and scents and things they said to me, but have a hard time accepting that i've been through as many men as i've been through so far. very few people know this much about my life. i'm still amazed that you continue writing to me, Sir. you know... it's ironic in a way... here i've spent my life with all these men trying to find exactly what i have here with you. the part i gave to them was real and the part i'm giving to you can never be real for either of us, but our relationship is more real to me than any other i've had in my life so far. you've touched me in places they never knew how to find or would ever take the time to look for. you make me want to give myself to you in a way i have never given myself to any man. i thought i was empty and used up until we began to explore this hidden place and you started filling me up with the man you are. now i can't get enough of you to fill the space they left empty. life is a kick in the ass, isn't it?

the motly crew..... court order for eviction hasn't come through yet. andy managed to get another job and is at least keeping the lights on and food on the table. we're at a wait and see stand still right now. they owe far too much to crawl out of this mess and will have to move to low income housing soon, plus be losing the car. Joe hasn't terrorized me since that last time. John told him if he did, he's out for good... no ifs.. ands... or buts. he still comes home wasted and high every night, but he doesn't hassel me. he's fucking this little blonde who seems to be taking up most of his time. Joe has his parents taste for sex. his room is over the den, and i'm sure he doesn't realize what i hear while i'm sitting here writing at night. the other night i heard rather loud **slapping** sounds coming from his room, but Shelly wasn't crying. he's up there fucking and the bed is being drilled into the floor for half the night. she must be some kinda sex kitten who loves to be beaten. i don't ever see black 'n' blues on her, so he's not slapping where it shows. what can i say? it's family blood.... hot Irish blood. i remember what John used to be like at that age. it's no wonder the girls won't leave him alone, even if he is

a drunk. men in their teens/20's can fuck 15 times a night. i wanna be young again, don't you, Sir?

your very wet slave kneels and hands you tonight's assignment to be read, if it pleases you, Sir.

Your very obedient, adoring slave,
trinket

Subj: RE: it's me again, Sir
Date: 97-07-20 00:08:48 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Erin is camping at a lake with her girlfriend and her family. she left this morning and will be gone for a few days. no... John isn't gone.... he's in bed already. just me and my golden retriever (cliff) holding down the fort until Joe/Shelly blow in after the bars close. real exciting Sat. nite here. yawn.....

what am i exploring on the net? oooh... this 'n' that... whatever... seeing who's around in icq.... talking with night people (only about day subjects, Sir). doing some reading on SEX sites. just anything to keep my extra small pea brain amused.... since.... i don't have anyone to talk to.... oh poor me... poor me!!!! there's so much to see and hear, Master. a girl could stay busy for hours.

snuggly hugs... trinket

Subj: RE: brooklyn accents, Sir
Date: 97-07-20 00:21:41 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

it would be a real good night to hear a Brooklyn accent. there's no phone in the master bedroom.... but there is one in the den.... of course, one would have to know when someone with a Brooklyn accent would be calling, so that she could get off line to have that call come through. should you ever run into anyone with a Brooklyn accent... please give him my number and ask him to call me

sometime. thank-you, Master.

i'm begging..... trinket

Subj: RE: trees and wind, Sir
Date: 97-07-20 03:01:01 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

do you remember what the sound of wind is like as it blows through trees on cool summer nights? that's what i'm listening to as i sit here with all the windows open. no other sounds to be heard out here tonight. the air feels and smells like fall... cool ... crisp... clean. thank-you for being here and for sharing it with me.

i'll leave you alone now... i promise,

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 00:35:40 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: have it your way, Sir

Dear Master,

please forgive me for having any requests at all. stupid of me to have asked to speak to you on the telephone. everything should always be **your** way, Sir. whatever you want... whenever you want it. yes..... you should set the pace, Master. how stupid of me for forgetting that i have no needs. my most humble of apologies for asking to hear Your voice, and to chat with you in real time on the computer, Sir.

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 08:18:28 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you, Sir, for the information about the computer telephone. no Sir, it doesn't sound like a good idea. it was just a thought that has now passed. figured it wouldn't hurt to ask if you knew anything about it.

Sir, no Sir, your description of yourself was not a complicated bone for me at all. i realize that you enjoyed being **cruel**, Sir. i no longer have a fantasy picture of you, Sir. i've just been trying to picture what you look like from what you have told me so far, Sir. if the idea of me holding an image of you close to me is upsetting to you, Sir, then i will never ask you for another detail, Sir. i can accept your need for privacy, Sir. please forgive me for trying to invade your space, Sir. i have no right to ask you for these things, Sir. after all, i'm nothing more than your slave, Sir. i will work on the character defect of liking the **macho... special-force... ranger... types**, Sir. and i will try not to like the **pretty boys** either, Sir. Sir, yes Sir, you have brought reality into our relationship. i'm most grateful for this, Sir. Sir, yes Sir, i do see how mean you can be, Sir. thank-you for this, Sir.

No Sir, Rob never seemed like he wasn't happy. he was a rather quiet guy compared to other boys his age. he always seemed very mature and didn't engage in the usual rowdy antics of the average 17-18 yr. old boys. yes Sir, he drank a little in high school and more as he got older. i hardly know anybody who doesn't drink, Sir.

you asked about sex in the military, Sir. the first leading indicator that sex would be involved, is that it's run by a very large **good ole boy** network. there's more sex going on in the military than the average civilian would like to know about. there is a rather crude one liner that pretty well sums it up. "it's not who you know...it's who you blow...that counts". you want anything in the military... be prepared to kiss some ass or suck some cock. common knowledge... check around. we partied with chiefs and officers a lot. the officers are the biggest sluts of the military. i got to see a lot of what went on with washington politics and navy officers. an under secretary of the navy used to see a certain skipper's wife while he was on sea duty. John was on board. they made a 9 mo. Indian Ocean cruise with the skipper i previously mentioned while his wife was frequently visited by the under secretary of the navy and everybody knew it. John was fucking waves in Memphis and god knows where else. everybody was screwing somebody.... seemed normal to me. yes Sir, i do believe there's sexual harassment in the

military... i'm just not sure to what extent. i believe some of the men are getting a bad rap, it's not all their fault. but if you were around to see how a good many of them take advantage of their power and position, you might think differently. military people are a whole different breed of animal. you learn to take what's here right now, because it's all subject to change in a few hours. i've been sitting down to dinner with John at times... he'd get a phone call... start packing a duffle bag and be gone in an hour. couldn't tell me where they were going... how long they'd be gone...or when they were coming back. you do that a few times and you learn to grab for the moment. some guys that left on deployment never made it back. so that's why the sex thing is out of control in the military. months and months without it, tension, always moving to another base, another town. after awhile... nothing is real... nothing lasts... nothing ever stays the same. i loved it except for the long deployments. i got used to leaving people behind and i found it was easier to do the more we did it. you learn not to get close to anyone you care about... casuse they could be ripped away from you tomorrow. so... i see why the guys do what they do and many of the wives do the same thing. divorces soar right after a long cruise. i've had my share of sex at bases all over the country with officers... down to E-5's. the military could keep a sex researcher busy for the next 100 yrs.

today has been a real learning experience for me, Sir. i've pretty much decided that it'll be in my best interest to refrain from asking any more questions about anything, Sir. i truly feel that my questions have been misunderstood, Sir. i think perhaps i should stick with just answering your questions, Sir. Sir, no Sir, you haven't been a failure. Sir, everything you do is perfect, Sir. Sir, i have nothing to complain about, Sir. Sir, i have never been happier in my entire life than i am at this moment, Sir. Sir, if i were any happier, my face would crack from smiling so much, Sir. Sir, there's nothing more you can do, Sir. Sir, i wouldn't change a thing about you, Sir. Sir, i have no suggestions about anything, Sir. Sir, i don't think any ideas i have would be worthy of your attention, Sir.

yes Sir, i am happy with the way things are going. who wouldn't be happy with a loving Master like you, Sir? i am so happy, Sir. i wish you could see how happy i was tonight, Sir.

no Sir, i don't want to move things along or change one single thing you're doing. Sir, everything you do or say or breathe or walk or command or order or wear or eat or believe is as perfect as it can

be. Sir, i wouldn't want it any other way, Sir.

yes Master, i did want to hear your voice and spend some time with you... that's all. and now you think i'm trying to control and manipulate you, and change the pace of our relationship. i can get kicks any night of the week if that's what i was after. it's on the net everywhere you turn. i wanted to hear your voice for no other reason than to better know who you are. i was excited by you and quite taken with the man i've come to know through his writing. i thought that the private chat via icq would be a change of pace from e-mail every now and then...not every night like some high school kid in a chat room.

Master this wasn't a control issue for me. of course i want you to be in charge and continue to set the pace. i'm sorry if you thought i was trying to change that. i'm too hungry and needy for attention and i've got to start hiding that again from people. it's clear to me that my need and hunger for you has been mistaken for something it wasn't meant to be. i will work on hiding that need for you, Sir. i do want to make you happy, and this isn't making you happy. please forgive me.

your last note of the day had **tammy** at the beginning of it. are we back to that again, Sir? or was that your way of telling me that you thought **tammy** wrote the note? have i been stripped of the name trinket? would you prefer i go back to tammy? i don't know what's going on here at all, Sir. another benefit of icq is instant explanations... instead of misunderstood e-mails. this probably could have been cleared up in two lines on there. but as it stands... it'll probably be distorted in some fashion, and end up being my fault for sure. i give up... i don't want to fight with you about anything. if you think i'm wrong about something... then i must be wrong... if you think i'm right... then i must be right.

Master, if you're confused... how do you think i feel right now... other than stressed? everything was fine... i ask a couple of what i thought were reasonable questions... send some bedtime notes, and now i feel like it's all turned around again. i most likely have done this to myself. i always try to get too close to fast for fear of losing the person i most want. then the wall comes up... i'm hurt... the other person is angry and feels pressured, and then feelings get trampled on and words fly. please teach me to be cold and show no emotion.

Sir, i humbly ask you to forgive me for any misunderstandings you may have had concerning my letters/notes from yesterday. no notes from me anymore...no more requests... assignments only should keep us on track and help me to remember that i'm just a slave.

just your slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 14:45:26 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: not that, Sir

Dear Master,

i know things are not right between us..... and it's mostly my fault. the rest we'll blame on the full moon and my reaction to it.

i live for your **as ordered** letters. please don't take them away. i admit that last night's was a bit more formal than the ones i usually send. i was very upset because of your reaction to my requests, and the way you turned one of my notes against me.

after having hours to think about this today, i've now sorted through my bruised feelings and realize you did nothing wrong. it was my fault for pushing boundries that i had no business even being near. this has been a life long pattern for me. i sincerely apologize for the out of control assignment letter. it was cold, wasn't it? what can i do to make things right between us again? should i start with some groveling? i don't want to write too much right now... until i know that you're even receptive to hearing from me today.

i kneel with bowed head and ask you to forgive me, Master. i'm sorry if i hurt you.

your contrite slave...trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 16:03:09 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: groveling, Sir

Dear Master,

can i grovel close enough to ask you to reconsider the decision not to send me any more assignment letters? they've been a part of my life for 2 1/2 mo. now. **nobody** assigns work quite like you do, Sir. i'm begging you to please leave things just the way they were before i tried to get more than i had a right to ask for. i do love the way you're handling the relationship, but you tease me and i just got greedy with wanting to see your face in my mind, and needing to hear your voice to confirm the image i have of you. last night i felt you were trying to destroy any positive image i may have had about you. i know in my heart that you're not ugly at all.... in fact.... you're probably quite handsome. some of the sexiest men i've known have no idea that they're attractive at all. John is a prime example... i'm still ape over the way he looks...even after all these years. he's more handsome to me now that he has a full gray beard and lines in his face than when i first met him, but what he sees... is an older man that is no longer attractive to women. i have sisters and nieces that think he's extremely attractive. men so seldom focus on their looks that they have no idea who'd actually be turned on by them. so... please stop trying to tell me that i'll be disappointed in the way you look. i don't think i will be, Sir. maybe you want me to be... so i won't like you so much? i just don't know. you're hard to read.

just thought i'd throw this out and see what you think.

i'm thinking of you... i still adore you... my feelings for you and this relationship haven't changed at all.

hugs... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 16:27:07 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: slave puppy **crawls**, Sir

Dear Master,

your slave puppy crawls to you and licks your feet and begs forgiveness for nagging you for more than you were ready to give.

you're the Master, and you know what's best for your slaves. i'm a slave who hasn't learned this yet... but i'm trying. slave brains don't process things like Masters do. that's why we need to be controlled and owned. we'd hurt ourselves if we were to be turned loose on the world. i've told you how much i respect your opinion, and then last

night i tried to over ride a decision you thought would be best for me.
that is... to dole out yourself in bits 'n' pieces.

an ashamed... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 18:45:37 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: the assignment, Sir

Dear Master,

i will be more than happy to redo the assignment, correctly this time, Sir. thank-you for giving me the chance to attempt to make things right between us. your one line note made me very wet... as they always do. you have a knack for knowing just when to use them.... not to mention... knowing the effect they'll have on me. they always seem to improve my attitude, and tend to motivate me into trying that much harder to please you.

your stupid slave has slave things to do...like dishes/laundry. here it is 9:48 and i haven't even had dinner yet. must fix some gruel. will get back to you in awhile. i'll be rewriting the letter in my head as i do these things.

i kneel and thank-you..... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 20:49:51 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: dinner conversation, Sir

Dear Master,

my dinner partner (cliff) said he didn't mind if i ate and wrote at the same time. he's pretty good about these things, as long as i save him a few bites. so... if i don't spill anything on the keys...i can get off another note to you. i know i said i would **never** send you another note again, and here i am right back at it. i'm so weak.... i hate myself.

it took a car jack to get my teeth unclenched after writing last nights letter. perhaps i was a trifle tense, and maybe shouldn't have written at all? the word **no** equates to rejection in my brain, and i

immediately become defensive. when i took the time to back up and rethink what happened, i then realized that i hadn't handled the situation in a very adult manner.... never mind slavelike. the little girl part of trinket wants everything... now. the adult part knows that all things come in time, and will always be exactly as they should be. my life would be so much easier if i were one person all the time. i honestly don't know how to meld all these personalities into one reasonably sane adult. my moods can turn on a dime, and before i know it, i'm being somebody i never intended to be. i'll forget sometimes that there's a full moon and be having more mood swings than usual and John and i are in the attack mode.... when it suddenly hits me to check the calendar or look outside to see what the hell is going on. it was much worse when i was still having periods.... i didn't even like me. i'm not trying to excuse bad behavior or explain away my angry letter. just telling you how i react to moon phases. i know i'm not the only one who is affected by them, since i have a police scanner, and it goes off twice as much as we approach and move into a full moon phase. drunks go nuts... domestic violence calls soar and accidents increase. your **moonchild** slave is a very moody and emotional person, Sir. please forgive me for losing it last night. it was wrong to do, and i'm sorry i took it out on you. believe me... i don't like anyone to see this side of my dark personality. it's there and i try to control it, but sometimes it controls me.

i'm not sending you this because i'm looking for a response from you today. if you remain true to form.... there will be no response until i redo the assignment, correct, Sir ? i've learned that much about you already. you say more by your silence than if you yelled at me for an hour. i can't understand that kind of control. you're human...doesn't anger ever make you crazy? you've told me that you never discipline when angry, and i know you don't write when you are. how do you control it without destroying those around you? maybe you're not angry that often... i don't know. you're certainly more mellow than anyone i've known in awhile.

i won't keep you tied up any longer. i don't imagine you're feeling too good about me at the present time... and may not even be reading this until tomorrow. if by chance.... you do read this this evening... know that the mood has passed and i'm in a much better space tonight. i'm back to thinking good thoughts about my Master, and will be sending you a proper assignment.... minus the over use of the word **Sir**.

back to being obedient....trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 22:43:35 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: >>>>>>>>> slave prints, Sir

Dear Master,

slave walks quietly down the hall.... looks both ways and behind her.... lays note at her Masters door.... knocks and runs quickly back to her room.

Master opens the door.... doesn't see anyone, but notices note on the floor. Master reads the note that says that his slave is sorry for the trouble she caused today, and she only wanted to say good-night and to let him know that she deserves the silence she has had to live with all day.

slave gets back to her room... heart is pounding... tears are running down her face... she misses seeing the Master and misses talking to him. slave throws herself on the bed and cries herself to sleep.

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 21 Jul 1997 06:33:17 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for the information about phone calls via computer. it doesn't sound like something i'd be interested in at this time. maybe... never.

Master, i believe that we all have our preferences when it comes to looks....some have more than others. my personal favorite is the military look, and cops run a close second. that doesn't mean that i don't like other men as well. i feel that you think i place too much emphasis on looks, and not enough on the man himself. if you truly believe that, how do you explain my attraction to you when i've never even seen you? i'm attracted to you because of the man you are inside and the way you touch me every day through your writing.

your personality is extremely dominant, and has captured my attention, and continues to hold me captive. the traits i see in you are the ones i most admire in a man. it makes no difference to me what you look like. the only reason i've asked for details is, that i'd like to have a mental picture of who i'm talking to every day. just a face to put with the words.... like the one i gave you. if you'd rather have me make up a pretend face, i guess i could do that. i'll pick a face that turns me on, and i'll pretend it's you, but i really don't want to have to do that. i imagine that when you're ready to become real to me, you will. until that time, i'll make you a Marine, if that's all right with you, Sir. however, if you'd rather be a Sailor, an Army dude, or an Air Force General... i could change you to that image. please let me know which one suits you best.

no Sir, Rob never gave me the impression that he was unhappy about anything. the last night we made love, he seemed the same as he always had. i went to his funeral like some kind of zombie, because i just couldn't believe that someone i'd held in my arms two days before was now dead. i've never been to another funeral since his, and i don't plan on attending any more in the future. yes, he did drink... although not excessively, and he never used drugs to my knowledge. who knows what goes on in people's heads unless they tell you? i'm grateful for the good memories i have of him, and i'm thankful i got to see him one more time before he died.

since i've already told you some of what goes on in the military, i won't bore you with repeating that part of it. at one time, having extra marital affairs would get you thrown out of the military in a heartbeat. seems that they've relaxed that rule quite a bit from what we see in the news today. everything in the military involves politics on some level. if you have a friend who just happens to be a friend of a Navy detailer, you get much better duty stations. if you remain friends with the officers, they have a lot of pull with the powers that be, that can get you about anything you need pertaining to your career or choice of the better duty stations and assignments. but it does come with a price tag, and it's not just the officers who take advantage of their power and position. prime example.... John and this E-8 chief wanted to go to N.H. to be instructors at the Navy S.E.R.E. school. so this chief had connections with his officer buddies and the then secretary of the Navy. John and him were on deployment together, and this chief used to fly back to Va. Beach whenever they brought officers back for mini-r 'n' r's. John had told me to be nice to Chief Crowley if he came sniffing around because they were working on a set of orders to get the hell off sea duty.

sure enough... chief calls... wants to take the little navy wife to lunch and talk about John's orders. the little navy wife wore her prettiest dress... heels with those little thin ankle straps..and her best perfume, and met the nice chief for lunch. what a salty old dog he was too. telling me shit like how we all had to hang together to get through this deployment and if there was anything i needed while John was gone, i should call him... you know how the rest goes. but the little navy wife didn't go to bed with the nice... very much older chief, and the orders somehow fell through... imagine that. must have been a glitch in Washington somewhere. and that's how the game is played for some wives. with the military women themselves, they have to be a lot more guarded. some of them get used badly, while others let themselves be used to climb the ladder of success. common knowledge is that the wave barracks is nothing more than an orgasm pit for for the users and takers. pretty tempting to have this little low ranking wave who just happens to have a pretty face and a knock out body, who needs to get through one of the navy schools, but maybe isn't as bright as she should be. word has it that **arrangements** can be made to alter grades, even get the duty station of your choice. there's potential for abuse on both sides of this coin. officers are not **gentlemen** at parties either. first time we ever partied with them was in Washington and we had something or other going on, and navy friends were there as well as these officers we knew who lived close to us. John and i made this huge bowl of punch with everything in it but lighter fluid. that will tear down walls of inhibition fast. i was pretty trashed myself, but i do remember being in the upstairs bathroom with this one officer who followed me upstairs and pushed his way in with me when i went in. next thing i remember, he's got his back to the door, holding it shut to keep people out and i'm on my knees giving him a blow job. John knew i was up there with him because he saw him follow me up. all he said was,"for christ sakes, tammy, couldn't you have at least taken him into the bedroom, since there were people waiting to use the bathroom?" we laughed about it the next day when i was talking to him about the way some of them were dancing with me and some of the things i'd seen going on at the party. i told him that i was under the impression that they were a cut above, and therefore didn't act like the average military animal. that's when he told me that i had a lot to learn about the military. i could go on... but the stories have no end because they're still going on.

Master, there isn't anything you're doing with me or have done to me that i'd change, and i'm sorry if i gave you the impression that i wanted to change things. i have no suggestions for my training,

because i feel that you're doing a far better job than a mere slave like me could even begin to do. i wouldn't have any idea where to begin or what to do. i'd really rather follow than lead, if it's alright with you, Sir?

a kennel Master? and doggie toys too? you shouldn't have... you're way too good to me. what treats! thank-you for providing such pleasures for your slave-puppy. lick..lick

in answer to one of your notes, Sir..... yes, you are meeting my needs, and i have no complaints. i'm sorry that i made you feel that i wasn't satisfied. i have no desire to **run the show**, now or in the future. there can only be one person in charge in a Master/slave relationship, and i really do prefer that the person be you, Sir. i was wrong to ask you to call me, and i apologize for that. i'm so anxious to hear your voice that i thought if i asked you to call me, you would. i should've known that you wouldn't, because it wasn't my place to even ask these things of you. you're the Master, and if you'd wanted to call me, you would've by now. nagging isn't going to get you to change your mind, but it will make you angry if i don't stop. i promise not to ask you again for details of how you look or for a phone call. i shouldn't have tried to get that close to you without you asking me to be there. a slave isn't supposed to ask for anything from you, Master. my job is to serve/obey you, and to be grateful for anything you do give me.

thank-you for all your valuable time that you've put into training me so far. i will try to be more appreciative of this in the future, and start showing it by being a totally submissive/obedient slave.

Master, i kneel and hand you this redone assignment for your inspection and approval. i humbly ask that you forgive me for the one i gave you last night. and yes Sir, i realize that this can not go unpunished. i'm nervously prepared for whatever that might be, and yes, i understand that i deserve it.

Your repentant slave,
trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 21 Jul 1997 20:12:19 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: oh..thank-you, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for accepting me back into your heart. you don't know what this means to me. i promise you... you won't be sorry.

i kneel before you with tears of happiness and relief on my face and ones of sorrow for misbehaving and disappointing you.

will send another note directly. just got home. sorry for the lapse in writing. couldn't be helped. want to get this off so that you'll know i'm back.

hugs... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 21 Jul 1997 20:44:23 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: here for the rest of the night, Sir

Dear Master,

my heart is still racing from running around like a madman trying to get back to this computer and you. been gone for a few hours. prior to our going out, John needed the phone for work calls from 7:30-9:00... and then we left to do some shopping. yeah...my jailer let me out. actually, he had to, since he isn't too good at selecting frilly things for granddaughters. my precious Megan has her first birthday tomorrow... and i needed to get her frilly little girl things, teddy bears, and what not. then we went by bridget's place to drop things off and visit for awhile. but i'm here now and will be for the rest of the night.

thank-you for letting me back in your heart, Master. it was cold out here and i missed you terribly. oh... but, Sir, i do feel just awful for the trouble i've caused, and i know i have a lot of ass to kiss and groveling left to do, but that doesn't keep me from being excited about being let back into your life. i truly appreciate your kindness and understanding. i'm prepared to do whatever it takes to make up for my inappropriate actions. i'm at your mercy and i'm kneeling and crying and apologizing and thanking you. i don't care if you watch me cry. i deserve to be watched by you and not held at this time.

your crying slave-trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 21 Jul 1997 21:02:47 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: no new friends, Sir

Dear Master,

forgot to mention in last e-mail that i didn't make any new friends Sat, night on the net. just talking to the ones i've known since we first got this. don't have that much time to go cruising chat rooms and icq. that shit wore off for me after the second week... same o... same o... night after night. check in with a few every once in awhile... talk to girlfriends and family in other states that have computers. mostly i search for stuff to read about... bdsm... sm... ds... power/control. have read a lot of peoples stories and accounts of the lifestyle. looked at some 24/7 relationships... you know... stuff like that. i'm not interested in cruising for men or for another Dom. i like what i have right here, and i intend to devote more time to learning how to better serve you. you never realize what you have until you almost lose it, and i've come real close to doing that lately. please believe me when i say that i'm more than happy with you, Sir. i couldn't ask for a better Master, and i'd be hard pressed to find one that i'm attracted to as much as i am you. i'm fiercely attracted to your overly dominant personality and controlling nature. i wouldn't change anything about you if i could.

kneeling and thanking you,

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 22 Jul 1997 07:43:07 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

no Sir, i won't ever think about pulling that shit on you again. i don't plan to go crazy, it just happens. my irish temper has caused me a lot of grief in this lifetime. when i get on a roll, i don't stop until i crash. i'll bet you're wondering what you did to deserve me, aren't you? i know that i've caused you to increase your aspirin intake since you've met me. perhaps i should send cash to replenish your supply? i worry about what i've done to your blood pressure. i've got to be the most unruly slave that you've had to deal with in a long

time. here i've only been in your presence for 2 1/2 mo..... and i've required more discipline than five slaves. have you found yourself uttering the words,"why me god?" i'm not proud of this in any way, so please don't think i'm making light of this, because i'm not. i'm deeply ashamed of myself, and i realize it's going to take a lot of hard work on my part to convince you of my sincerity to be one of your slaves. i'm more than thankful that you haven't made me leave for good. i pray that i never give you cause to do that. yes, i know i have to work on controlling my behavior if i expect to remain in your presence, and i will, Sir.

you want to hear about family oriented politicians? i personally don't believe there's any such animal, but there are plenty of politicians with families. some of these men are the biggest assholes that Washington has ever seen. i'd rather do a motel call with Joe citizen than with all the politicians Washington has to offer. they're rich, they're arrogant, they degrade you, and they treat you like a piece of trash. and some even put a hold on the check they wrote you the night before, so that when you go to cash it... you get zip and he's already had your ass. what are you gonna do, go to his door the next day and demand it? no..we didn't... we ate the call and chalked it up to experience. they live in those nice homes and townhouses over in Georgetown... they go to work in three piece suits... and they act like Billy Bob from the trailer park when you go to see them. they're usually very drunk...they use abusive language... they handle you roughly... they're real big on blow jobs... especially when they make you kneel. they say filthy things to you while you're sucking their cocks. they want stuff like ass fucking... or they want you to suck theirs. never did either with one single politician. told them... straight sex, or blow jobs only. they weren't good tippers at all, and usually haggled with you over basic prices from the service charge on down. some of them would even fuck us in the master bedroom that they shared with their wives... others never went past the living room. they'd make a point of pouring themselves really good wine or expensive liquors, and never ask if you'd like a drink... shit, even a soda or a glass of water would've been nice. if you had other calls before them and got there a few minutes late, because of Tony's overbooking, you didn't here the end of it until the call was completed. nothing makes them happy. i think they call hookers to have someone to vent on and get an orgasm in the process. they're bad news, all the way around. the worst ones are the ones who get rooms at the nice hotels... so the neighbors won't see what they really do at night. want to know who's doing what in Washington? ask a cab driver or a whore... they'll tell you the truth. sometime i'll

tell you about, John, the ex-senator. one of the nicest men i've ever met. went to his place a gazillion times... never had sex... he paid me well... he was a gentleman and a teddy bear. i met him my first night on the job... what a godsend he was!

one of the kinkiest calls i went to was one i was forced to go to by Tony, because there was no one else available, and he said, "you're it, kid". as you know, submissives aren't too good at giving pain, because they'd rather receive it. you know where we're going with this, don't you? and i'm saying, "but Tony, i've never used a belt or a whip on a guy before". he's telling me i can do it, fake it if i have to, just get the damn money. the girl who usually did these calls was already booked for the evening, and i was left with this burned out coke head to ask for advice from. she'd done this type of call with lots of guys and told me that it was a piece of cake, because they just wanted to be hurt and they didn't much care who it was or how much experience they had, just as long as they could swing a belt or whip. i'm whining to Jesse all the way to the call, and telling him i'm gonna blow this big time and i know it. he told me to pretend it was John and i was getting back at him for hurting me. Jesse could think these things through, and talk me into anything. this was at a motel... which made me nervous, since you can hear through most motel walls. the guy was as nervous as i was and he was so excited that he was shaking as he got the money out of his wallet. that girl had told me to ask for this ridiculous price... and be damned if he didn't pay it. we spend some time talking about what he wanted me to do... and he gets undressed... but i don't. what he wanted was for me to beat him with this really thick **leather** belt on his ass, back and legs. you can't imagine how much i was shaking inside, and how i dreaded doing this. Master, this isn't my bag at all... and i had all i could do to keep from falling to my knees when he gets this belt out. my pussy is dripping by then, and this clown wants me to fuck him up. can't you just see it? two masochists holed up in the same room... both wanting to be beat into oblivion. i start off kinda easy and work into it... then he starts asking me to hit harder, and i do. it got easier after 8-10 hits. he wasn't looking at me, and as soon as i saw him reacting to the pain... i really laid into him. i did what Jesse told me to do... pretended it was John, and hit like i was hitting him. god... i went nuts. what a fucking feeling of power... i loved it. i don't remember how many times i struck him with that belt, but he didn't complain, and he didn't ask me to slow down or stop until he had so many marks on him that i knew for sure he wouldn't be sleeping on his back for a few days. he had light skin like myself and his ass looked like tomatoes that had been ripened in the sun. his back had

marks everywhere and his thighs had huge welts starting to rise when i was done. make a mental note to hide all belts from trinket... just in case. he didn't even want sex... he was beating off when i left. can you believe that men pay to have total strangers do this to them? i couldn't... i'd be afraid i'd end up with some psycho who wouldn't stop when i asked him to. that was the only call i did like that. i told Tony that i really didn't want to do this on a running basis, because i was afraid one of these guys would turn the tables on me and i'd be counting lash marks until Jesse rescued my ass. being beat by a stranger is not my idea of a good time.

Master, i know that i haven't apologized, groveled, or praised you nearly enough. my letters this week will have all three of these things in them every day.

please let me end this letter with another sincere apology for my list of infractions, along with my insolent attitude that was used to get back at you for not giving in to my selfish needs. i **crawl** to you... lick your feet... kiss your ass repeatedly... while begging in my most slavlike manner for your forgiveness. i'm an ungrateful slut who shouldn't even be allowed in your presence to beg. i'm stupid and worthless, and i don't deserve a superior Master such as yourself. i should spend a night in the kennel for acting like some kind of rabid animal. you should take my new doggie toys away until i learn to obey you and behave like a slave that you'd have in your house. bad puppy. bad puppy. bad puppy. real bad slave puppy. no walks with the Master for a week. you should take away the pretty collar and make me wear an ugly one. you shouldn't let any of my doggie friends in the yard. bad slave puppies don't deserve doggie friends. whimper... whimper... slink away.

Master, please accept this assignment from your trinket and know that she really is sorry. thank-you for letting me back into your heart.

awaiting her punishment,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 22 Jul 1997 07:22:05 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: the plan, Sir

Dear Master,

the plan is to go upstairs in say, about an hour and a half. strip naked... lay on my bed... spread my pretty legs.... expose my beautiful twat.... reach for my electronic male, (george). go tripping through my memory library... pull up one fantastic orgasm fantasy... grab a back-up one while i'm there... and roll all that erotic footage as i place (george) on his appointed spot. the tape i'll be pulling up this morning is the one that makes me **crazy** every time i think about it... the kneeling in front of you with my hands cuffed behind my back while you slap my face with slow... hard.... methodical... slaps that make my pussy ooze with desire for you. i'm biting my hand again! you don't know how much i appreciate a man who not only loves to slap, but is controlled enough to do it slowly and hard. i would thank you twice for every slap and beg you to make it hurt more. the second tape i'll use is the **start crawling for me bitch** one that makes me wet any hour of the day. and then.... i'm going to run these as i reach that peak we all wait for and slide down into all that orgasmic energy and scream silently as my body becomes relaxed with the release of female liquid sex. then.... i'm going to kiss (george) good-nite and call it a day. when i roll over to get comfortable in my semi-fetal position and reach for that pillow to hug as i sleep... i'll be hugging you and running things you've said to me through my head as i surrender to the sound of the a/c and the quiet darkness of the room.

sounds like a plan to me.... i think i'll go with it. what do ya think?
good choice?

hugging you... wanting you... needing you... craving you... adoring you... obeying you... submitting to you... being controlled by you... being owned.

Your collared slave,

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 08:15:15 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

thanks for telling me what i did wrong with the computer. i was

ripped when the computer ate my mail. i hate doing letters over, because they never sound the same the second time around. i have so much to learn about computers. please send a gay computer nerd to help me. i could learn and have fun at the same time, and you could trust me with him.... well... kinda.

Sir, thanks for asking about the family. i know you don't mean to pry or give unwanted advice, and you don't have to worry about me taking it that way, because i don't. where to begin? i'm afraid Erin won't be going to college any time soon... if ever. she didn't even pass this year and will only be taking one or two classes in the fall. Erin hasn't put forth any effort towards her education since about the 8th grade. since she's been at the high school, there's been nothing but trouble. she's been repeatedly suspended from classes and from school. she gets into verbal confrontations with all the teachers and her principal. she's extremely disruptive and uses abusive language to cause a scene whenever she can. i've had it with Erin and school. i'm kinda at the end of my rope with her. i love her dearly... she makes me laugh... she's my baby, but god... is she a brat in school. she'll take the bus from here... get off at school... and spend the day in town with friends. sometimes she'll go there for awhile... need a cigarette... and just walk out. she does no homework and this year she didn't even bother with tests and refused to take finals. i've talked with teachers, guidance counselors, and the principal until they finally stopped calling and just started throwing her out. they really don't want her back at all this year, and i can't blame them. i don't know what to do with her. i've tried talking to her and pleading and begging and threatening, but nothing seems to reach her. i don't know what she's planning on doing with her life, but this isn't a good way to start it. the only classes she'll consent to attend, are english and culinary arts, since she likes both those teachers. i'm not thrilled... but at least it's something. Joe wouldn't consider going back to school unless he could enroll in Budweiser 101. he's way too far down his chosen path of self destruction to give any thought to education at this point in his life. sounds cold, but these are the hard cold facts. if i were the only parent in this situation, i guess i'd be beating up on myself right about now, but i have lots of company in this area. i'm trying to take it in stride and i look at the positive things she does... like not running the streets or doing drugs on a regular basis. this could be a whole lot worse, and most definitely was. with Joe. any objective suggestions would be helpful. i'm open to about anything you have to offer. thanks.

slave kneels and humbly offers tonight's assignment to you, Sir.

Your chastised slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 23:10:54 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: happiness spreads like wildfire, Sir

Dear Master,

if you believe that laughter heals, then you've got to believe that happiness spreads like wildfire, Sir. all the positive energy that you've been feeding me is now having rippling effects on the family. i'm seeing signs of happiness popping up everywhere. bouquets of fresh cut flowers have been picked for me and left in a decorative display on the dining room table for me to see when i get up. today the kitchen was cleaned up and the dishes were done in the middle of the day... not by me. the husband is now coming downstairs in the morning wearing the cologne i like best on him. he's talking to me more than he has in 7 yrs., and he's hugging me without pulling away. tonight Erin asked me if i was on drugs or something. she says, "what's wrong with you, you're always smiling or laughing lately?"

god... if she only knew what i was smiling and laughing about. sometimes i'll be running tapes of things we've talked about or shared, and i can't stifle the laughter or hide my happiness. and she'll go, "what the hell is your problem?" i have you to thank for this, my Master. what you've given me has changed my life, and is now touching those i live with. how do i repay you for a gift like this?

will be thinking about you all through the night. rest well my Master.

good-night hugs... trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-25 06:43:04 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

what fantasies did i have when i was younger, about what i wanted to be when i grew up? i didn't have any idea what i would do when i grew up. no dreams... no plans... no hopes. back in the 50's and 60's, girls weren't encouraged to think beyond having a home of their own and a family someday. Remember? all i ever wanted to be, was free and clear of the warden's wrath. gospel truth. Erin and i are very different. when i was her age, i was already engaged to Robert, and i married in August of my 17th yr. spent the 3 mo. prior to marriage, getting apt. ready to live in once we were married. the night before we got married, we had been out for the evening and he brought me back early so that i could finish up doing whatever. after he left... i cried my heart out because i didn't love him and i didn't want to marry him or live with him. i was a kid and didn't know how to get out of it, since the church was booked, the dress was bought, and the reception had been planned. my need to get out of that house over rode my depression over marrying Robert. we went to Canada on our honemooon... i started my period... i wasn't comfortable sleeping with a man all night, and i cried after he was asleep. i was very unhappy for the first year of marriage, and i thought my life had ended. little did i know, that it hadn't even begun yet. i look at Erin this summer and think she's still just a baby, and wonder how my mother thought i was ready for marriage at that age. Erin doesn't even date on a regular basis yet. bridget and Anna were more like me at Erin's age than Erin is now. bridget married at 17 too, but she seemed much more grown up than Erin does. Anna married at 18. soon i will have been married for the last 31 yrs.... minus the 10 days i was divorced back in '71. Master, i've been collared forever, haven't i? someday.... i just want to live by myself and experience a little peace and quiet. i've decorated countless places in my head over the years, detailing exactly what **my** place would look like. i know one thing, it would be different than any place i've lived so far. my place would say, this is **tammy**. if not today.....

Your humble/obedient slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 25 Jul 1997 12:05:11 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: oh no... she's awake, Sir

Dear Master,

wanna come and take a nap on the sun porch? it's warm out there, even though the weather is a little cool today. i'll close the blinds and bring you a light blanket. the day bed is comfy and squishy. i'll make cliff stay in the house so that he doesn't lick you, Sir. and when you wake up.... i'll bring you some iced tea or a cold soda.

i'm not teasing you, Sir. i've heard of chronic fatigue and have listened to people talk about it. no, it doesn't sound like much fun at all, and i'm sure it causes you much frustration at times, since you're a creative person with on-going projects. i'll be grateful for a bad back from here on out. i hardly sleep and you can't get enough.... we're shaping up to be the original odd couple, aren't we?

i love it when you share things about yourself with me. please don't ever worry about boring me with things about your life. i want to know about you as much as you do me. i'm so hooked on that mind of yours, that nothing you could say would seem boring to me at all.

actually my back is a lot better than it was. i'll tell you about it later tonight. John happened onto something that's turning out to be a godsend. been taking it since mid-April and i can move/walk much easier... pain is now sporadic rather than constant. he does care about me... even if he has a hard time expressing it. sometimes i think i'm too quick to judge him. bad wife. <smile>

Erin is pacing and complaining... gotta run... even brats have their needs.

warm hugs... warm thoughts... warm fuzzy feelings.... your trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 25 Jul 1997 22:41:29 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: guess who, Sir

Dear Master,

you have lots of questions today my brown-eyed, Brooklyn voiced, gray-bearded Master. your research mode button is gonna get stuck one of these days.

yes Sir, John was a politician.... ex-senator to be exact. no, Erin isn't getting my car... she has her own that John bought for her birthday. she goes for her license next month, and it's giving me stomach

cramps just thinking about the baby in a car by herself. i worried with all the others too, and they managed to do just fine. everything is harder to let go of with Erin, because she's the last one. each step she takes toward her own life is one more away from us, and my panic is starting to show a little.

i liked your **don't forget** section in the note. you sound like a mother. <smile> i've been accused of doing that as they're trying to get out of the house for the night. i'll be in the door saying, "don't forget this 'n' don't forget that 'n' don't forget that i have the scanner on 'n' i'll hear if you get stopped for anything". Joe's accident came over the scanner the night he and his girlfriend rolled the truck. took my breath away when i heard it, because all they were saying was that they both had been transferred to the hospital via ambulance. these are words that no mother likes to hear at 2:00 am. children will keep your blood pumping and jumping, and even make the heart stop a time or two.

tonight is another cool night in the 40's... time to make some cinnamon tea. before we know it.... it'll be time to start shoving wood into the woodstove at a sniper's pace, just to stay warm at night. can't you just see your trinket with logs... carried in **gingerly**... so i don't get any dirt on myself or my pretty little nightgowns? since i'm up all night.... i get to keep the home fires burning. one of the drawbacks to being a night person.

good-night... rest well.... my biggest hugs.... trinket

Subj: RE: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-07-26 10:16:54 EDT
From: trinket
To:abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

i met John my very first night of working, and we remained friends for the next 4 yrs. John had suffered a stroke that had left him paralyzed from the waist down. in addition to this, he had heart trouble, and was an alcoholic. yes, he was a bit of a mess, but one of the nicest men i've ever known.

that first night, John had called tony's and asked for a girl to come over to talk, but all the ones he knew were already on calls.... so Tony told him had a new girl that just started, and he could send her.

Tony told me this wouldn't be a big money call since the guy never had sex with the girls, and he usually stuck to one price for everybody. he said that the other girls had all seen John, and didn't really like to go there because they couldn't get the price they wanted for the call. i was new, so it's not like i would've told him no, so i went. of course, i was expecting the worst, and wondered what the hell i was going to talk to him about to keep him entertained for an hour or hour and half.

he lived in this huge high rise over in the north west section of town. the kind of place where you had to go through security outside, and then again once you reached the lobby. the whole building was crawling with security guards. i used to tease him and ask if he was related to the president, since he had so much security around him. he wouldn't say anything at first... later he told me he was an ex-senator. the guards got to know me quite well, and i didn't have to have clearance to get to the elevators after awhile. they'd see me and say,"John's apt."? i'd nod... and they'd wave me through.

we liked each other from the moment he opened the door to let me in. he told me right away that this wasn't a sex call.. talk only. John did most of the talking that night, and when he wasn't, he asked questions. one of his first ones was... what the hell did i think i was doing? he said i didn't belong in this line of work, and asked me to tell him why i was doing it. he made me feel so comfortable that i found it real easy to tell him lots of things over the period of that year. he never called me a whore or treated me like one. he always took my coat when i came in... offered me coffee or a drink, told me to make myself at home and to relax. i liked him because he was warm and friendly, and had an easy going manner, and a very jaded sense of humor. John was an irish catholic who was separated from his wife and had no plans to divorce, because of his religion. he had grown children who never visited him that much, and i doubt that many people did, mostly because he was hard to understand as a result of the stroke, and sometimes he didn't speak too clearly. when he was drinking... i barely knew what he was saying at times. drunk or not... he was funny, loving, caring, and very giving. he always hugged me when i came in and when i left. he was starved for human touch, and he was so lonely that he stole my heart. John made every visit special once he got to know the things i liked. he'd cook me dinner, read me poetry, show me pictures he'd taken, shared his books with me, and had many stories about life and people he'd known. i used to look forward to going to John's place because he was a corner of sanity in my then crazy world. he'd

book me for hours if i came there and even looked upset, just to keep me from going to calls that he said i shouldn't be on anyway. after the first month, he never asked for the other girls. he'd call Tony 15 times a night until he got me. Tony would beep us sometimes and tell me to go there so John would quit calling and tying up the line. other times, i'd be having a bad night... i'd call John and ask him to rescue me and he always did. sometimes Tony would tell me that John was drunk again, and had called the office to give him a hard time, or else had stopped by. when that happened, he'd send me to John's and tell him to keep me there for awhile because it wasn't safe for me to go home. John and i saw the sun come up many mornings, either because of John or because he'd booked me for the last 6 hrs. of the night.

one time i went there and John had been drinking for hours, and he'd tried to cook dinner, but had basically destroyed his kitchen in the process. so i told him to wheel his sorry ass into the living room, and i'd make dinner and clean up the mess. well... by the time i'd fixed it... he had passed out, so i refrigerated it and did the dishes, and cleaned up his mess. he wasn't even awake when i left. the next day he called me at home to thank me for what i did... you know... like it was something great. that's the kind of man he was. always so grateful for anything you did for him.

another time he made the mistake of showing me how many drugs he had and where he kept them. we'd been talking about doctors, and he wanted me to see what a shitload of pills they'd given him to take over the last couple of years. he had shoe boxes full in the closet in his room. tammy being tammy... downloaded this bit of information and saved it on one of her **drug tapes**. <smile> one night i'm there... John has passed out from too much medication and booze... i make my way to the closet and took as many bottles of his pills as i wanted and then i left. the next day, John calls me and says he doesn't care that i cleaned out his pills, but would i please bring back his heart medication, because he really needed it. talk about feeling like a piece of shit... i felt lower than low. John just laughed at me, and said he wasn't upset at all, and i could keep all that i took. he even trusted me to come back to his apt. after that night. i never did steal anything else, and i apologized for that moment of druggie weakness.

he only asked me to undress one time, and he ended up apologizing for that after i had. it was one of those bad times with John, and i had some bruises on me that hadn't healed. once John saw them,

he had tears in his eyes, and told me to get dressed. he wanted to know who'd done this to me and why. he was so tender and loving with me that night, and spent the rest of the evening trying to convince me i needed to get out of that relationship as quickly as possible. after that night, we spent many nights talking about alcoholics and families. he gave me books to read about it and explained my part in enabling John to do this to me. John was always trying to take care of me, and he never failed to let me know that i mattered to him.

i gathered John and his wife had been separated for a long time. one night he asked me if i'd just lay beside him and hold him until he fell asleep. he said it had been years since he'd felt a woman's body next to his, and he wanted to feel the softness of one again and smell her perfume, and feel her arms holding him. he told me not to get undressed, just lay beside him. i did... i held him and talked to him until he was asleep, and then i got up and left. i thought about that night for a long time afterwards. can you imagine how lonely he was if he had to call an escort service just to have someone to talk to? and he really touched me with his request to be held. John was such a kind man, and a gentle soul, that i cried when i saw him for the last time. how i hated leaving him there like that. i wrote to him all the time we were in Va. Bch., and Memphis... and he used to call me sometimes. when John retired and we came back to N.H., my letters came back, and i couldn't reach him by phone anymore. the number he'd given me was no longer in service, and the directory didn't have a listing for him. so, i have no idea if he's still alive or what ever became of him. i have some books that he gave me, and a bunch of memories. people are placed in our paths for a reason. it took me a long time to understand why John showed up on mine.

Master, thanks for asking me how i was doing as far as my truckload of health complaints. i don't even like to talk about it. headaches have been with me for years... i'm used to them now. just deal with each one as it comes along. allergies are super bad in the spring/fall... or damp weather. my back does seem to be somewhat better, due in part to this stuff i've been taking since April. the last three weeks i've noticed a reduction in pain and i can move/walk easier. John does a lot of reading on health... vitamins... and all that jazz. he talked me into taking something called **super blue-green algae** by Cell Tech. i do feel a lot better, and the pain seems to be less. whether or not it'll continue... remains to be seen, but any relief is welcome. constant pain every day can make a slave real cranky. slave is happy today. and yes, i have good/bad days... just like

everyone else.

i like the scene outside when you give me a hug, and then tell me to go find a switch, because you need some sexual stimulation. i've only been beat with a switch one time, and it wasn't outside. the switch was brought in. big ouch! they really hurt. i could get into it with you... because i'd have no choice. i think i like beatings outside with you. i think i'd like you to take me outside and beat me. yes, that would be a good idea. ass, thighs, and legs and back... but not the 40's... oh please... not the 40's.

Master, i kneel and give you tonight's assignment. i thank you for the pleasure of being allowed to serve you another day.

your collared slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 26 Jul 1997 22:36:30 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: i haven't forgotten you, Sir

Dear Master,

hello... did you think i forgot about you today? just now getting some peace and quiet. my head is still buzzing with all their noise. i wanna live where no one knows me. some day i swear i'm gonna casually walk out of the house... drive my car to the airport... leave the keys in the ashtray... take my visa card... go inside and buy a ticket to **anywhere** and disappear!!!!

i woke up to houseful of family and friends. having to face people before i've had a glass of juice and a cigarette is not my idea of a good time. last person finally left at midnight... and my stomach is still in knots. it's gonna take the next two hours to get their noise outta my head.

i managed to steal 5 min. to read your mail earlier this evening, but far too many people around to write to you at that time. Master, i can't even think when i'm in a crowd... all i want to do is run and hide 'til they go away. i made tammy stay and be nice to them... she can handle them and they love her. i stayed inside and thought of you and ran your recent letters through my mind. some very good mail from you today, Sir. thank-you... i needed that. excellent timing on

your part. how'd you know i'd need a lift tonight? it's the weekend and i have a family of drunks...so i guess it wasn't too hard to figure out, was it?

sorry to hear you're going through nicotine withdrawal. i know what you're going through from having watched John try to quit 30 different times over the years. i have no intention of giving up cigs in this lifetime. i'm your typical smoker of 27 yrs., cough too much, have early emphysema, and get bronchitis repeatedly. i know i wouldn't last 3 hrs. without cigs, and would be a bitch to anyone within screaming distance. only have to pay \$12.00 a carton for them at the base. at those prices... who wouldn't smoke? all i can say is... good luck, Sir. your a Master.... and you will Master this.... no doubt about it. slave will remain a slave to big tobacco companys. they need the money!!!

i kneel and kiss your feet for the letters you wrote today. you're such a good Master.

good-night... trinket
hugs.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 27 Jul 1997 16:26:07 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: just checking in, Sir

Dear Master,

are you drinking lots of water? i hear that's suppose to help flush your system of nicotine faster. Erin told me when i got up today that John had quit again. lord have mercy.... what have you started? i hate it when he tries to quit. he's ugly as hell... he gets headaches... and he eats like a dog, which means there's dishes to do around the clock. i find that it is much easier to be weak and just feed my addictions. i have no desire to live to be old enough to get planted in some nursing home where i'll stare at the walls and wait for medication time. smoking will prevent me from having to face that nightmare, and keep my children from having to wonder what the hell their gonna do with me. i don't like to think of my Master suffering, and i hope it isn't too awful bad for you. slave says,"poor baby...poor baby...poor baby".

hugs..Master... this is a good thing you're doing. powerful men

should be healthy. you're strong enough to kick ass on the cigarette addiction. just do it! <smile>

i'm getting thrown off here by the jailer. time to make work calls. catch you later... will send a note before you strip naked and go to bed.

hugging you, Sir..... trinket

what happened to the escort money, and how did John feel about me working? i figured we'd get around to this sooner or later. i'm teasing you, Sir. you know that i don't mind telling you anything you ask me about. i'm an open book for you. John didn't mind in the beginning, because the money was good... he had plenty of booze and pot, and i was paying lots of bills. from Sept.... Dec. it was a bit difficult for him to deal with since he was sober by then, and finally got a good look at our life and marriage. the money went lots of places, Sir. i don't even know how much i went through that year. it started with us moving out of navy housing down to Chesapeake Beach and into a 4 bdrm. split level... just outside of D.C. it was large, very expensive and in a nice housing development. i paid the rent... the utilities... bought the groceries, kept him in booze/pot... paid for daycare... bought new furniture and household items... helped Barry with his rent and gave him money... sent money to my sister, Ginger, for a car... paid for John to come home with the kids for a vacation that summer.... sent him to New York to see one of his women to get him away from me for a couple of weeks...bought the kids scads of clothes/toys... spent a lot on my work clothes... and to treat myself... a vacation in the fall, back to N.H. to see friends, and get laid by my sexy artist friend. i deserved it. also, i had to pay Jesse for every call we went on.... and he and i went through a tidy sum getting motel rooms that year, a couple of expensive weekends and some adult toys. i don't even remember where it all went... but it went... and it went fast. i wasn't worried because there was always more the next night and it took time to establish a regular clientele of my own. by the time all the pieces were falling into place and i was about ready to make the break... he got sober, and i changed my mind about leaving him. at the end of that year... i maybe had \$3,000 left to show for countless nights of getting laid. story of my life... show me a wrong choice and i'll grab it every time. slave does not think correctly, Sir.

your less than perfect slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 28 Jul 1997 14:49:33 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: and so it begins, Sir

Dear Master,

just read your letter and it's 5:34..... and so it begins. :-0 :-0 :-0 :-0
:-0 :-0

good thing we're not together tonight.... you without cigs and me
without george. somebody would be clawing somebody's eyes out
before the evening was over.

there are some advantages to a long distance relationship, aren't
there?

i can do this for you... i have to do this for you... i will do this for you.

how's the smoking thing going today, Sir? better... i hope.

your slave needs a caffeine fix... baddddddddd. my head is
pounding and i can't think clearly. get rid of that ugly thought, Sir. i
heard that. :-)

i'm **crawling** to you and begging like a good slave-puppy-slut-pet.
lick...lick.

Puppy hugs.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 28 Jul 1997 22:19:18 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: i'm horny too, Sir <dripping>

Dear Master,

about the "i'm horny" note..... yes... yes.. yes... to all of the above.
Master, i respect you, but you're some kinda **low**. you know how
much that hurts tonight, don't you? pray that your slaves never
gang up on you. i knew you'd write something to take me right over
the edge, and it would be something to make me drip. mission
accomplished, Sir. i loved it... i hated it... i needed it... i wanted it... i

craved it... i expected it... and you came through right on time.

thank-you... i adore you... i kneel and kiss your feet..... trinket

ps..... another note to follow almost directly. wanted to get this out.

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Mon, 28 Jul 1997 23:07:17 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: RE: slave is confused, Sir

Dear Master,

you said i could express my opinions in aside letters, didn't you, Sir? it's my opinion that you, Sir, are **Elliot** in the "**meet your neighbors**" book you sent me. that whole scene with Elliot, Glenda, and Mary has your fingerprints on it every where. laugh if you want... tell me it ain't true... but that's what i **feel**. just got around to the book in the last couple of days. had some others i was finishing up first. when i read that part...i knew it was you... right down to the brooklyn accent and the ponytail. slave is confused and doesn't know what's going on around here, but it's blowing my mind and caught my attention. i'd swear that you and John are on the same wave length with me. first it was the smoking thing... a few days apart. yesterday i was out in the yard just before dusk, and i was telling John how nice the yard, garden, and flowers looked. he walks over to me... puts his arm around my waist and says,"can you see yourself crawling on your hands and knees out here?" he told me he was just thinking about me doing that. what is up with this sudden change in attitude? do you think he's picking up on my slave vibes? he keeps talking about putting me over his knee and giving me one hell of a spanking. he says i need one and i'm way over due. today he says,"i **expect** you to do **my** laundry tonight". usually he just asks if i'm planning on doing any soon. tonight i'm upstairs getting the laundry ready to take down and he yells up at me, "tammy... get down here". i give him my typical response, which is,"yeah... yeah... i'm busy right now... i'll be down in a min." he says in a real demanding voice, "i said get down here, NOW". you know what happens when i here the word... NOW. i came down and asked him why he was yelling at me, and he said, "well..it got your attention again, didn't it?" i don't know what's going on in that boy's mind, but it's fucking with my head. why now... after all this time? if he keeps this up... i'll be forced to like him again. please tell me what you see... from a man's point of view. are you two writing? i feel ganged

up on. you're probably laughing at me.

confused slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 29 Jul 1997 00:42:45 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: your thoughts, Sir

Dear Master,

i guess it could be a possibility that John's reading your letters to me, and my letters to you. all he'd have to do is go to 'history' and drag out anything he wanted to read. i found out about that on my own. i was floored when i saw how easy it was to get into my 'private mail boxes'. i was tempted to read Erin's e-mail... but i didn't. maybe another day... smile. all mother's snoop on their kids just to stay on top of what's going on. all of my children have this sloppy MO and leave paper trails everywhere. i'd die if he's read some of the stuff i've written about to you. things about him haven't been too favorable... and i doubt he'd be able to contain his rage. i know him pretty well and he never snoops into anything of mine, but i always have his stuff. women are like that...we have to know our men. well... if he continues to say things in a way that you do... i'll be forced to change my opinion of him. and John... if you're reading this... there will be hell to pay! don't fuck with me.

(please) feel me kissing your **ass**, Sir..... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 29 Jul 1997 10:16:01 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

thanks for still teasing me about getting headaches from thinking. you're having too much fun with this. trust me... i know that i have a **blonde** brain, and i don't get upset when you tease me about it. nothing you do to me upsets me, Sir.

i want to clear this up for you. no, i have never let John read any letter you wrote to me. i showed him the book you sent, but that's all. i only did that because he was nosey about what i'd received in

the mail and was dogging me to find out.. so i just showed him.

i'm glad that you enjoy the bits/pieces that i've dumped on your computer screen. you think i've had a fascinating life? well... it is a bit out of the ordinary... even for me... at times. it makes me feel good to hear you say that you're interested in me. i had kinda hoped you would be, since i'm more than interested in you. makes things easier this way. you say that my relationship with John seems a bit complicated? Master, it's been very complicated... bordering on **fucking crazy**. i felt nothing but relief when i sent him to New York to see his girlfriend during that period of our life. he was drunk/abusive all the time, and i told him that **any** woman that chose to be with him, deserved him... so go with my blessing. just to sleep without a drunk around was a blessing in itself. no, his girlfriends had nothing to do with my working. we each had screwed around so much by then that it didn't matter. remember now, we're talking about the 70's, and everybody was fucking everybody, so it didn't seem wrong at the time. once you cross the line, the numbers don't matter any more. you can screw two or two hundred, it's all the same. that's how i felt... and probably still do.

Sir, this should please you. i will be going longer than 29 hrs. without a cum. the 29 hrs. won't be up until after i get up today... and i stay up all night... and won't get to bed tomorrow til around 10-11:00 am. so that's when i'll get off next. a bit longer than you said i had to go, but my crazy sleep pattern changes things for me. i'll enjoy suffering the extra time for you. i owe it to you for putting up with my dumb ass for as long as you have. Sir, i do appreciate you caring enough about me to discipline me, and you don't have to worry about me cheating. i have no desire to cheat, because when i do... i don't cheat you... i cheat myself. i will look at it as a way to sink deeper into my servitude. i want to slide all the way into serving you as much as i can, given the distance of our relationship.

thanks for telling me that you are Elliot. i knew that. i know my Master when i see him. you really worked that Mary chick over, but she seemed to like it, didn't she? there was a couple of times that i was glad i wasn't her. brave slave... whoa. i'd say most of the story was true..if not all of it. gut level feeling on my part. what do i know? i'm just a slave, and a female on top of that.

i kneel and hand you tonight's assignment and tell you how very much i enjoyed these letters, and how much pleasure it gave me to do these things for you.

your adoring and humble slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 29 Jul 1997 16:42:34 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: my poor, Master

Dear Master,

as Bill Clinton would say,"i feel your pain". he does... you know.
yeah, i'm a bleeding heart liberal, and i like him. poor Bill... he's
always looking for love. he's so freaking codependent that you gotta
love him. <smile>

anyway... my heart goes out to you, my brown-eyed Master. i know
it's a bitch to cut back on cigs. been there... done that... hated it...
remembered it. grrrr two years ago i had the worst case of
bronchitis i've ever had. three rounds of antibiotics wouldn't cure it.
got so bad that i had to use a nebulizer 4 times a day just to breathe.
then one night, my breathing was so labored that John had to rush
me to the hospital for oxygen. so, of course, i had to cut back on
the smoking..... from 2 1/2 pks. a day to about 4 cigs all day. i damn
near chewed my hand off from wanting one so bad. and talk about
bitchy..... i gave the term a whole new meaning! <laughing> i
was a good girl for a few weeks, but as i healed... the amount of cigs
increased. presently smoking 2 1/2- 3 pks. a day. you've smoked
for more years than i have, and i know this can't be easy for you.
slave hugs you... holds you close.. and tells you it's gonna be okay,
Sir. you're a very controlled person and you will get through this.
your slaves need a healthy Master who has strong lungs so that he
can yell at them without wheezing. <smile>

being extremely codependent.... makes me want to **fix** this for you
and make it all better, but we both know i can't do that. i can listen
though... and you can tell me all about it anytime you want to. i'm
here for you and will be for a long time. that is...if you let me stay. a
slave can never be too sure. if i were with you... i'd try to do
something to take your mind off the need to smoke. there's a couple
of things that i have in mind that could divert your attention for a few
minutes... maybe.

your trinket is thinking about you and sends tight hugs.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 30 Jul 1997 11:09:30 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

how did you know which side i slept on, Sir? you're unbelievable.
why do you know so much about me? i have no secrets with you,
do i? anyway... thanks, that felt good, but slightly aroused me.

i could use george 10 times a day and still need you. of course, i
need you...george can't hold me, hurt me, or touch my heart. who or
what could replace a Master?

what mental picture do i have of you now that i've read about Elliot?
tread lightly here, trinket. welll.... the same one that i have come to
know and love these last two and a half months. there's really no
difference between what i read there and what you show me every
day. You and Elliot are one in the same. Elliot does the slow and
easy just like you do. true... you had to give Mary the crash course
because she was going away, but i don't feel like you'd be rushing a
slave through training.

how and why did i get off drugs? big reason why... i simply ran out.
no kidding... we came back to N.H. for 3 mo. when John thought he
wanted to get out of the Navy at the 15 yr. mark. i had taken drugs
the whole year that i worked and for the 3 mo. after i got done. i
knew that i wouldn't have the contacts in rural N.H. like i did in D.C.,
and i no longer had the money to spend on them..so i decided to quit
before i got any more hooked than i was. also, i didn't want my kids
to grow up with a druggie mom, and i knew that that's where i was
heading if i didn't get a grip, and get it fast. so, i just quit... cold
turkey. what a fucking nightmare that was! detoxing is like having
the worst flu that you've ever had. you shake..run a high fever..
.have severe stomach cramps... throw up for days... your head
pounds non-stop and you can't sleep. and you want that fix real
bad... and you start thinking about how you're gonna get it, but
you're too sick to move, and the joint and back pain was incredible.
my whole body was screaming for drugs for days. the worst of it
was over in about 5 days, but the craving took a long time. it took
about 6 mo. to really start coming back to life, enough to where i
kinda felt good every day. i had never been that sick in my life and

haven't been that sick again. it was no day at the beach, Sir. the mental craving took about 2 yrs. to shake... and there's days even now that i couldn't trust myself if i suddenly had access to them again. you see, i'd actually been dabbling for a number of years since i was about 21. you know... i'd take 'em when i had 'em, and **uncle sugar** used to hand them out like candy before they implemented their drug program. i knew this Navy corpsman who worked at a Naval Research Lab, and he would give me bottles of pills without a prescription. he knew John was a drunk, and he'd patched me up one time when John had broken my nose. i used to go up and talk to him... he'd see that i was a nervous wreck... and he'd give me vallium by the handful and anything else he had around. i'd be real grateful... smile pretty... say all the right things, and talk trash with him... and he kept me in drugs. a woman can get just about anything she wants from those military boys. your trinket knew all the **trigger** words and how to say them. at one time the Navy handed out codiene like it was growing on trees. i'd go in with say a pelvic infection, and come out of there with a prescription for 60 with 3 refills. all our drugs were free at the base, and they sometimes got dates screwed up. a shrink gave me a 3 mo. supply of Halcion... and the corpsman typed it up for a years worth. you know i took that and ran, don't you?

Sir, i don't know about the other email systems and if you can get into that mail or not. all i know is that the night i found out about this, i could pull up letters without even using a password. i just clicked on the chosen one in the history file that i accessed by going to **go** on the tool bar. bingo, there it was on the screen... and i was shocked. i didn't know the computer kept a record of everywhere you went on the net. jesus... joseph... and mary... you should see where Erin and Joe have gone to. my sexual tastes have even filtered down to the baby. so... that's when i got a little nervous about others knowing how to do this too. John said he already knew about it, but he never bothered to tell me. i hope Erin isn't reading our mail. nothing is private anymore, is it?

your slave humbly kneels and hands you tonight's assignment.

your collared slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 30 Jul 1997 14:27:55 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: it's not you, Sir

Dear Master,

i'm sorry if i don't seemed turned on in my recent letters. it certainly isn't anything you've said or done... it's me... it's thinking... it's lack of hormones. i have zero, zip, nada in me at this time. my military ID expired in May and i haven't felt like going to the base to get it renewed, and i can't get my Premarin refilled until my ID is current and i'm back into the computer. haven't had any hormones pumping through my system since the middle of May, and i think i just may need to get my ass to the base soon. bad slave bad slave i didn't even get off again today. the desire wasn't there... i read for awhile and just crashed. not to worry... it'll come back... it always does.

right now i think i need some coffee. i'm not awake yet and i'm crawling through my morning fog. i hope today was a better day for you and that the withdrawl is getting a little easier.

i'll try to get myself together before i write to you tonight. i had to send this so that you'd know it wasn't you and i'm not burned out on writing to you. i **live** for your letters and i love hearing from you and writing to you.

your moody slave.... trinket (hugs)

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 30 Jul 1997 22:57:34 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: Sir, yes Sir :-)

My adored Master,

I'm on my knees in a most humbled mood as i'm kissing your feet. and i'm way too wet as i do this..... she's back :-)

hormones 101: when a woman has a complete hysterectomy, all hormone production ceases. all you have left is whatever was in your body at the time, and they get used up fast. therefore, you need hormone replacement therapy with either pills or shots, and i think there's some kind of patch now for those who don't choose to take pills or shots. they started pumping large amounts into me the morning after surgery and i've been taking them ever since. without them... my boby is on fire with hot flashes that feel like your blood pressure is sky high. you get bad headaches... your skin gets dried

out..your heart attack risk sky rockets and your cunt can dry out to the point of bleeding and tearing the walls inside. you have no sexual desire... your nerves are on edge...you don't sleep well... everything upsets you...you cry easily...and my blood pressure soars over 200. geez..doesn't this sound like a fucking blast? be grateful that you're not a woman. i don't know how many more years i have to be on them, but i've already taken them for 13 yrs. change of life starts the minute the ovaries are gone... for me that was age 35. a full 20 yrs. before i should've even begun. my daughters won't let me go too long without them because they say i'm not myself when i don't take them. i went for 2 yrs. without them once just because i couldn't stand the thought of one more male with his hand up my twat while i laid there with my legs spread. then i found a female GYN that our HMO would accept and i went and got my pills again. i can tell by my mood swings that i'd best get my ass to the base soon and take care of that.

thanks for ordering me to do that... i needed the nudge. trinket just hates being around people or having to talk when i don't want to. i hate pictures taken too. the family has very few of me. never did do cameras well. had this uncle when i was a kid who brought his damn camera every time he came to visit, and he'd snap pictures the whole time he was there. i spent most of my time running from him and hiding to get away. just kinda stuck with me. trinket is a bit of a perfectionist and i don't like random picture taking. you would've never guessed this about me, would you? yeah... right.

Sir, i hope this has helped clear up the hormone thing. don't feel bad, my own husband didn't know what changes a woman goes through after surgery. women have very complex bodies that start being a pain in the ass from the day we first have our periods... which for me came at age 10.

i will get my pills and be my old self in no time. i feel better than i did when i got up... caffeine has revived me and i'm wide awake and cheerful once again. my poor Master... you go through a lot with your slaves, don't you?

rest assured that i'll kneel and kiss your feet or anything else that you want kissed. your slave worships you and you deserve all the attention i can give you.

smile... know that you are loved and thought of this very minute.....
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 31 Jul 1997 06:34:39 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: just in case, Sir

Dear Master,

not a good computer night at all. server problems. e-mail problems. not sure if my last letter is going to reach you or not, since there is no record of it being sent... got cut off as i was sending. it happened last week and you still got it...so maybe? just wanted you to know that i did send a letter. if it doesn't come through... i'll have to do it again tonight. slaves lot in life.

i don't know what is going on ,but it isn't just me. Erin says the screen has been freezing on her all week at different times of the day. has happened to me several times over the last 3 days. our server keeps breaking our connection.

slave cries... tiny tears... slave is angry... slave has a headache and is going to bed to be swallowed up by darkness and a/c. it's 9:30 am and i couldn't write another letter now if i had a gun held to my head. i'd say... shoot me!

slave adores you and will think thoughts of serving you to keep from kicking my computer across the room this morning. maybe postcards would be better?

good-night my Master.... trinket hugs.... trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Thu, 31 Jul 1997 19:35:29 -0700
Subject: RE: just my luck, Sir

Dear Master,

yes, i will get the pills, but i'm at the mercy of my jailer and when he has free time he'll take me. looks like that won't come until next week sometime. so it's on the wish list and presented to the duty driver. i need it signed and okayed before i can proceed. <laughing> people tugging at me right now... have to scoot. hugs... trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 03:12:28 -0700
Subject: RE: is the Master upset?

Dear Master,

hmmm..... no return e-mail tonight. Master is angry because slave lost her letter? all my e-mails are taking forever to get into so i decided to send this from here. now banging head on computer table and swearing like a drunken sailor. if i had a live-in computer nerd... these things wouldn't be happening. slave worries when the Master is silent. slave feels the tension. slave is pacing out in the hall. slave doesn't dare knock on His door. slave goes back to room to rewrite letter. slave tip toes back up the hall and slides note under the door that says... goodnight Master.

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 01:59:43 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: now i can rest, Sir

Dear Master,

is my insecurity showing again? thank-you for the note. now the butterflies will go away. i just needed to feel secure and to know that you weren't angry because the email company ate my mail. you're a good Master to your slaves. i kneel and kiss your feet for the time you had to take to reassure me.

mega hugs.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 09:24:50 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

all this talk about drugs is making me want to go up to the attic and drag down my Woodstock album. Maybe some Crosby-Stills-and Nash, or the Moody Blues? i didn't do any of the hard drugs either...

like coke or heroin. smoked some pot, but never really liked it unless we were using a water pipe. tried hash more than a few times...that was okay. we were so stoned on our wedding night from doing hash that we couldn't even fuck. now isn't that something to tell the grandchildren one day, i ask ya? not proud of it, but it's a fact. my drugs of choice were things codiene, percodan, muscle relaxers... the kind that relax your brain, seconal, dalmane, quaaludes... loved the ludes...., valium, zanex, tylox... well, you get the idea. i tried mescaline twice, but i'd still rather have just about anything with codiene in it. my body and mind go..thank-you... when i take codiene. stops all that inner noise and quiets the screaming in my head.

as near as i can remember from looking through our computer history, the sites that Joe and Erin visited most were ones that had to do with spanking... bdsm... fisting... **leather**... and adult toys. that irish blood of mine seems to be pumping through them in the same way...the irish love their pain!! way to go kids!!

what kind of books do i like to read? i like fiction, non-fiction, biographies, autobiographies, true crime, poetry, and current events. there's been times when i've hurt too much to go to the library, and i'd ask John to bring me back a couple of books when he went. know what he usually gets for me? a sappy moronic romance novel... barf... puke.. hurl. i've told him countless times what i like and he insists on bringing me garbage that i'd never read. i'm led to believe that he secretly despises me. i'd rather read the newspaper than anything he picks out for me.

slave thoughts..... i don't want to bore you with a lot of details. have been running a lot of things through my head, and i've been thinking about maybe making some changes after Erin goes. also... an old friend/ex-lover circled back around last week and contacted me via e-mail. i've known Al for 18 yrs.... we've kinda stayed in touch since i left Va. he's a real long story and some piece of work.... not to mention... an ex-Marine! he's got me thinking about the possibility of some real changes.... maybe some involving him and i. after all this time, who would've ever guessed? it wasn't convenient for us to be together while i was in Virginia, for a lot of reasons that now have changed. he's got me thinking... he's screwing with my head, and i know i'd better take my time and think this through before i do something that i'll later regret. but god knows... i'm tempted... i'm real tempted. oh... did i mention that he likes s/m? my sexual desires are gonna over ride my brain. as you

can see... this has given me a lot to think about. i hate the crossroads of life... i never know which way to go. help me Master, please? your knowledge of people and your wisdom would be greatly appreciated at this time. i respect your opinion and i need some advice.

your less than perfect slave,
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 15:15:43 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: no-no-no-no, Master,

Dear Master,

why do you always go into the defensive mode when i'm honest with you? i feel that you've judged me too quickly and have assumed some things that just aren't true. i'd like to explain some things to you if you feel like listening, Sir.

first of all.... Al is no drunk! he's a recovering alcoholic with more than 20 yrs. of sobriety, and he's a drug/alcohol counselor. he's not some kind of a **neanderthal** with a club who drags women around by the hair and beats them up for kicks. Al is a very decent man that i'm strongly attracted to and one that i respect. he's not into a lot of physical violence and he never once hurt me, and i seriously doubt that he would today... unless i begged him to.

i said i was attracted to him... i didn't say i was in love with him. Al is **not** my Master... nor am i writing to him as though he were. Master, he's a friend... a very dear friend from a time when i was happier than i am now. why does this have to be a problem for you and i? you have someone in your life, don't you? there's no way we could ever be together in real time and i know that, so why would you want me to pretend otherwise?

i'm not in love with him. i'm not an airhead blonde who's gonna run off with some GI Joe to play Tarzan & Jane for the rest of my life! i'm not going anywhere until my daughter is on her own. she's more important to me than any man god has made so far. i'm going to think the whole deal through and then think it through another 25 times before i'd trust myself to make any kind of a decision. i don't have a very good track record when it comes to making correct

choices for myself or my life, and you know that. that's why i asked for some advice, because i respect your opinion and i thought you'd be helpful, but all you seem to be is angry with me. i feel that you attack me whenever i'm being honest with you. would you rather i lied? i can do that quite well... i've had a lot of practice over the years.

Master, you're wrong about how i feel towards you. nothing has changed for me other than someone from my past found me again. i'm still fiercely attracted to you because of the man you've shown me from the inside. i don't give a rip about your physical size... i care about that fantastic mind of yours that i crave more everyday. i don't use people and move on, and i'm sorry that you feel like you're being used by me. that quite simply isn't the truth, Sir. i would very much like to remain your property if you'll still have me. Master, i don't want to give you up. please don't send me away...please? i'm not using you for cheap thrills, and i don't intend to now. your trinket is 48 not 27... i'm not divorcing my husband and running off with anyone until i feel there's even a chance at having a better life.

i'm begging you to reconsider what you just wrote to me, and let me stay a part of your life. i need you... please don't pull away. i'm on my knees and pleading with you, Sir. your trinket adores you and has become strongly attached to you these last months. i can't imagine a day without you, and writing to you. you know that i live for your letters and i'm very into what we're doing . i want our relationship to continue... please say that it can.

Erin has gone away for the weekend so i'll be on here for awhile this evening if you'd like to get back to me soon. i'm praying that you will.

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 16:24:22 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: groveling/begging/pleading, Sir

Dear Master,

thinking isn't doing... it's just thinking. i grovel...beg..plead...
grovel... beg... plead.

i'm on my knees... trinket cries and says, "Master, please don't throw me out of your life".

i'll grovel.... i'll crawl... i'll do whatever you want me to do. Master, i want to serve only you. why won't you believe me? do you think i want to trash this precious gift that you've given me because some guy from my past chose to contact me? he's written and called for years... John knows him... our whole family knows him. it's not like i'm starting a new relationship behind your back. you're forgetting that he e-mailed me... i didn't know that he had a computer. i tried to find him when we first got this and couldn't, because he didn't have one at the time.

your trinket has done nothing wrong, so why do i feel like you're blaming me for this? i would never use you for cheap thrills. if i wanted thrills... i'd download the IRC program and have myself a fucking blast screwing with every horny man with a cock. trinket knows where to find the trash... she's had a lot of experience!!!! what i have with you is quality... why would i trade that for anything?

grovel... crawl... beg... kneel... grovel... crawl... beg... kneel...
grovel... crawl... beg... plead.

please Master... please let me stay...trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 16:34:48 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: have a cigarette, Sir

Dear Master,

like you'd want some slut who's been fucked by 5,000 men and has no self esteem? who's lying to who? real fat chance that you'd want me in real time and don't think that i don't know it. i never said i didn't want to be with you. i knew from the start that that would never happen. **women** from this side of the tracks always know where they stand.... and believe me... we know our place with *men* like yourself. don't play the victim... you don't wear it well. your Texas sized ego went into hiding today.

TAMMY

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 19:18:36 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: i apologize, Sir

Dear Master,

your slave kneels in a humbled state and sincerely apologizes for the tone of the 'have a cigarette' letter. i'm sorry i lashed out at you because i was hurt and angry. i had no right to do that and i beg your forgiveness.

please give me a little while before i respond to what you've written tonight. we just got back from dinner... jailer actually took me out. he knows without knowing. he moves fast when the occasion calls for it. alcoholics are crafty. i need a few minutes to back up and regroup my thoughts.

i'm not going anywhere...not for a long time...maybe never. we're just writing. good god he lives in Va..... it's not like we'll be in bed tomorrow. it's waited for 18 yrs.... i guess it'll be there for awhile longer. at least until Erin is on her own. i have unfinished business to clear up before i change anything in my life.

we both need to take some deep breaths and stop attacking each other. please Master... i don't want to fight with you. we're both a little hurt tonight. my feelings are the same for you. i kneel and kiss your feet and ask you to please listen and stop yelling.

your pet... your trinket...

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 21:55:41 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: here we go again, Sir

Dear Master,

i just reread my last night's letter to you and all the notes i've written today. for the life of me i can't find any paragraph where i said that i was **seriously** thinking about leaving John. if you can find it... please send it to me, because i'd like to read it. i believe i used the word **seriously** in the no-no-no-,Sir, letter that i sent earlier tonight. please pull that up and you'll see that it wasn't used to say that i was leaving John.

at this point... all Al and i are doing is discussing future possibilities. we've been doing a lot of catching up since i haven't seen him for the last 13 yrs. he has yet to know about my back and just how bad it is. that may change his desire for me in more ways than one. tammy isn't the sex kitten he knew 13 yrs. ago. if he cares about me as much as he says he does... then my back won't be an issue for him, and if it is.... then i'll know that it was the sex he was after and not the woman i really am. trinket didn't fall off the turnip truck yesterday, Sir. i've been banging around this world for damn near as long as you have. don't you think i know that time and distance change a lot of things? and funny feelings shared late at night at a time when we were both lust-struck doesn't mean we have anything to base a long term relationship on now. i can't deny that i'm flattered that he still wants me after all this time. who the hell wouldn't be? i'm as human as you and the next person is.

if you'd look at where i've been for the last 26 1/2 yrs.... you'd know i don't make fast changes. i've stuck this out through the good... the bad... and the real ugly. i'm not throwing away my marriage for 5 mo. of fun 'n' games. isn't that about how long these things last? yes, i'm attracted to him... he's god awful handsome, he's tall... he's well built... he's educated... he's sexy... he's fun to be with... he makes me laugh...he's been good to me..he listens... he's kind and he's been my friend for a long time. all these things don't exactly turn me off, know what i mean? Al has dropped a bombshell in my lap and i'm reeling from the flood of emotions it's brought to the surface. but that was yesterday... and can old lovers really be good friends and live together? i watched my artist friend go through a similar situation a few years ago. in his case it wasn't an old friend... it was a new one and she was 26 and he was in his early 50's. lasted about 2 mo. and he went back to his wife. he called me up... we went for coffee and laughed about the stupidity of what he'd just put himself through. he said he couldn't get it up 9 times a night anymore and she flat wore his ass out. he said he was too old to keep up with her pace and they had nothing to talk about. i watch people all the time, Sir. i watch what they do... i watch how they treat their families... and i learn from their mistakes without having to live them myself. god knows i've made my share of them.

you are not third place in my life... nor are you second... you were and are **first**. i haven't even let myself think about a real time relationship with you because i never even guessed that that would be a possibility. i know that you're in a long term relationship with

Gabrielle, and i assumed that that's where you'd be staying. i've kept my distance with you because i thought it was required, and you seem to want to keep me at a distance. i'm not complaining. we live on opposite ends of the country and the chances of us being together are slim to nil. yet, you assumed that i didn't care enough about you to want to be with you if i ever had the chance. you don't even ask before you kick a person out, do you? i happen to think that you're a diamond in this junkyard heap of men to choose from in today's world. you've got more going for you than any man i've ever met. your mind alone would make you desirable to more women than you could handle. you put me down for not liking you because you're not built like the men i've described to you who have mostly been in my life. and then you won't even tell me what you look like. how can i dislike something i haven't seen? is this being fair to me? i care a lot about you and i value what you've given me, Sir. i've had the best of bodies laying on this little irish girl, but i've never once known a man like yourself who can get inside my head and make me feel the things i feel for you.

would you consider talking to me on the phone? this would be so much easier to say than write. everyone is in bed... so we'd have complete privacy. maybe if you heard my voice... you'd here how much i really do care for you. read this and shoot me back a quick note if you think we could talk. if not, i'll understand and keep writing til you believe me. i'm here for the rest of the night... think about it... please..... your trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 02 Aug 1997 02:07:26 PDT
Subject: RE: slave is hurt, Sir (1)

Dear Master,

Remember when you used to get loving letters from a slave who adored you? You'll have a few less to read this week. Maybe some of your other slaves can double up to fill in my spot? The next time a slave tells you that you matter to her... maybe you'll believe her. Slaves have feelings too, and this slave is damn tired of being attacked for giving honest answers. If you don't want to hear the truth... then stop asking the questions. It works. You're one cold cookie. You're very angry. You despise women.

Tammy

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 05:44:37 -0700
Subject: RE: slave is hurt, Sir (2)

Dear Master,

I'm hurt because you refuse to believe the truth. You take my words and twist them around and attack me with them. You make me grovel and then step on me while i'm doing it. You hear what you want to hear and make up the rest. You don't know me well enough to know what i think or what i'll do in any given situation. You sound a little insecure with who you are. Just a casual observation, you might want to hide that in the future from all your new slaves. You have a great mind, but your heart just shrank tonight.

Take your hatred of women out on someone else. Tammy

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 03:28:46 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: apologies, Sir (3)

Dear Master,

When you're ready to apologize for over reacting to the truth, I'll be here and ready to listen... forgive.. and start over. However, I won't be holding my breath, because men like you are never wrong in their eyes. I'm sure you noticed how cool my letters were... not to mention... guarded. I'm not dumb enough for you, am I?

From: "Wet-and-Wild" <nightgames@>
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 02 Aug 1997 03:58:14 -0700
Subject: RE: coming at cha from here, Sir

Dear Master,

Is your email address book getting full? I'm smart enough to know that you're going to miss the hell out of me, and you'll damn sure miss my letters. Your trinket has played the game for a long time too, and i know the players as well as i know the game. No surprises here, correct? Tammy

From: "Navy Wife" <arouse.me@>

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Sat, 02 Aug 1997 04:21:18 -0700

Subject: RE: coming at cha from over here now, Sir

Dear Master,

Golly gee... what's a slave doing with an address like this one?
Maybe the p.t.a. moms write to this one for cookie recipies? Maybe not?

I've been a whole lot of things in this life, but i'm not a liar. You can tell me that you won't miss me, but i'll know that you will. Whoops! Does your trinket have an ego? Who would've ever guessed?
Tammy

From: jadedthoughts@

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 04:49:26 -0700

Subject: re: surprise, Sir

Dear Master,

You're gonna miss your trinket. I'm a rare find, and You know it. My self esteem is high enough to know this. Maybe you won't? Slaves are a dime a dozen. They cum.... They go..... trinket

From: "Hot-and-Heavy" <stimulate.me@>

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Sat, 02 Aug 1997 05:01:49 -0700

Subject: RE: cum to me here, Sir

Dear Master,

When does this end? How many e-mail addresses does she have?

Sir, everybody has anger buttons and when they're laid on... they usually bring a response. I think you pushed too hard on mine tonight.

When you got nothing... you got nothing to lose. I figured that after tonight... i'd have nothing... so i've got nothing to lose by writing all these e-mails.

But before i go... i just wanted to say that it's been a pleasure. I've enjoyed the hell out of you... i've loved your letters, and i was fiercely attracted to the man you are. I love your mind and the way you play the game. Your style is one i won't be forgetting for a long time. I treasure the gift that you gave me and you will remain in my heart and head for many years to come. I will miss you and i'll miss reading your letters every day. And if you think that i'm not crying at this very moment... then you know nothing about women and less about slaves. There's no getting through to you. You refuse to be loved and you won't let anyone close enough to you to try. You can't believe until you can trust. Neither of us is very good at that, are we? I figured i'd make it easy on you and not wait around for you to kick me out of your life. I kinda got the feeling that you wanted me to go because of what i told you about Al. It's not even a sure thing, yet you chose to damn me for it. Why couldn't you accept that I was telling you the truth?

Miracles do happen, but i've got the feeling that this isn't going to be one of those times. However, if you change your mind and decide to be honest with me... like I was with you... then i'm still here and i'll grovel and crawl as much as i always did... maybe even with more pleasure this time.

The ball is in your court, Sir. I kneel and kiss your feet just because you deserve it.

Your trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 09:32:55 -0700
Subject: RE: where do we go from here, Sir ?

Dear Master,
this was our e-mail address. now who do i use it for?

i know that men are proud animals and Doms are the proudest of the proud. you probably don't even have the word sorry in your vocabulary... and if you did... you wouldn't be able to say it.

i'm going to give you the Joee break you've given me several times. only i'm not going to rub your face in it like you do to me. if you believe that i was telling the truth when i said i really still wanted you

in my life.... then send me an e-mail with nothing more in it than the words... "blue eyes". you'll never have to say another thing about what went on tonight and i will never bring it up, but i will grovel my way through every note i sent you because you hurt me. you'll still be running the show and we'll have a clean slate. we're adults and we can get past hurts and misunderstandings. if i didn't care... i wouldn't be trying... now would i?

whether or not you choose to believe it... you're very special to me and i wasn't using you for a dildo. men like you don't come along every day and i don't want to give you up, but i can't force you to stay if you don't want to.

i can't figure you out. it doesn't bother you that i'm married and live with a man, but it bothers you that i wrote a couple of letters to a man who's been my friend for years? just because Al asked me to leave, doesn't mean i'm going to. you have a close relationship with the woman you live with and you've said that you have other slaves. why is more than one person in your life okay for you and not for me? you and i weren't planning marriage... we were writing to each other. why the possessive act now? you tell me that i should deal with reality... i thought i was. the reality with us was that we were writing to each other and chose to enter into this relationship, knowing that it had limitations for both of us. i've never once got the impression that you wanted it to go any farther than it has. did i miss something? are you trying to tell me that i actually meant something to you and i wasn't just another slave sending you daily letters? i've had the impression that that's all i was and that you wanted me to keep my distance. why isn't anything ever easy with us? i'm beginning to think that our mothers did a bigger number on us than either of us would care to admit. we're both pretty damaged. i'll back off from the attack mode if you will. life is too short... let's not waste anymore of it fighting. i sincerely want to be in a relationship with you and i'd like to do it right...without false pretenses. i can slip back into the humble slave mode in a heart beat... say the word... and i'm at your feet just like i was before this all began.

still your trinket if you want me to be. your call.

trinket

Subj: Re: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-08-02 13:39:39 EDT
From: trinket

To:abouteliot@aol.com

---abouteliot@aol.com wrote:

>

> In a message dated 97-08-01 23:38:00 EDT, you write:

>

> << slave thoughts..... i don't want to bore you with a lot of details. have been running a lot of things through my head, and i've been thinking about maybe making some changes after Erin goes. also... an old friend/ex-lover circled back around last week and contacted me via e-mail.

> >>

> i've known Al for 18 yrs.... we've kinda stayed in touch since i left Va. Beach. he's a real long story and some piece of work.... not to mention... an ex-Marine! he's got me thinking about the possibility of some real changes.... maybe some involving him and i. after all this time, who would've ever guessed? it wasn't convenient for us to be together while i was in Virginia, for a lot of reasons that now have changed. he's got me thinking...he's screwing with my head, and i know i'd better take my time and think this through before i do something that i'll later regret. but god knows... i'm tempted... i'm real tempted. oh... did i mention that he likes s/m? my sexual desires are gonna over ride my brain. as you can see... this has given me a lot to think about. i hate the crossroads of life... i never know which way to go. help me Master, please? your knowledge of people and your wisdom would be greatly appreciated at this time. i respect your opinion and i need some advice.

> >>

>

> According to you, the above is meaningless, and you prefer me to him, and I'm not just a diversion, and he is just someone you knew in the past.... yeah, right.... get real.....

>

> I'm tired... going to sleep.... I'll write to you tomorrow, although I haven't the faintest idea of what to say that I haven't already said..... maybe you should write to me again, to give me something to respond to....

> >>

>

> I don't see what the fucking problem is.... you are seriously thinking of getting involved with him, (unless you're going to tell me I don't know how to read), so have your sex kicks with him. Makes sense to me. Why doesn't that make sense to you???????

>

> E

>

you're going to believe what you want, no matter what i say. god... do i see my mother in you tonight. you really hate women, don't you? you expect me to write to you? why? so you can have more to attack me about? i don't think so. as Bob Hope would say... "thanks for the memories". Tammy

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 14:02:11 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: RE: are we done venting, Sir ?

Dear Master,

the e-mail accounts... with the exception of the ones you already knew, were created last night and have never been used. i should have that much free time to play on the computer. when would i get any work done?

i'm not interested in smut from a thousand different guys. i think i've had enough of that for one lifetime... thank-you very much.

well you didn't tell me i had to turn my collar in...leave my name tag and go. so what does this mean? can i stay? do you want me to stay? do you want me to leave?

would you like me to stop writing to Al? if it's going to cause problems with us, i can do that, Sir? letters aren't fucking... there just letters. and he did approach me, and all i did was respond.

Master, i want you in my life and my head. i knew the life part would be impossible, so i settled for head. you have a unique personality... one i've not seen in a man before... one i like very much. i tried to tell you that last night, but you weren't listening.

i kneel and ask you what you want me to do and do you want me to stay? i want to if you'll have me. i tell you... from the heart that i'm not cheating and will not cheat. i've had that done to me and i've done that to others. it doesn't feel good on either side.

you told me i was your property and i agreed to be that... so until you take the collar off... i'm still your property. what would you have me do?

trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 18:47:08 -0700
Subject: RE: a psychotic whore, Sir?

Dear Master,

geez, the list is long and growing longer. will there never be an end to my sins in this lifetime?

to sum it all up... let's see.... we have

psychotic whore
just plain ole whore
cunt
bitch
slut
cheater
bad wife
bad mother
bad daughter
bad child
bad friend
bad neighbor
druggie
masturbater
fantasizer
bad employee

good grief... who could like a person like this? i don't even like this person. let's kill her. what a novel idea! somebody should. the only thing she hasn't done is kill a cat and fuck a dog. should we wait to let her sink that low? no...definitely not. i think she should be shot at sunrise... and before coffee. ready... aim..fire... she's gone!

she comes... she angers... she makes a mess... but she always cleans it up before she leaves as any good psychotic codependent would.

thank-you for helping me to see who i really am. this was good for me... was it good for you? Tammy

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 18:49:08 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: i didn't say you did, Sir

Dear Master,

i didn't say you called me those names... did i? it's my list... they're my sins. nobody is blaming you for anything.

you never did answer my question, Sir. would you like me to leave now? stay... or go... it's your call. trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 19:02:23 -0700
Subject: RE: forgot the biggest sin yet, Sir

Dear Master,

i forgot to add **bad slave** to the list. this puts me over the edge for sins in this lifetime. i think i should be executed tonight. do you aim for the back of the throat... or the roof of the mouth? gawd... there's so much i didn't learn. spent far too much time with sucking cock and spreading my whore legs. should have read more... don't cha think. oh well.... Tammy

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 19:07:08 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: Tammy's dead, Sir

Dear Master,

we shot the bitch... she wouldn't stay out of our lives and we're sick of her screwing everything up for us. sending her away last time didn't work... she had to come back and ruin things for me. she didn't want to let me go. tammy hated men. tammy hated how they treated her. tammy never liked them from the time she was a kid. tammy didn't and couldn't and wouldn't trust any of them.

now that tammy is out of our lives for good...can your trinket come back home to you, Sir? i don't want to stay out here by myself... it's

cold and i'm afraid. please open the door, Master. your trinket is begging you... please.

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 19:51:31 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: trinket enters with tear stained face, Sir

Dear Master,

i crawl over to the other side of the room and lay down... my tears making puddles on the floor. i know the Master is angry with me and there will be hell to pay, but it's still better than being left out in the cold. i'm so grateful that the Master let me back in the house. i don't know what he's going to do with me, and i get scared when he's this quiet. if tammy hadn't dragged me away, i wouldn't be in this spot right now. it's going to take forever to get the Master to trust me again about anything. when he let's me speak... i'm going to tell him how sorry i am to have strayed from the saftey of his house. i'm going to beg him to forgive me for being such a stupid slave.

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 23:19:35 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: Sir, yes Sir

Dear Master,

just as soon as i send this i will delete all messages. i think you may be right about John reading them... i didn't want to believe it.... but it looks that way from his sudden change in behaviour, especially with dinner out last night.

thank-you for letting me back into your house. i hang my head in shame and walk back to my closet and cry somemore.

Your very ashamed slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Sun, 3 Aug 1997 03:50:35 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: RE: thank-you, Sir

Dear Master,

now i really feel like a low life worm! i just sent my letter and was very surprised to see an incoming message from You. after all i've done to You in the last two days... You can still hug me? thank-you for doing that , even though i don't deserve them. i do not understand You, Sir. i lash out at You in a fit of rage... and You can still find it in Your heart to hug me? You're too kind to me and i deserve you less today than i did yesterday. You have no idea how good that made me feel and You couldn't see the smile it brought to my face. that was certainly the last thing i would've expected from You today. and You say that You still have a soft spot in Your heart for me? what did i ever do to deserve someone like You? i appreciate and treasure Your kindness.

humbly.... trinket

From: trinket

To: <abouteliot@aol.com>

Date: Sun, 3 Aug 1997 03:26:32 -0700

Subject: RE: thank-you, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for letting me stay. thank-you for forgiving me, even though i don't deserve it. i kneel and kiss your feet and mumble thank-yous for your kindness..... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Sun, 3 Aug 1997 06:29:06 -0700

Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

You're standing in front of me and i'm so ashamed that i can't even look at You. i can feel You glaring. at me... knowing that if i raise my head... i'll have to face the look of disappointment in Your eyes. that look is worse than anything You could say. i'm nervous... i'm fighting back the flood of tears that threaten to pour out of me, but now is not the time to cry. i know what's expected of me and i dread the things

i'll have to say and admit to.

i wait for the word "**well?**" from You before i begin to talk. You tell me to speak up because You really want to hear what i have to say for myself this time. this feels like a nightmare i've already lived through, and i'm wondering how i let myself get into this position again.

with my sinus clogged voice, i begin by saying how sorry i am for all the trouble, pain, sorrow, and unhappiness i've caused You the last couple of days. Master, i don't really have an excuse for anything i said or did to You. i'm not going to blame anyone other than myself for what went on here. if i hadn't let tammy get close enough to me to tempt me into doing things that she knew would upset and anger You, i wouldn't be standing here now. i could've made my own choices, and not been led astray. once again it's been proven to me that i'm incapable of making correct decisions, and it's apparent that i haven't been paying attention to the things that You've been trying patiently to teach me. i beg You to please forgive me for allowing myself to be influenced by tammy... into doing things that a slave should never do to her Master. i had no right to say the things i did to You, and i should've never spoken to You in that tone of voice. i was angry and out of control and i tried my best to make You angry by writing to You from assorted e-mail accounts that i created to lead You to believe that You weren't the only man in my life. i know that i spent the better part of the night blaming You for everything. i was wrong to do that, Sir, and i'd like to retract that accusation if You'll allow me to. i know that whatever You do or say to me is for my own good, because... as Your property... You would never do anything to cause me harm or emotional injury. to destroy me... is to destroy what You own. what i did is inexcusable and most assuredly warrants some kind of severe punishment. as my Master, i know in my heart that You'd never lie to me, yet i chose to accuse You of doing that. i don't know how You'll ever forgive me for that, and i wouldn't blame You if You didn't. i keep trying to compare You to all the other men i've known in my life, and i sometimes forget that You're nothing like them at all, but i treat You like them when i'm angry and want to hurt or disobey You. if i focussed more on serving You than trying to punish You for what they did to me, i'd probably be a lot farther down the road to learning what true submission is all about. i don't know what You'll do with me or why You'd even have the desire to continue training me in view of my latest temper tantrum. i'm so ashamed of my behavior that to be in the Joee room with You is making my skin burn. Master, i sincerely apologize for

my uncalled for, childish display of anger and for the horrendous accusations that i hurled at You in an attempt to avoid having to face the truth of what You were telling me. please forgive me for not listening to You and for not conducting myself in a submissive slave like manner. i'm sorry i hurt You by saying things that i know weren't true. i'm sorry that i tried to make You angry with me after all You've done for me and for the time and energy You've so selflessly lavished on me. i'm begging you to allow me to make this up to you in anyway that i can that will show you i have a sincere desire to serve and obey you.

i kneel and kiss Your feet... mumbling apologies the whole time. You never say anything. i remain kneeling as You walk out of the room to think over what i've just said.

Your very ashamed slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 3 Aug 1997 14:41:36 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: i couldn't agree more, Sir

Dear Master,

You're 100% correct and i agree that the picture You painted is crystal clear. i do pick the Joee type of man.... over... and over... and over again.

i'm as quick to read as a cheap novel, aren't i? <smile> i'm not upset, it's true.

Sir, i'm going to pour some caffeine in me and i'll be right back and will send you another e-mail telling you why i agree with you.

i'm lucky to have You to say these things to me..... trinket hugs You, Sir

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sun, 3 Aug 1997 19:07:29 -0700
Subject: RE: hello... i'm back, Sir

Dear Master,

about your letter to me, Sir..... everything you said is true and i'm not in the least way upset over any of it. my MO with men hasn't changed since my dating years. until you, Sir, all the men have been interchangeable in my life. i discovered that when John and i were separated. every man i was drawn to was a stand in for John... right down to the emotional abuse and control. trinket is a real sick puppy and until i get better... that's the only kind of man i will ever attract. well.... how do you explain you and i? i know that you're nothing like them, yet i'm fiercely attracted to you.

yes, i know that people who divorce tend to marry the Joee kind of person the next time. and most likely John and Al have a lot of similar traits that would show up if i ever chose to live with him. i spent the weekend thinking about some of the things i just read in your letter. i suppose staying with John would save all that wasted energy, only to find out i was with the Joee man. i hear you, and i know what you're talking about. Sir, i never said i was leaving... i said i had to think the whole thing through first before i did anything. i appreciate you pointing out these things to me and i know you care about me and don't want me to make mistakes that i can't correct. your trinket isn't going anywhere anytime soon... maybe never.

i will tell you about the thinking i've been doing this weekend on the Al subject. i came to the Joee conclusion as you did. i see that as a trade off for more of the Joee... only difference is the package it comes in and the branch of service. trinket will stay where she is and most likely will be for many years to come. i stray sometimes, but i never run far or go for long. i seldom deviate from my life long pattern. i was excited about the possibilities he presented... until i really thought about what he was offering... and more importantly... why.

mega hugs... your trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 3 Aug 1997 22:57:40 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: something i read today, Sir

Dear Master,

i'll respond to your two notes in tonight's letter. i wanted to get this off to you before you went to bed. remember when i said i'd read about Elliot? well... i hadn't gone far enough back in the book to

have discovered your mini-bio. when i first got the book, i just scanned it to see where i wanted to start reading when i did pick it up again. i sometimes don't always read a book from the beginning. the Elliot... Glenda... and Mary story caught my eye more than the rest... so that's what i read last week. this morning i opened the book and there you were. i have to assume that Glenda is Gabi... am i correct? whow! you've been and maybe still are as big a hermit as myself. no wonder we hit it off. the pieces are falling into place. this showed me more of the man i've been writing to. the idea to leave an autobiography behind for posterity is a great one. yes, we all do have a story to tell, its a shame that the story goes when we do. do i get an autographed copy by the Master? wouldn't i love to read that. we're alike with the defense mechanism being developed in childhood to detect the level of danger at any given moment. and if you're like me... you're always on guard, correct? i scan a room or a party and know the people to avoid, and when the tension escalates... i'm the first one to leave. when you feel like telling me... i'd really like to know what kind of art work you do. i know you said you were a digital photographer, but you left it at that. well... i haven't seen anything here that turns me off or would make me run. i feel a little closer to you tonight after having read that. you're an interesting man and i'd love to spend a month slurping coffee and talking with you.

gonna send this now so you can read it before you turn in. good-night, Master

your slave-slut-puppy-pet.... trinket

Reply-To: <@gwi.net>

To: <abouteliot@aol.com>

Date: Tue, 5 Aug 1997 02:06:56 -0700

Subject: RE: station d.o.w.n., Sir

Dear Master,

helloooo all you night people out there. this is tammy b. coming at cha from station D.O.W.N. in the great North East. i'll be your keeper of the night for the remainder of this manic Monday. come with me as we journey through the velvet darkness and into the early morning mist. are any of you out there feeling down tonight? if you are, call me here at the station and we'll get **high** together as we listen to the mellow sounds of our featured new age artist, **Enya**, from her newly released CD, **Shepherd Moons**.

kitten smiles

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 4 Aug 1997 23:26:01 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: free offer from station d.o.w.n., Sir

Dear Master,

now for our question of the night.... we're going to go mind tripping back to the sexually free 70's and pull out a line from a song that you all should remember. for the first caller that can correctly identify the artist and the year, we have a free CD of your choice from the station that knows your need to remember an era that will never come again. now for the words that should help you recall the song..... "and the players only love you when they're playing"

kitten purrrs

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 5 Aug 1997 00:00:18 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: higher than the clouds, Sir

Dear Master,

your trinket is higher than the clouds.... and lower than the ocean floor.

but the night is hers and no one will ever see the darkness the way she does.

kitten prowls.....

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 5 Aug 1997 00:25:19 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: what about that tammy, Sir ?

Dear Master,

trinket wishes to tell the Master that there are many tammys. only

one is dead. we killed trouble tammy.... but the others are still with us. we have.....

controlling tammy
sad tammy
happy tammy
bad tammy
sexy tammy
frigid tammy
friendly tammy
cleaning tammy
enabling tammy
rage-filled tammy
nurturing tammy
playful tammy
shy tammy
lying tammy
truthful tammy
faithful tammy
unfaithful tammy
druggie tammy
sane tammy
insane tammy
crying tammy
whining tammy
laughing tammy
smiling tammy
old tammy
young tammy
ageless tammy
depressed tammy
suicidal tammy
strong tammy
cover-up tammy
scared tammy
screaming tammy
working tammy
lazy tammy
stupid tammy
smart tammy
needy tammy
empty tammy

anyone of these tammys could have been your dj for the evening. do

you know the song? do you know the year? why not?

humming songs and staring at the screen..... trinket... kitten... pet....
purrrrrr

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 5 Aug 1997 00:45:22 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: kitten says, Sir

Dear Master,

kitten says that trinket is going to the base in the morning to get her ID card renewed so that she can then get her pills refilled. between you and i, Sir, i don't think it's a minute too soon. she's acting real strange tonight and we don't know what to do with her. she says she didn't take any pills, but she's on some kinda high. we wish you were here to help us. we can't control her when she gets like this. she seems real happy, but it's so unlike her that i get the feeling that it's forced. i could be wrong.... maybe she is. does she seem happy to you? she's scaring us, she's just humming songs and staring at the screen. who does she expect to see?

purrrrfectly worried.... kitten..... meow... meow

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 6 Aug 1997 00:34:38 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: thank-you, Sir

Dear Master,

thanks for the sent hugs... i really needed them. what else is going on? you're a brave man for even asking and that's why i love the person you are! no matter what i've done... you're always here for me, and you'll at least listen.

well... my daughter, Erin, is checking out depression and suicide pages... as i discovered when i took over the computer tonight. that probably explains her apparent anger and rage lately. she doesn't talk much to anyone in the house anymore. when i try to approach her... the wall goes up and she lashes out with very angry words and actions. i don't take this to heart... she is a teenager and i've been through this before with the others. i know that she doesn't like

her father drinking and always reports to me if she sees him with beer and asks how many he's had tonight. gaging the danger? sound familiar? report to the mother, make her **fix** it... it's her fault... she married him. i can't relate... i never checked out anything on depression/suicide until my mid-twenties. so... of course, i'm concerned... this is my baby and i love her, but i don't know how to help her if she won't let me near her. very hard space for a mom to be in. i can look at her eyes and see the pain and i don't like what i see. it may just be because of the summer and the escalated drinking of both John/Joe. Joe is always blitzed on something or other and so is his girlfriend. the other night she ran him to the E.R. because his foot was so sore he couldn't stand on it. seems Joey boy has gout at the tender age of 22... due to his kidneys not processing all the alcohol he pumps through them. Erin and i sit here and watch the men of the house destroy themselves and cause constant chaos and tension. we're not happy campers at all. this whole house needs years and years of counseling before we'd be fit to turn loose on society.

granted these aren't earth shattering events... but they do cause much stress and have contributed to my over-all mood lately. Master, just keep telling yourself, it's not you that slave is upset with... it's them... because that's the truth.

thank-you so much for listening at a time when i feel so undeserving of your kindness. i sincerely appreciate your concern and send my biggest hugs. your scattered trinket. <smile--kinda>

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 6 Aug 1997 08:13:11 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

Yes Sir, i know that i'm still in deep shit, and i know that it'll take some time to crawl of this hole. each time it happens... i swear it'll be the last... and look where i am today. some fools just don't learn. it's not that you're a bad teacher... it's that i'm a bad student. god knows that you've given it your all. i don't mean to make light of this and i'm truly sorry for the distress i've caused you and i can't apologize enough.

Sir, i take full responsibility for everything that happened this

weekend. i was wrong to have tried to shift any of the blame onto you or anybody else. i didn't try to hurt you on purpose, Master, and now that i know you are hurt.... i really feel like a worthless piece of shit. i admit i did try to hurt you with the e-mails. it was a very childish display of anger that i regret doing, and it proved nothing other than i can fill in the required information to open e-mail accounts. it's obvious that my brain doesn't function when i'm angry, and i don't take the time to think of how my actions will affect others. do you honestly think i meant to hurt you with telling you about AI? if you answer yes to this... then you really don't know me at all. i have no reason to hurt you, Sir. you have no idea how bad i've felt since Saturday when all this mess started. we were doing fairly well and i was enjoying what we had together, and now i wonder if you'll ever trust me enough to be that close again. i couldn't blame you if you didn't.

yes Sir, i have lied to most of the men in my life at some time or other. i'd say we were running neck 'n' neck a good bit of the time. some men you have to lie to because they don't want to hear or can't handle the truth. you have to gage everyone and decide how much truth they can take. i've been accused of being too truthful on several occasions. in fact...John says i'm brutally honest at times. the truth isn't supposed to hurt... but i beg to differ.

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 6 Aug 1997 16:10:42 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: that's true, Sir

Dear Master,

yes, it's true i do sometimes lack finesse in my presentation of the truth, and it's not the first time i've been accused of it. i realize that i do occasionally use it as a weapon, and on some people.... it's meant to be a strike. i started doing it with my mother years ago. i'd say to myself, "alright bitch, you want the truth, i'll give you every ugly detail of the truth". loving daughter, wasn't i?

But with you, Sir, i never meant to hurt you with what i told you about AI. i honestly thought there was no way on god's green earth that you'd ever want me, and i damn sure don't feel good enough for you. i've always stuck with my own kind and i feel comfortable with military people, since they've been a big part of my life forever and i know how to relate to them. put me in a room full of Sailors or

Marines and i can talk to anyone there, but in a room full of educated polite men, i'll be the one closest to the door smoking a cigarette and getting ready to bolt.

thanks for taking the time to acess the problem here. yes... we're all GONZO, and i may be the worst! sometimes it's so sad it's funny. my dark humor allows me to laugh at this... when i really should be crying.

i don't know when i'll have the car back. remember when i said that i figured it'd be around Sept. or Oct? looks like it's leaning that way. John could've fixed it, he's a damn good car mechanic and has never sent any of our cars to the garage in 26 yrs. we've never owned a new car because he doesn't like car payments. mine had something wrong with the engine and a host of other problems that he really didn't want to fix. he tells me that he's going to get his friend to fix it soon, but he's had it since last Oct. John loves the control and i don't see him rushing to get it back to me. if i push him too far... i'll be sitting here a whole lot longer. with John, i've learned to just wait him out. he'll give in sooner or later... he always does.

will write again tonight before you go to bed. big hugs for listening to me. i **crawl** to you with thanks and kiss your shoes. must run... Erin is waiting to use this because John has hogged it all afternoon.

your pet.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 7 Aug 1997 09:08:12 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

believe me, Sir, i know i need help, but don't i hate the paid listeners. my girlfriend, Doreen, is seeing one because of marital problems and depression. she's on Zoloft, and my junkie brain only thinks about the drugs you can get if you go sit in their office and spill your guts. i wouldn't mind getting my hands on some Prozac. i hear that shit works great and calms the beast within. okay... i'll be serious, Sir. first step will be getting my car back, and then we'll take it from there. what was your experience with mental health shrinks? do you feel they really helped? know what my biggest fear is? when they find out that i'm married to an alcoholic and have an alcoholic son,

they're gonna want me to attend those stupid alanon meetings. Master, i don't do groups of people well at all. that crowd is so touchy feely, and you have to endure all those strangers hugging you and drink that nasty coffee they all make. if i could find a female counselor to talk to, i'd probably be tempted to go. can't bear the thought of talking about myself with a man sitting there and drawing whatnots while i whine about my fucked up life. last shrink i saw was after the surgery. he's the one who gave me the Halcion.

i know that i'm powerless to help my family, save for Erin... maybe. found out why she was checking out suicide/depression pages. tonight at dinner, she started asking me what i knew about Morphine and what it was used for. i told her what it was, and asked her why she wanted to know. she said that a guy she met on the internet was a heavy drug user and he does Heroin and Morphine. she said that he was very depressed and sounded suicidal last night. so she looked up some info on depression and suicide, and then e-mailed the site addresses to him and told him to read it before he did anything stupid. i was so relieved to know that it wasn't for herself, but because i'm her mother... i still wonder. she's hardly left the house all summer... she seems unhappy all the time lately and she doesn't talk to us like she used to. she went on that camping weekend last month with her girlfriend and to my oldest daughters house this past weekend, but that's the only places she's been all summer. you know that that's not even normal for a 17 yr. old girl. i never smell booze on her, and her eyes are always clear... so i know she isn't drinking/drugging. Joe and bridget spent most of their teen years with blood shot eyes. a mother notices these things, Sir. it's no small wonder that Erin appears depressed, in view of who she lives with. all Erin ever sees is drug/alcohol abuse in this family and with her friends. being the daughter of an alcoholic dad and a druggie mom, naturally all her friends come from fucked up homes too. she's brought home some real wounded animals to shelter for the night because it wasn't safe for them to be at home. all my kids have brought home friends in crisis at different times while growing up. maybe our house isn't the zoo i think it is, or perhaps it's because it's less of a zoo than their own? i don't know... i'm just the mother.

yes, i know that i'm my own worst enemy and i agree that i do go out of my way to make some rather lousy decisions for my damn self. also, i do agree that you should be the only one to give me **controlled** pain. oh please... can you do that, Sir?

Master, i understand what you were trying to point out about my being honest and how i might choose to present the truth in the future. like i've tried to tell you... i truly didn't think it would matter one way or the other to you, since we didn't have any plans to be together. i'm so sorry for how all that turned out and for my negative reaction to you being hurt. i swear to you that i wasn't trying to hurt you. why would i want to? you have done nothing to hurt me in any way since i've known you. please don't question if all the nice things i said to you and about you are true. Master, of course they're true and always will be. i haven't been lying to you about anything i've told you in my letters. i feel like you may not believe me, but you may change your mind in time when you see that i'm still here and still want to serve you. i've screwed that up so many times that i must surely have added to the gray in your hair since you've known me.

whow!!! seven days without a cigarette? your trinket hugs you and says that you must be a very controlled person to be able to do this after so many years of smoking. i hope it gets easier for you.

your wayward slave.... who's in need of discipline...

trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 7 Aug 1997 16:04:43 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: i'm now kneeling, Sir

Dear Master,

your slave is kneeling in front of you with her hands behind her back waiting for them to be cuffed.... she gently rubs her face across your knees. trinket loves the feel of your hands slapping her face. the exciting things it does to my cunt and mind can't be adequately described.

Master, your description of your room and surroundings made my heart ache. my poor poor Master, you need fresh air and beautiful things to look at. sometimes when i'm feeling really blue and moody, all i need to do to perk up is to go outside and spend some time walking around while i drink in beauty no matter where i look. i was out in the yard the other night... just sitting on the swing, okay... so i swung a couple of times... nobody saw. <smile> anyway the smell

of the night air and the sweet scent of pine trees combined with the sight of flowers growing everywhere had me in a much better mood then when i went out. i get wet when i'm near woods of any kind. with all the talk of sex and trees that we've been doing, you come to mind when i'm in the yard these days. i think about you more than you know. how i'd love to steal you and bring you to N.H. for a month. the salt air and sunshine would be good for you. plenty of trees to tie a hammock to so that the Master could catch a quick afternoon nap while your slave knelt obediently by your side, waiting for you to wake up so that she could attend to your every need. you haven't packed that suitcase yet? tsk. tsk. cities will slowly kill you Master. they cloud your mind and rob your soul. i think i have more freedom in my prison than you've ever known, and i've made a mental note to start being more grateful for what i do have than what i don't.

your slave hugs you tonight and says she understands and sees your pain and what it's done to you for most of your life. you're still that little boy who's found a safe zone and doesn't dare leave it's shelter. oh my Master, you had so much to give... that may be the biggest loss of all. it makes me cherish what you've given me all the more. you could've been so loved and worshiped if people only knew how to find you. how i wish i could hold you this very minute and tell you how special you are to me. now i really feel like a shit for hurting you. thanks for sharing your world with me. i know you that much better now.

your slave sends you a double dose of her best hugs today.... trinket

Subj: RE: guess what came today, Sir?

Date: 97-08-08 01:52:09 EDT

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

what came today was trinket's pills in the mail!! even as i write, female hormones and blood pressure pills are being pumped through my system. you'll like your trinket a whole lot better in the days to come. i know that my blood pressure is raging again by the short fuse i've had lately, not to mention.... my attitude. hormones will make the demon hot flashes go away and make my cunt so wet that you'd love to touch it just to feel the moist velvety softness. once my system gets back on track... i'll have to write to you with a

towel between my legs to soak up the moisture. think i'm kidding?
you don't know me. <smiles>

i wanted to ask about something i read in the book you sent.
Marsha in "Meet Your Neighbors" said that you have a way of getting
people to talk to you by asking leading questions that get them to
spill their guts. what were these questions that you asked me to get
me to open up and tell you things that not everybody knows about
me? you mean... i missed them?

some of the people described in the book are unbelievable. i can't
believe what they went through in trying to find an s/m partner. the
need for s/m is even greater than i imagined. there aren't too many
people that are married that have the Joee desire, are there? it
would be easier to find the match before one married, but for some
reason we never figure that out. i just thought i'd be able to talk my
mate into it, and when i found out that he didn't really share my
need, i was shattered. oh god... to be 26 again and have a Master
in my life. lord have mercy... would i have been able to count the
cums? i think not.

your trinket is holding you close to her heart tonight trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 8 Aug 1997 08:35:40 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

do you think pills like Prozac and Zoloft are addictive? i've heard
people rave about how good they feel and how they relieve anxiety
and stress. Doreen has been taking Zoloft for a few months now
and i've seen a great change in her. she was over for coffee two
weeks ago and she's happy and smiling again, but she doesn't seem
high or anything. they hand out Prozac today like they did valium in
the 70's. actually i'd settle for some Zanex. the first time i took that,
it kicked my ass. i couldn't believe how well i slept. sleeping has
always been a problem for me, and i don't do it well or for long. i
wake up every hour to hour and a half. the only time i've ever slept
well in my life was a few nights when i had those 13 orgasm
orgasms! do you have any idea the amount of beating it takes to
bring those on? i'd need a man with arms of steel and a feel for
leather.

thanks for your idea to look on the net for some on line support and also, ways to maybe help Erin. slave brain never thought of using the computer to do something constructive. what a concept, trinket. now try to grasp it. sorry... i was speaking for you. what are ya gonna do with me? please just love me... just train me... just hold me and tell me that i'm owned by you. i'll serve you... i'll obey you... i'll listen to you... i'll love you back... and i'll **crawl** to you with need and desire to please you.

slave kneels and offers you tonight's assignment for your inspection and approval.

your obedient slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 9 Aug 1997 11:57:29 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

my military ID card is good until the exp. date in 2001.... and i won't be running out of my pills again. **uncle sugars** puppets have helped me. they have me in the computer with 6 running scripts. these should have expired in June of '98. now i can fill them indefinitely without having to go back to the doctor once a year for a physical. i was laughing my ass off when i saw that. love those military boys in the pharmacy. somebody was asleep at the computer and they've saved me from those nasty vaginal examines that every woman hates. see how easy it is to get stuff from the military? why couldn't they have done that with Codiene or some other fun drug?

Sir, you said that i'm unique and a delight to talk to? your slave smiles and says thank-you. at the risk of sounding arrogant... i kinda figured out that you liked talking to me, because we've been talking ever since the first note i sent to you.

Sir, i think i know what you want me to tell you. i do remember saying that i had something else to tell you, but i didn't have the nerve to at the time. i don't know if i do tonight either... it's kinda real pain oriented, and i know that you're not too terribly fond of pain stuff. i'll tell ya in a minute. first let me say that it had nothing to do

with my statement of **trinket does Texas**. i think i was making light of all the guys i did as a result of my year at the escort service. Master, i have no idea how many guys i've fucked in this lifetime. at one point of my working that year... i was going 7 nights a week... 8 to 10 to 12 calls a night. if we were conservative, and chose the #10... good lord that's 70 guys a week. you go figure from here. i've been fucking since i was 13 yrs. old. add those to the working year and my extramarital affairs, plus the gazillion from the sex club.... and the 13 men i went through in the 2 1/2 yrs. that John and i were separated.... and you start to wonder why i have a twat left at all. just to have escaped aids and herpes alone, was some kind of miracle in itself.

no... i'm not a Lizzey Borden... relax. i've been suicidal before, but never homicidal. well... maybe i thought about it once or twice during John's drinking years. do you remember me saying something about steel toed flight boots? aaaah... the light comes on. well... your trinket has a thing about those military lace up flight boots. i get wet whenever i see anyone in them, and John worked on planes in the Navy and worked the flight deck when he was on board ships... so he always had a pair of them on in the early years of our marriage. one night he calls me from the base and tells me he'll be home in 20 min..... he wanted me stripped and kneeling on all fours when he came in the door. it didn't take me long to get out of those clothes... jump in the shower and get my ass back downstairs before he got home. when he came in... he started telling me that i'd been a real bitch lately and he thought i needed a good ass kicking. he had no idea about the can of worms he was opening... poor boy. so he **thinks** he's going to punish me... he begins kicking and sees that i'm loving it instead of screaming for him to stop. when he finally got done... all he did was put his hand in my cunt and i flooded the rug with orgasm after orgasm. those boots were leather, and you know how much i like leather. we did that many times after that night. sometimes he'd tie my hands to hooks in the wall and kick me standing up. they left some nasty bruises... but the orgasms always made up for them. one night we had this guy from the sex club at our house and he and John were both going to do it as i was tied spread eagled..standing up. the dude got a little nervous when he saw how hard John was kicking and told him he thought he should take it easier on me. John tried to tell him that i liked it and would cum buckets as a result of it. when they got done with me... John barely put his hand inside me and i started cumming down his arm and began dripping puddles onto the floor. pain does it for me everytime. the greater the pain... the better

the orgasm. can't explain it... just know that it works. i like those tan lace up boots that construction men wear too. they look so yummy in those with jeans and hard hats on. i'm a real sick cookie, Sir.

i kneel and hand you tonight's assignment as i thank you for being the genius that you are. i tell you that i'm so grateful to have found you, and i want to be your slave for a long time to come.

your wet and excited and obedient and humble slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 9 Aug 1997 18:35:23 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: kneeling and licking, Sir

Dear Master,

your slave is kneeling and licking your shoes.... hell..... she'll eat 'em if you want her to. <smile> <grin> <laughing> i'm still wired from the face slapping scene! jesus... joseph... and mary.... what a joy you are to have for a Master. i'm loving this more than you can know.

thought about you all through making dinner.... and eating it. my granddaughters are visiting. the baby is now sleeping and the 5 yr. old is in here with me destroying and rearranging everything she can get her hands on. girls rule in this house... so they're free to do whatever they want. what's a grandmother for if she can't let them be animals when they want to? hugs... cookies... and freedom are staples with my grandchildren. Master, you don't know what you're missing in life without the babies to hold and love. they're a reward for all the shit we've endured over the years.

pretty soon the Sat. night party crowd will be pouring in and staggering in and creating chaos where there once was peace. god... how i love the weekends. yeah... right.

have to run... Nina wants to bang on the computer and i'm feeling selfish for avoiding her this long. bad grandmother. just kidding. will send you a note before you go to bed. know that you'll be on my mind all evening... way into the night... and until i fall asleep in the morning.

hugging you... needing you... wanting you... thanking you for being

you.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 9 Aug 1997 22:45:22 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: all's quiet, Sir

Dear Master,

oh... the sweet sweet sound of silence! all drunks are in and accounted for and the rest went home. it's just you... me... and cliff. my head aches, but i'm still horny as hell from..... you guessed it..... your slapping scene. how am i gonna get through the night with this playing over and over in my head? i want you so bad right now that my nipples are hard just thinking about you and what you wrote. you'll need two court orders to get rid of me now. if we ever talk... i will tell you how much i loved this one. i want you to hear it in my voice and remember it for a long time to come.

your day sounded a little hectic... i hope you've had time to relax by now. are you still off the cigs? if you are... good for you. if you aren't... slave hugs you and says that's okay... you'll master it soon.

your very wet and horny slave..... trinket
trinket hugs you good-night

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 10 Aug 1997 07:16:10 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i have my fingers crossed as i type this, and i'm praying that it doesn't get eaten by the computer this tonight.

where did i get kicked? mainly ass and thighs. if he kicked me in the cunt... it wasn't with the toe part of the boot... god that would hurt too much. i like pain, but i don't want to be destroyed with it. he usually did it with the top part of the boot so that it was a blunt kick rather than a sharp one. men like him love to kick. i've met others just like him, but John and the guy from the sex club are the only ones i ever let do it to me, because i could trust them to not really hurt me. i never let him do it when he was drinking.... he would've

been out of control and i wouldn't be here writing this.

so... you want to hear about guns and interrogations? and a good time was not had by all... i might add this happened about 4 mo. after we were married. this was the summer of '71.... he was in a 3 month school. we went back there again in '82 for 3 more yrs. since we were only going to be there a short while, we didn't qualify for base housing, and ended up with this trailer.... out in the middle of nowhere that was 15-20 mi. from the base. he was drinking a lot and wouldn't come home 'til real late at night after the clubs closed. this one night... he was trashed to the max and i didn't want to talk to him when he came in because i knew it would lead to a fight. well..... you can't win with a drunk. he was pissed because i wouldn't engage in drunken conversation with him, so he decided to leave my dumb ass there with **my** kid, Anna, and packed his usual run away items... which consisted of all the guns and rifles he owned, plus whatever booze and beer was on hand. he generally traveled light in those days. <smile> he goes to jump in the van after he threw his shit in and discovered that it had a flat tire. poor boy must have run over something with it on the way home. he's way too drunk to change it... yet he was gonna drive. he tells me to get my lazy ass out there and do it for him. your trinket didn't even drive in those days and i damn sure knew nothing about changing a tire. shit... i wouldn't even know where to begin. i'm trying to tell him that i don't know how and why didn't he just leave it til the morning and fix it then. wrong thing to say to a drunk. he pulls out a gun... aims it at me... tells me i'll do it and do it now...unless i want that brat inside to wake up without a mother. i had **balls** then... i think i told him to kiss my ass. he dragged me inside... pulled out a kitchen chair... put it in the middle of the floor... made me sit in it... held the gun to my head and reminded me that he could waste me any minute. he said he was holding it there until i was ready to change the tire. you know how that got to the irish in me, don't you? i wouldn't budge and i wouldn't talk to him either. then i heard him cock it and i started talking my ass off and i became real friendly. he wasn't buying it... and got madder than he was before. pretty soon he's firing questions at me right and left... and he said i'd damn well better have the answers he was looking for or he'd blow my fucking head off. he was so drunk that he wasn't making any sense, and i didn't know him well enough at the time to know that he wouldn't pull the trigger. he was asking me how many guys i fucked while he was at work making a living for me and that kid of mine. he wanted to know who i was screwing that lived near us. there was 4 other trailers there with Marines/Sailors from the base and their families. my god...we

were just married... i hadn't fucked around on him at all at that time, but he just knew i had and he wasn't buying my lies. i'm trying to tell him that i love him and i wouldn't do that to my husband... yada... yada... etc. you know... just saying any and everything that i thought would calm him down. he continued drinking and holding that gun on me for another 2 hrs. before he passed out and i got up.... put the gun away... went to bed and left his ass right there on the kitchen floor. he held loaded guns to my head several times after that, but i didn't take it lying down. your little irish slave has guts... even if i lack brains. one night he was out in the yard... drunk as shit with this Marine who lived by us and i didn't want him in the trailer that night, because i was worn down with his need to fight with me everytime he drank. Anna was asleep... i went and got his gun out from underneath the mattress... opened the trailer door... and unloaded that sucker by shooting it right over the top of his head. i was fucking pissed and he knew it. all his guns/rifles were in the house and he wasn't about to come in and get them with me outta my fucking gourd. he stayed at the Marine's trailer that night... came back home when he was sober and didn't hurt me that day, but i paid for that mistake the next time he got drunk. he beat the shit out of me for doing that and making him look stupid in front of the neighbors. if you ask me, he was doing a good job at that before i unloaded the gun. that Marine never came back to our trailer again... can't imagine why.

your very happy slave kneels in front of you and hands you tonight's assignment before the computer eats it. i thank you again for last night's letter. i thank you for being the best Master a slave could have. i thank you for the time you're spending on me to train me to serve you. if it pleases you, Master, may i lick your shoes before i leave?

your collared slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 10 Aug 1997 04:39:50 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: about smoking, Sir

Dear Master,

11 days without a cigarette..... your trinket is so proud of you, Sir. don't worry about the weight... that's only temporary. i hear that men gain far less when they quit than women do. just think of how much

more strength you'll have for **slapping** this slave. you won't wheeze after each slap. your slave hugs you and says she admires you for even trying. it's must have been a real struggle for you to have gotten this far after all the years you've smoked. i wish you continued success. i adore you.... trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sun, 10 Aug 1997 19:38:35 -0700
Subject: RE: why i stayed, Sir

Dear Master,

those weren't the only questions he'd ask... he expected answers he wanted to hear for any and all questions. it was a power and control game he liked. he wasn't strong enough to do it with his mind... so the gun gave him the control he **thought** he needed.

why did i stay? god's honest truth? the answer is so simple that it'll blow you away. for the sex, Sir, for the best mutha fuckin sex i had ever had in my life. when he was sober.... he could fuck for hours. he did things to me and with me that i'd never had done or even knew about. i was 22 that summer and he was 25, and i was horny 24/7. i liked being scared by him... i liked the beatings... i fell in love with the multiple orgasms and i wanted more. he was a handsome piece of work in those days with a rock hard body that could jam a cock clear to my throat. who the hell wouldn't stay? i over looked the drinking for what he gave me in return. i had never been handcuffed or tied spread eagle by a man before i met him. i had never done love beads or been ass fucked by anyone. i had never been slapped like he slapped my face. i wanted it all so bad that i was willing to do whatever he wanted me to do, just to keep those orgasms coming.

that, Sir, is the cut and dried of it. some are sicker than others and i was pretty sick, but my cunt was getting the workout of the century. and people think you marry for love.... ohh please give me a break! i've hated him and loved him for a long time. we have a lot of history together and most of it is rocky.... but if i had to pick the one man who's given me the best **physical** sex.... he would win... hands down.

hugs... more hugs... trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sun, 10 Aug 1997 22:22:30 -0700
Subject: RE: hello...she's back, Sir

Dear Master,

guess who's gone tonight? that's right. she's at her girlfriends and this is mine until tomorrow morning. it's far too hot to do anything tonight and i may not even do the dishes. heat wave came back with a vengeance today and brought staggering humidity with it.

i got up to an empty house... save for John... who's quite drunk and by the looks of him...got started hours before i got up. i've just spent the last two hours trying to get him to go to bed. of course... he wanted to talk... and you know how thrilling that can be with a drunk. i didn't make a scene or he would've stayed up for hours and drank more.

finally i'm alone and i can talk to you if you have some time you can spare. are you real busy tonight? thanks for not giving me assignments for this evening. you always seem to know when there will be tension here. tonight is one of those nights that i wish you weren't my Master, only because i'd like to talk to you as a friend and i know that can never be. don't take this the wrong way... please. i love being your slave, but i'm lonely and i need someone to talk to, and i'd prefer it to be someone who was sober... intelligent.... and interesting..... a person like yourself, Sir.

maybe i'll look for some stuff to read. i just need to get out of this space before i end up dwelling on negativity all evening. let me know if you feel like e-mailing a few notes. hugs... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 11 Aug 1997 09:48:21 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

you're too good to me. i do appreciate you e-mailing me last night. yes, i know that you're not here to entertain me, because i'm supposed to be here to serve and entertain you. i was just lonely and i wanted to talk to you. you always make me feel so good.

whenever i tell you that i need you, you're here for me. you've never turned me away once.... no matter how bad i've been. you make it too easy to love you. i'm still such a little girl sometimes... looking for the safety of arms i can trust. you've held me so many times already, and you've only known me for 3 mo. if you've spent most of your life avoiding people... how did you learn to be so loving and attentive? there's so many things i don't know about you and i want to know everything. have you ever thought about the odds of a person like me... with my background... getting hooked up with a person like you... just from reading a web page? they must be something like 9 gazillion to 2. yet... here i am. have you worried about the kind of person your personality attracts since you've met me? if i were you... i'd be damn worried. i'm a mess and look what i've done to your quiet world.

yes, having my granddaughters here does make me very happy. they're so easy to love and they give twice as much as they get. i've always loved the babies because they don't bring you the pain that adults do. who couldn't love 'em? bridget's girls are beautiful and i adore them, just like i do my **golden child**. i don't see my grandsons as often as i do the girls because bridget lives closer to me than Anna does. the boys don't like coming out here all that much, since there are no other kids their age who even live on this road. they live in the city and have bikes to ride... parks to go to...and friends galore,etc. coming out to the boondocks doesn't really appeal to them. they came a lot last summer because John had a friend who's a lobsterman, and he used to go with Charlie to give him a hand every now and then, and would take one or other of the boys. Charlie kept us in fresh fish... lobster... and clams all season. yummy!

and **no**, Sir, i don't think starting over with the grandkids would be a good idea at all. yes, i adore them but god almighty...they require a lot of energy to keep up with them. they'd have my ass worn out in a week. i've had children in my life since i was 18 and i need a rest. just raising my own has taken it's toll.... and i ain't done yet.

what's going on in my slave pea brain? nothing and everything... Joe as always. lately... i'm feeling the old feelings of panic and fear that are always present when you live with alcoholics. i see the drinking increasing weekly... beer and wine are just a substitute for what he'd really like to have. he's still hiding the booze from time to time and avoiding me when he doesn't want me to know he's had anything to drink. he forgets that it shows in his walk and his eyes. i

can look at him from across the road and know that he's been drinking. i keep telling myself to remain calm... don't rock the boat...just keep a low profile until next June and then i'm going to try to figure out what the hell i want to do with the rest of my life. i honestly don't think i want to spend it babysitting an aging alcoholic. old drunks are not fun people to be around.... know what i mean? so.... your slave thinks about many things.... things that i will dicuss with you before i do anything stupid. i have made such a mess of my life that i doubt i'd know a good decision if it was handed to me.

your slave **crawls** to you... naked... with her collar on... kneels.... hands you tonight's assignment and waits for your approval.

your obedient slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Mon, 11 Aug 1997 19:08:23 -0700
Subject: RE: oh that was good, Sir

Dear Master,

the orgasm this morning was better than good! it was great!

weather has cooled down some and there is a breeze coming in off the ocean. thank god for that. your trinket doesn't like hot weather at all. i check the temps every day in the mountains, and it was a heavenly 47 degrees there this morning. i want to move there so bad. there's less humidity in the mountains than here on the coast. in the winter i imagine one could be snowed in for days at a time, and your trinket would love the isolation. wanna move to Montana and play cabin Master with me? they have lots of trees there and no smog.... and you can see the stars in a clean clear sky. some friends of ours vacationed in Montana a few years back, and they said it was breath taking.

about chatting with others.... yes, i guess i would like permission to do that sometimes... like when i have an urge for adult conversation in the middle of the night. i know it's a touchy subject with you, and you start thinking that you're not enough for me. Master, that's not it at all. i just get lonely for one-on-one chat, especially on the weekends when there isn't much sober chatting going on around here... save for Erin and the babies. i realize that you can't talk to me like that and be my Master too. i'm not looking for another

Master and i damn sure don't have the time for an on-line romance, so you don't have to worry about my running off. i'm quite happy with you and our relationship, but i want and need to talk to other adults. the temptation comes from the availability of resources and the anonymity of being behind the screen. as you know, i have that nasty playful side of me that needs to get out. i would love to do it with you, but i know that's impossible. you, Sir, are not responsible for entertaining me 24/7 and it'd be selfish of me to think that you could. i don't want to ruin what we have by constantly nagging you to talk to me and e-mail me when you have work to do or you're just not in the mood. also, e-mailing takes time and with chat you can have instant feedback. Master, i have no one to talk to out here and your trinket is climbing the walls. can you understand where i'm at without thinking that you're not enough for me? you have a sober intelligent person that you live with, so conversation is always available to you. John is quite intelligent, but not always sober and cliff refuses to talk. <smile> think it over and let me know how you feel. i won't do anything that you don't want me to do, because you're far too important to me to lose. i want you in my life and i want what we have together. please don't be angry... you did ask... and i tried to tell you as gently as i could. too bad you didn't have a split personality like tammy does... she could talk to your other selves and i could remain faithful to you. as you can see, there are some drawbacks to being totally sane. i hear the wheels turning and i see the smile, but i didn't say anything, did i?

how's the not smoking going? are you still craving them, or has that part passed? can you still drink coffee without wanting one?

i can't wait to write to you tonight about being a slut. i love it when i have the permission to be myself. how i'd love to be a slut for you in person.

hugging you... loving you... thinking about you...adoring you...
crawling to you... kneeling in front of you... licking you... tasting you... being made wet by you... thanking you for being you.....
trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 11 Aug 1997 18:50:51 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: thank-you, Sir

Dear Master,

try to look at this request as something that only tammy wants. trinket is content where she is, but tammy always has to cruise. she prefers to move through the night untethered by anyone. tammy is a free spirit and very much... a wild child. tammy doesn't respect or like men, but she can't resist playing with them because they're such easy targets. tammy has needs that only she can meet in a way that isn't understood by most people. tammy doesn't want a relationship with anybody and will never give her heart to one man... if at all. with tammy... if you don't give her what she craves... she just comes and takes what we have.

Master, i will be taking **no orders** from any other Dom. i don't want another Dom. i have you and that's all i need. i will tell tammy to cruise in circles that don't know you and i. i want her to bring no shame to you by what she does. she'll have to use names that aren't known to you and will never be known by you.

it wasn't my intention to make you feel **less than**..... by asking for this for tammy. you're only one person and you can't handle the type of woman that tammy is and still have time for me and your other slaves.

i have to go now... Erin is back home... just woke up from a nap and wants to play until 1:00. will write you again before you go to bed.

mega hugs... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 12 Aug 1997 11:22:39 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i promise not to start crying... whining... nagging... begging... pleading about the **possibility** of you calling me sometime in the not **too** distant future. please know that i am jumping up and down.... and bouncing off the walls at the very thought of you being close enough to me to actually hear your voice on the phone. you'll never know how much i want to hear you, or how very important it is to me. you know that voices tell us much about a person, don't you? not as much as looking into the eyes of the person talking to you, but an acceptable second. when i booked reservations at the hotel, i'd

have guests pretty well summed up.... long before they arrived. i'd put check marks beside the interesting and playful ones, to be used at a later date. some desk clerk i was...i was supposed to be doing paperwork and reservations, not getting off on voices in the night.

now for the absolutely filthy thing i did one night at the sex club. welll.... there were other nights, but not like this one. we go to the club early that Saturday night so that we can have dinner first and mingle with some of the bodies that we'd be fucking later. trinket looks around all through dinner and chooses men she will have before this night is over. the selection is wide and varied... just what a slut like myself looks for when she wants to act out every trashy desire she's ever had. not all would be filled... but enough to satisfy the whore in my soul. after dinner... the crowd slowly filters upstairs to the floor that had our block of rooms. i go over to Smitty and Gwen's table to make small talk and see if that 6' 4" black jewel was interested in jamming his foot long salami up my moist and sticky pussy. i'd been with Smitty several times and the boy could fuck like a jackhammer and took forever to cum. Smitty was one of those guys that could show a girl a real good time. we go upstairs long before Gwen and John come up because i'm such a hot, nasty slut that i don't want to waste the night sitting around talking about doing it when i can be doing it. we try to find a room that doesn't have too many bodies in it already, because i kinda like to get banged on a bed as opposed to the cheap hotel rug. rug burns take a few days to heal and they can be hell on elbows and knees. we waste no time getting out of clothes and jumping in the rack... soon Smitty has me moaning and begging him to make it hurt and do it harder. he has my legs up over his shoulders and my ass is on a pillow he slid under me, and he's holding the top of my thighs and pulling me towards him as he fucks the living shit out of me. i'm loving this and i'm crazy about the way he moves and how deep he's going. i had an I.U.D. at the time and i could feel him up against my cervix everytime he jammed it into me. it didn't take long before we'd drawn a small crowd that was watching him fuck me like the animal he was when he was horny. Smitty and i fit together well and he knew i loved hard, rough sex. my head was at the foot of the bed and when i started cumming he started fucking me for all he was worth and had me screaming out his name to keep making it hurt. there were people standing all around at this point, but i didn't care because i was so into being fucked by him that i just laid there and came my brains out a couple of times. we took a break after that... and Smitty still hadn't cum yet. after a cigarette and something to drink, we go at it again... doggie style this time. Smitty could make

my teeth rattle when he fucked me like that. i'm listening to people saying that he was gonna come out my throat if he kept ramming himself into me like that... and being the slut i am, this gave me the incentive to really give them what they came to see. i grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under me... spread my legs even wider and he was banging my head into the headboard when he finally got around to cumming. your trinket took a small break... made her way to the bathroom and washed that dripping pussy. i wasn't even done for the night. my lust filled eyes found Dave and he made his way over to me in no time. the beds were all taken by then... so Dave suggests i just blow him while he sat on the chair to the desk. in that room full of people... your trinket knelt in front of Dave and sucked that boy inside out in no time. he was already half way there just from being naked and having so many sluts to choose from. i find my purse and make my way to the bathroom again to rinse my mouth and squirt toothpaste in to get the taste of Dave out of me before i left to go cruise the other rooms. had to get dressed real fast since we couldn't go strolling around the halls of the Ramada... buck naked. there i am... already been fucked twice and blown some guy... and i'm still wanting to be used more. i go in and out a few rooms until i find the one that Paul is in. Paul is a control freak and a fantastic face slapper. when he sees me... he knows what i came for and smiles. we talk and grope while we wait for a bed that has some space left. usually two couples shared a bed when there were a lot of people. this kinda bothered me the first few times, but the more i went there the less i cared. when we saw an opening... we grabbed it. we play kissy face for a few minutes and he runs his hand inside of me to get me hotter than i already was. then he pulls his hand out of me... straddles me and starts slapping me with the hand that was up my twat. i loved the way he looked at me when he hit. he'd tell me that he knew i liked being slapped and used by him... and god... did i ever. he would pinch my nipples so hard with his other hand that it would bring tears to my eyes, but i didn't care because his hand felt so damn good across my face that all i could do was beg him for more. all the time he's doing this... his cock is swelling to the max. when he thinks i've had enough... he slides himself into my mouth and face fucks me like he'd done so many times before. he used my head like i was some kind of blow-up doll. he'd have one hand laced in my hair and pull me towards him as he stuck his cock deeper down my throat, and when Paul came... it was like cum gushing through city pipes. he damn near gagged me one time because i couldn't swallow him fast enough. Paul always liked to face fuck more than he liked to fuck. he said he got off watching a woman swallow his cum more than he liked to feel himself cumming

inside them. Paul follows me into the bathroom while i get cleaned up and when i'm bending over the sink to rinse my mouth... he tells me i have the kind of ass that would look good with some hand prints on it. before i was even done rinsing... he grabs me and puts me over his knee and starts spanking me right there in the bathroom. i'm trying to tell him that i really don't like bathroom sex and couldn't we just go back in the room... he's still slapping and i'm laughing and falling off him... and he stops... says, "we're gonna do this right and you're gonna love it". we go back in and get our clothes on and he takes me to a room where there's a lot of slapping and spanking going on. this slut could always count on Paul to find the fun people. he sat down on the bed... pulled me across his lap and spanked until his freaking hand hurt too much to do it anymore. my ass was so hot and red and burning.... and my cunt was soaked. i was begging him to fuck me and he kept telling me no... not until i did something for him. i wanted him so bad that i told him i'd do whatever he wanted... but please just fuck me. he said he wanted me to go over and ask two different guys to slap my face so that he could watch. Paul loved slapping women and he loved watching them be slapped by someone else. i was so horny and wet that i did as he asked. walked right up to this one guy and asked him point blank to slap me so that Paul could see him doing it. i didn't even have to beg... he just backed me against the wall and started slapping. after about 6 hits i had to make him stop. because he was hitting too hard and i didn't want a swollen face or teeth loosened. Paul saw that i was a little upset with the clown who tried to wipe my face off instead of just slapping it, and he said to come back to him. i was thrilled because i thought that now i'd finally get to have him fuck me. he fucked me alright... but not in the cunt. he played with me for awhile with me sitting on one of his legs as he sat on the edge of the bed. i'm grinding my wet pussy into his leg and kissing him and telling him how much i want him inside me. he pushes me back... tells me to stand up... gets off the bed... and takes me to the middle of the room and says if i really want him to fuck me... i'm to get down on all fours and beg him in a voice loud enough for the whole room to hear. i was on the floor in a heart beat and did beg him to fuck me. when he got his cheap thrill from that... he got behind me and put his cock in me, and i thought i was going to have him at last. wrong answer.... he pulled out and stuck his cock up my ass and ass fucked me with several on-lookers watching us. if you thought he used my face... you should have seen the way he used my ass. by the time he got done with me... i was **well** ass fucked and another orgasm down the line. i kinda stretched out on the floor after that, because my legs were too weak to walk for a few minutes.

god... he was fun and i've missed him so much over the years. finally...your slut had had enough for one night. i'd been fucked by jackhammer Smitty... twice. blown Dave... been slapped silly by Paul... given Paul a blow job... been spanked twice by Paul... slapped by that guy i didn't even know.... and then royally ass fucked by Paul in the middle of the freaking room with strangers watching us. i was ready to call it a night... get cleaned up and go home. that's just a Couple of the silly games we played there that year. you could have as many people to go to bed with as you could handle and do whatever made you feel good. i Joepled a lot of men that year and loved all there was to choose from. little did we know at that time, just how short lived the sexual freedom era was going to be.

i kneel and happily hand you tonight's assignment.

your obedient slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 12 Aug 1997 22:39:36 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: you play..you pay...no pain..no gain, Sir

Dear Master,

oh come on now.... a girl just needs a little fun. those boys were there for the taking and **my** pleasure. that was a calm night, Sir. you don't know about the group sex and pig piling...yet! eventually... we branched out and met at each others houses..... and then the sleeze was allowed to develop according to the need.

Master, you are too crafty.... you get me to spill my guts about being a slut and now you're gonna punish me for it... correct? i fell into that hole head first, didn't i? you always turn the tables on me.... that's why i keep coming back for more abuse. i have an extensive history of craving abuse and i've learned nothing from all the lessons that have been taught to me by men.

my 20's were such horny years for me. i couldn't get laid enough or cum enough to stop the need that dogged me 24/7. i loved the sex club because it gave me a way to **express** my need and explore different men and their style of giving sexual pleasure to this very deserving female. i had a great body and a beautiful face and i used it every chance i got to get me the thing i was after. and the thing i

was after was that **funny feeling** that made my legs weak. plain and simple.... i wanted to **cum** for the pure pleasure of cumming!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! once i found out what triggered the cums the most.... i went hog fucking wild!!!!!! tammy had a fantastic time and i don't have an ounce of guilt or regret for any damn thing i did during that period of my life. you don't know **wild child** until you've met that kind of woman. we would have been great together, don't cha think. your mind and my need combined would have taken us right over the edge of sanity. god allmighty.... the things we could have done with each other!!!!

but that was then... and this is now... and i haven't been fucked in 7 yrs. if the boys could see tammy now... they'd never believe it was the Joee person. how i ache for yesterdays and the fun i had then. maybe we all do?

good-night my brown-eyed Brooklyn voiced erotic Master. your slave adores and craves you..... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 13 Aug 1997 08:44:55 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for saying what a slut i was, Sir. i kinda thought so too. i really worked at it and tried to be the best one i could. the **boys** liked the slut i was for them, and their very swollen **cocks** backed that up. Master, do you really think i was a bad girl? you honestly want me to be ashamed for expressing myself sexually and seeking orgasms on my own instead of whining because i wasn't having my needs met? well... okay... if that's what the Master truly wants.... then i'm just too ashamed of myself to even think about the past without having guilt feelings that last for days and cause me untold mental anguish. i'll surely burn in hell for having such a good time. i can't imagine what the hell i was thinking. and yes, i do think i should pay a price for having all that slutty fun, and being the naughty girl i was then.

when did i become such a slut? i know exactly when and why, Sir. i became a slut the summer of 1977. i was so fucking horny... and John was so fucking drunk.... that i had to do something to have my needs met that weren't being met by him anymore. i decided that i

needed to take steps towards getting something i wanted instead of waiting for him to be kind enough to dole it out to me when he happened to be sober enough every 5 days or so. that was the summer i read 9 1/2 weeks, and i couldn't get the book or those scenes out of my head. i was wet everytime i remembered what i'd read. i was aching to have a man like that in my life and John couldn't stay sober enough to be consistent with an on-going s/m relationship. this is how it started... one day i picked up some local rag at the 7/11 and was reading the want ads in the back... looking for something or other and my eye caught an ad that said nothing more than, "local couples get together every Saturday night... come party with us". they had a phone number in D.C. and i called it... talked to some guy who told me what they were all about and where they met, etc. i was a brazen slut... even then... because i told him that it certainly sounded like the place for me but i'd actually like to speak with a couple who'd attended their club for awhile, and possibly get together to talk and get to know more about it. he said that it wasn't his usual request... however, he did have this one couple that would more than likely like to come out to our house and speak with me and my husband. he gave them our number... they called and we made plans to meet that Friday night. way to go... trinket!!!! Tom and Sheila were very nice and quite easy to talk to. as the evening wore on... trinket is going berserk thinking about all those bodies i was going to soon have access to.... and before you could even think the word **cum**... we were paired off in different rooms and fucking each other to death. and the rest... as they say... is history. Sir, your trinket has always known exactly what she's done and why she did it. i make no excuses for wanting and taking what i have out of this life. i most generally remember when each and everything happened... and could probably pull up the weather for that day if i had to. it's all on stored tapes in my brainless empty head. can you imagine the boxes that are labeled **slut**?

no Sir, i haven't started to look around the net for people to chat with. actually, what i'd like to do is download IRC... but i don't know how. i looked at their rather lengthy instructions and help for net newbies and download dummies, but there's so much i don't understand. Erin can't do it either, and John is a wash out. Joe's girlfriend says she knows how and is supposed to be good with computers. trouble is... catching them when they aren't high or drunk. haven't been able to pull that off in weeks now. i had wanted it way back when we first got the computer. i read that they have some interesting adult channels on there to chat with people about anything your heart desires. what i don't want... is to get trapped into any of those role

playing things... like the Gor shit. i don't want to be a slave in some chat room deal. i just want to swap **words**.... if you know what i mean. i'm not looking to chat with anyone on a regular basis... just some night people who are open enough to talk about whatever. i have some friends in icq that i've chatted with from time to time... not like what we do... bullshit stuff... kinda boring... so i don't open my icq that often. i talk to my girlfriend, Doreen, just about every morning as she's getting ready for work. we shoot back 'n' forth a few notes in icq. but just about everyone i know... goes to bed at night like normal people do and they aren't available to talk at 3:00 and 4:00 in the morning. i was mainly interested in bdsm type chat... you knew that, didn't you? nothing heavy... no involvements... just tit for tat... and then scoot. while reading the "neighbors book", i saw BBS's mentioned as a good way to meet people. i know that you know a lot about them and have served on them..is that correct? if you really want me to chat... why don't you help me out with telling me about them and how to find them and which ones are best. i know there must be pitfalls to be avoided and i'm sure that you'd steer me in the right direction. i will share everything i talk about with anyone and give you the name i'll use if you want to watch or listen as i talk. i'll even use a name you pick if you want me to. what i'm trying to say is that i have nothing to hide from you and i plan on doing nothing to hurt you. wouldn't you like to see how your trinket really talks when she doesn't have to be controlled? maybe you wouldn't. you'd probably be out buying bath soap to wash my mouth out with the next day. what's the sense of playing if you can't get down and dirty? however... if you wanted me to be a good girl... i... guess... i... could... pull... that... off. you told me to have some fun tonight... believe me... i'd like to have some fun with night people my own age!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! how will i ever get that damn IRC downloaded? this is the down side of having a slave brain. god... am i stupid.

your stupid pea brained slave kneels and hands you tonight's assignment to be read if it pleases you, Master. i live to serve and obey you.

your humble slave... trinket

Digital Postcard for Master
Date: 97-08-13

Time to pay for being a slut, Sir.

My Dear Master, i should be stood against this wall and shot at high

noon! i am a slut. i always was a slut and now i should die like a slut. no Master deserves a slut for a slave. i have made arrangements for an anal-retentive slave to take my place. i sincerely hope mildred will please and obey You. i love You with every slutty ounce of my slutty heart. Your slutty slave who has only had slutty thoughts her whole slutty life. trinket

Digital Postcard for Master
Date: 97-08-13

Just in case, Sir

My Dear Master, just in case You really didn't want to shoot me, ive suggested an alternate punishment. i think it would be fitting for You to come to N.H. in October, take me out in these woods, tie me to a tree, and beat me with that **leather** belt of Yours until i fully apologized to You for being such a slutty slut. the road i live on looks almost like this one in the Fall. the woods smell so good at that time of year. when You were done beating me, i would kneel and make You remember your October trip to N.H.. trinket pleads... trinket whines... trinket waits... trinket hugsYou. love trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 13 Aug 1997 15:42:12 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: oh but, Sir

Dear Master,

oh but Sir, i do understand that you have a huge responsibility to rid me of all my slutty ways of the past. and yes, i know i need to be punished and made to feel shame. society doesn't want girls like me on the loose, because their men would be enjoying themselves far too much, and they wouldn't want to work like sled dogs providing their women with every trinket and bangle that caught their eyes. girls like us should be held down, held back. and made to deny all sexual desires. just what the hell kind of a world would this be with everyone having orgasms on a regular basis? where would all the anal-retentive frigid bitches hide?

i'll tell mildred she's got to go, because the Master has decided he'd keep me for awhile longer, even though i am a slut. please don't worry about hurting her feelings, Sir, since mildred doesn't have any feelings or one single thought that's her own. she acts like a robot

and has no sexual desires, and i doubt that she's ever had an orgasm. i thought she'd be a good slave for you because she's so perfect.

Master, i'm having too much fun with this slut thing, aren't i? you knew i'd take off on it and that's why you did it. i think you should punish me for a long time for this hideous crime against nature and society.

i hear ya about the chat room deals... and yes, they do bore me to tears. i too prefer to hot chat with someone i know a little bit. you would've been perfect for frivolous nights of pure unadulterated sex talk, but nooo.... you had to be a Master, and i wanted to be your slave, and look where we are now. after talking with you these last months... i know that men in chat rooms aren't going to give me what i need. i like intelligent... jaded men to talk to. face it... i'm wild about cha! the more i get of you... the more i want. please keep it coming, Sir.

Your very happy ex-slutty slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 14 Aug 1997 10:42:17 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

Master, you're correct in saying that if i didn't think about being a slut... then i'd have nothing left to think about. i thought about that, and i agree.

it's very thoughtful of you to want to protect all of the men in the world from having sex whenever they want to. i personally know women that think they shouldn't have any sex at all... especially with them. you're a kind Master to think about all the people you'd be helping by training me not to be a slut. the world needs more men like you. and Sir, there's a large group of anal-retentive women standing right outside your door waiting to thank you for saving their bank accounts... i mean their marriages. yes, they're a little severe looking, but they mean well.

oh Sir, i don't want to be responsible for destroying the entire civilized and uncivilized world. i will stay under your thumb and stay

in my place, and i'll be soaking wet while i do it and may even have a smile on my face. thank-you for calling this to my attention, and for offering to correct my slutty behavior. i kneel and lick your shoes for saving me.

Master, i beg you to forgive me for not consulting you before i chose to replace myself with the likes of mildred. i promise to never do anything like that again. was only to happy to hear that you'd rather **stick** with me for the time being. i stand before you... naked... nervous... and ashamed of my damn self. i will gladly spread my legs and then spread my cunt lips so that you can have a good look at this **twat** that you own. how close to your face did you want me to bring it? no Sir, i'm not being smart... i just want to make sure you can see into my grand canyon of warmth and wetness.

yes Sir, i realize that as my Owner, you do have a responsibility to hear about every sordid detail of my sex club adventures at a time in my life when i was so out of control that i caused many men to beg for my attention, and plead with me to jam their swollen cocks up my cunt and asshole... not to mention... suck on my 40's. this slut let them do those things... but not for free... they had to please me in the process or they never got another chance to touch me. once they were hard... i owned them, and i used them for my pleasure, and they'd crawl back for more with their pathetic promises to love and care for me. in those days... they could tell your pussy and tits anything... they just couldn't say it to your face or mean it. they did have their moments of shining glory and lust filled nights that i so kindly shared with them and they appreciated being allowed the pleasure of fucking a slut that not only knew how to fuck, but actually acted like she enjoyed being fucked by their big strong manly selves. to tell you everything that happened that year at the club would take many e-mails... so i'll mention some of the things we did... at the club... and in private homes. we had group sex... as many people as you could get on a bed... doing whatever to whomever. sucking cocks... sucking tits... sucking assholes... fucking cunts, fucking assholes... touching... groping... kissing... slapping... pinching nipples... cumming on faces... face-fucking. you name it they did it. i touched females as well as males and they touched me. and then their were the playful gang bangs where one girl would lay on the bed and guys would line up and fuck her until she begged them to stop and admitted that she couldn't take anymore. yes, they wore condoms...nobody wants sloppy nineteenths. was your trinket in on that? like oh-my-god. you bet your ass she was. i love watching studs try to out fuck each other.... men are so competitive. and of

course...there were drugs... pills...poppers... dope... booze... rope... and handcuffs. there was always people standing around waiting to get laid... just talking... cruising... drugging... whatever. you could suck a cock... be cunt fucked... and ass fucked at the Joee time. you could be slapped or spanked as much as your body could take in one night. if you were into leather... some dude always had a belt that he'd be more than willing to lay across your ass or back. they didn't do whips in the hotels... too crowded and no room to swing. they fucked in the showers... and got into water sports. they fucked on the rugs... on the dressers... and up against walls, and in the chairs. some got cuffed to chairs and slapped silly. some got ankles tied to wrists and were fucked like that. some girls were tied together facing each other.... laid on the bed and beaten with belts and wet towels. that usually drew a large crowd of swollen cocked men and bisexual women. sometimes when some were feeling brave... they'd fuck out on the terrace, risking being seen by others. other nights, guys would line up and 6-8 girls would start sucking them for awhile and move to the next guy and keep the line going until they all had come. one night 5 guys all came on this one girls face as she laid on the bed...and then they rubbed that cum into her face and hair. there were the spanking lines... check this out, Sir. two rows of 10 people each and the person crawling through on hands and knees couldn't move past the first two until each had a turn hitting with a paddle... and so on down the line... and then you turned around and made your way back. by the time that you went through that line and had your 40 smacks...you were more than willing to let someone else have their fun while you ran your dumb ass under cold water in the shower. those fuckers could hit... and hit hard they did. Master, you have no idea what an animal pit that place was or how much i loved it. endless nights of sex and cumming and fucking and sucking and licking and slapping and spanking. that kind of freedom and total abandonment of inhibitions was mind blowing... to say the least. and what about the pig piles on the floor... where a group of people just all fell in together and touched whoever was closest to them. they'd turn off the lights and all you'd feel is the sensation of being touched everywhere on your body. people kissing you... hands in your hair... hands or fingers up your pussy... hands holding cocks and balls... fingers touching assholes... grapping tits and nipples. you gotta love it, Sir. the private house parties came about as people formed friendships and began to have their favorites. we partied a lot at Smitty and Gwen's house. John liked her as much as i did Smitty. they'd invite others from the club and we did whatever struck our fancy. they had a basement room finished off into a playroom/pool room. we were hung from hooks and beaten, with belts, crops,

whips and paddles. their kids were real small and slept through whatever went on there. sometimes i spent the weekend with guys out in Tyson's corner Va.... just outside of DC... and another who lived inside the city. they were black and liked rough sex as much as i did. we'd spend the weekend fucking and being beat by them. we did every nasty thing a slut like me could enjoy. and you're correct, Master, it never was enough. i always went back for more and came away empty. it wasn't the kind of sex i wanted... i wanted the mind control with it and nobody could give it like i wanted it. so... here i am at the age of 48... still craving what i've wanted for a lifetime. i get this from you, but i can't touch you and never will. you fill my head up like they did my body. if i could combine the two... i'd probably cum myself to death.

is it any wonder that i have back problems today? look at what i've done to it over the years. i don't even have a ball park figure of how many men have laid me. my ex-brother-in-law always used to tease me and say that if i had as many dicks sticking out of me that's been stuck in me... i'd look like a freaking porcupine. Don never liked me anyway... mostly because i wouldn't let him touch me when he was drunk. he'd call me a slut when he was sober..but when he was drunk... he tried to sweet talk me into laying him and i never would. that was my sister's husband, and even a slut has some morals. he belonged to the psyche ward patient from Florida... remember her? Ginger.

Sir, i hope this isn't too hard for you to read. your slave was kinda a bad girl a few times in her life. today all of that is but a memory. i don't even have the Joee cunt i did then. i have the new one that Dr. Brown built for me... god bless him!!!

finally we near the end... you must need to get up and stretch by now.

your slave kneels and offers you more proof of my desire to serve and obey you.

Your obedient slave.... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Thu, 14 Aug 1997 15:43:40 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: RE: no mail, Sir?

i've been thinking about talking to you ever since i read your letter tonight. i'm wired beyond belief and i can barely wait to actually hear your voice in my ear saying whatever.

yessssssssssssssssssssssss when you hear mine... you'll know i haven't been jerking you around. it would be hard to hide my excitement and appreciation at finally being able to talk to the man behind the words. what's a **brief** period of time mean to you? 5 min? 10 min? 15 min? Sir, you just can't call me and hang up after 3 min..... trinket would cry. :-(- :-(- :-(- :-(-

you really liked my letter????? thanks for saying that. want to team up and do a book? lots of sick puppies would probably buy it. you've only begun to scratch the surface of the stories. Master, you just don't know.

i have a mutha of a migraine coming on. can hardly see out of my left eye and that's how they start. then you see zig-zag lines that look like chevrons.... and your head rips wide open. been getting more than usual lately. don't know what's up with that, but i'm not liking it to much. this is like my third one this week. used to only get them once every 2-3 mo. i don't need a headache tonight.... i want to write to you.

hugging you tightly... smiling.... all over you like a puppy... can't wait to talk to you... and... and... and... and.... and..... trinket

From: trinket
To: <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Fri, 15 Aug 1997 02:20:39 -0700
Subject: RE: trinket says..feel better, Sir

Dear Master,

i dumped some imitrex in me and it should take effect before the pounding starts. not to worry... i wouldn't miss writing to you for anything. you don't sound so well yourself.... take your naked self to bed and get some rest. feel me snuggle a kiss between your face and shoulder as you turn over. you should be sleeping here tonight. temps are in the 40's and the air smells as clean and crisp as fall. don't know what you're missing. i'll breathe some in for you. good-night my Master.... pet

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 15 Aug 1997 11:07:46 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for saying that you appreciate my jaded humor. i don't know about the stand-up-comedienne-monolog deal, but i think we should get something on paper before the mind goes and all the stories go with it. some kinky people in the distant future might enjoy reading about our primitive beginnings and group gropings.... and our rough hewn pleasure tools.

all kidding aside... it's important for us to have memories of the times that brought us the greatest pleasure in life. i knew from the time i was very young that i would save as much of my life as i could on tape in my head for the times when i wouldn't be living it... only remembering it. i would listen to people talk and complain about things they should have done and didn't, and i didn't want that to happen to me. so, when i saw things to grab... i reached for them with both hands. it's hard to explain how my mind works... stop laughing, Sir, it does work... for me. i've carried this camera in my head forever, and when i go places or do things... i mentally snap pictures of the event... look at the surroundings... drink in the colors and the smells... take in the sounds of what's going on and what music is being played, etc. i'm there but i'm not... because i'm always saving it to tape. i especially do it when i have to be around large groups of people or family functions. i may appear to be part of the group, but i'm not there in the Joee way they are. why didn't i grab for more of the right things? Sir, they weren't right for me. i reached for the things that brought me pleasure at the time. there were a lot of things i did along the way that i knew i'd only get the one shot at doing, and that gave me the guts to do it. do you think it'll matter when i'm 75 if i was a slut or i wasn't? not only no... but hell no. what will matter... is that i'll have some of those nights to remember and they'll bring a smile to my face and give me something to think about besides the next meal, or whether i remembered to take my heart pills. i took some chances and did some crazy things. i have some memories of special men that came into my life for a short while, gave me some pleasure, took some for themselves and were gone. i worked alone... i was married... some of them were... i was discreet.... and nobody got hurt. i'd see eyes that met mine and could read what they were saying. i tried this out at the head pharmacy at an Air Force Base. i'd go there to get

prescriptions filled when Joe was just a baby. one day i saw this handsome piece of work behind the counter, and i wanted it, but i said nothing for a few times. everytime i went there... his eyes said the Joee thing i was thinking. i'd look up from reading a magazine and there he'd be... just watching me. i knew he couldn't approach me with all the people that worked there and the ones waiting for meds at the counter. so i scribbled my number on a small piece of paper.... handed it to him as he gave me the medicine. nobody saw us and nobody ever knew what we did. he called me the next day and we met at a hotel in D.C. lord-have-mercy, am i glad i didn't let that one get past me!!!! he was big, he was black.... he was beautiful. and what a great fuck he turned out to be. he said he knew from the first time i looked at him that we'd be doing this. i never once said anything suggestive to him or acted like a slut and didn't dress like one. it's in the eyes and only people like us can see it.

do you wanna hear about the **boy toy**? oh... of course you do... i know you by now, Sir. for the record... he was legal... just much younger than myself at the time. i was maybe 31-32..... he was 21. cutest little southern boy i'd met at Va. Bch. base. he was from Alabama or Mississippi... with that southern drawl... and the 'yes mamm'... no mamm' crap that they all dribble. he worked at the base hospital and was a corpsman.... either an airman or third class... and he did the allergy shots at the clinic i went to every week. had to have them the whole time i lived in the south... just to be able to breathe and not gasp for air. sometimes they really hurt and i'd pull away a little as he was giving them. this one day... he says, "don't pull away like that... i like the idea of hurting you". you know what happened next... don't you? i said, "if you're serious about hurting me... i'd be tempted to let you". he sunk his fingers into my arm as he finished giving me the shot, and my pussy started to drip. he was slightly nervous about seeing a chief's wife, because he was afraid John would come back and kick his ass or report him to the C.O. i assured him that i was discreet and i didn't kiss and tell. we made plans to meet at his apt. late at night so we wouldn't be spotted going in and out of motels. i went there several times at 2-3:00 am. he was a pretty good spanker... but not very experienced with fucking women. i kinda had to show him how to move... what to do... where to touch. once i did.... it was worth the training. i felt it was my duty to teach at least one person in this life... after all... someone had to teach me. i did do the right thing... didn't i, Sir? just think of all the southern girls that would benefit from his sexual experiences while in the Navy.

Sir, you did say that i couldn't cum for 31 hrs.... and i should fantasize about you calling me. believe me it's already started, and i'm so excited. i did notice that you put the words **brief chat** all in caps. nothing like driving the point home. seems to me that you'll be in charge of how long you talk, since you'll be placing the call... unless i forgot how these things work. even if i called you... you'd still be in charge, because if you didn't want to talk anymore... all you'd have to do is hang up. i mean... who knows... you may hate my voice and not want to talk all that long..... then again..... well.... we'll let you be the judge. men don't usually hang up on me.... that is... the last time i worked.... they kinda wanted me to stay on the line longer with those wake-up calls i became famous for in the early morning hours of the average work day when most people were thinking about hitting the shower and making some coffee. i'm more nervous at the thought of talking to you than i was those total strangers. maybe it's because you know so much about me? i just hope i don't turn into some kind of babbling idiot that will make you sorry you even wasted money on the call. you said you'd only do this if i continued to be good. you can count on me being on my best behavior. i'd have to shoot myself if i screwed this up. i want... need... have to hear your voice. it'll fill in so many blanks for me, just hearing how you respond to a question or a comment. can i be myself ? i've never talked to a Dom before, it'll be another **first** for me. the list of **firsts** just keep growing with you. here i've had all this experience.... yet i've missed so many of the things i would've really liked.... things that only you have given me..... and that makes them very special and private. for me to be able to talk in complete privacy, you'd have to call me after 11:00 pm... your time. would that be too late? Erin doesn't go to bed until 1:00, and i thought it'd be best to wait an hour to make sure that she's asleep. if it's too late for you, not to worry... we'll work something out... even if i have to take the phone outside. i ain't missing this for anything or anybody. we have no phone in the bedroom... so you don't have to worry about John answering, but Erin does have one in her room. so... it might be helpful if you tell me the day before you plan to call, and i'll just tell her not to pick up because Maryann is calling me when she gets out of work. during the school year it wouldn't make a difference... she'd never hear it, but in the summer, her friends call at all hours of the day and night everyone knows this house is up and running 24/7.

you want to hear about the most disgusting thing i did while working and how far i sank? welll.... this is pretty disgusting for me to

remember, but i did do it. you may not think it's disgusting enough, but Jesse thought it was disgusting enough to not talk to me for the rest of the night when he found out what i did. he lectured me... collected his money for the call and drove me to other calls in silence. i can't do this.... you'll really think i'm a cheap slut. i felt like a slut when i walked out of that **bachelor party**. oh no... what has she done now? Tony sent me to a bachelor party and he said if i played my cards right... i could come out of there with a bundle for me.... and a pile for him too. **could have** would be the operative words in this situation. <smile> i get there and the boys were all ready partying and waiting for the groom-to-be to show up with the best man. they had bottles and bottles of champagne... and any kind of booze that had ever been made. it was July... god awful hot and humid in D.C. at that time of year. the champagne was looking mighty good... not to mention... cold. tammy decides to have **one** glass, just to cool off and kill some time til the party boy arrived. feel it coming? one glass led to one more and that led to one more and the party boy still wasn't there, but me and the boys were, and we were getting right friendly... and a little drunk. i lose it with a crowd of men... every time. sleazy tammy just couldn't stay inside and behave. pretty soon we're dancing to music and drinking a little more and some touching starts here and a kiss is planted there and one guy says, "get her out of that dress and let's have some fun". i told them that i'd been hired for the groom... and not them. they weren't buying it... of course. i wasn't planning on doing shit for free...drunk or not. i told them that i had no plans to do 20 guys on that one call, so if they wanted anything...show me the money. they showed me the money...it wasn't what i usually got for blow jobs...but i was high and they were circling like dogs in heat. i wouldn't strip for them... but i did take off my sun dress, and that left me in a little lace teddy... panty hose... and heels. the first guy i did wanted me to drop the straps on the teddy so that he could see my tits as i was blowing him. if you've never watched this in a room full of men with only one girl... you've missed out on an animal convention. those fuckers were talking the whole time... yelling at the guy who was getting blown... saying things like, "what's the matter, Jack, you don't have the balls to get off or can't the bitch suck"? do you know the pressure that puts on a guy when others are watching and waiting for him to cum..... and yelling shit at him? i did about 6-7 guys before the groom finally showed up, and he walks into this scene... looks at all of us... shakes his head and goes to make a drink. the boys are saying how well this cunt can suck and he doesn't know what he's missing, etc. he was the yuppie type and clearly not interested in any kind of action... which suited me

fine. he wanted to know if i'd been paid for the call... i told him i had when i first got there. he told me i was free to leave because he wouldn't be needing anything nor did he want anything from me. that kind of killed it for the other guys... i got my dress... went to get cleaned up and left. when Jesse saw me... he went off like 4th of July rockets. he tells me what a dumb cunt i am, and how he knew i wouldn't be able to handle the call without getting used and not getting paid nearly enough for it. he's telling me that i look like shit... i'm half drunk...and we're running late on calls because i was in there way longer than i should've been. i really felt cheap and sleazy and used... and i was disgusted with what i'd just done. bad tammy. bad tammy.

i humbly kneel and give you tonight's assignment. i thank you for being the superior, demanding, controlling man that you are.

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 16 Aug 1997 10:17:16 -0700
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

maybe after we get to know each other better, a book wouldn't be such a bad idea. truthfully, i've thought about it a time or two over the years. i'm not sure i even have enough for a book, and i damn sure wouldn't know how to go about starting to write one. face it... my writing skills would need to improve greatly before i ever put pen to paper. i think it would be worth discussing.... wanna split? i'll talk...you write...we both spend. sounds like a book deal to me. relax already... i'm not pushing you.... just throwing out possibilities. seriously, who'd really want to read about that stuff? only sick puppies like ourselves. no... no... no... no, i didn't mean you were a sick puppy, Sir. i meant others like myself.

for tonight's entertainment hour.... i will tell you about the six big-time coke dealers from Chicago. this was my most **lucrative** night of that whole year. the total for that call was in the 4-digit range. i didn't even bother to count until i got home, because it was too much and it was stashed everywhere. it was very cold that night and i remember that i had these brown **leather** boots on that came up over my knees... and i was tucking the money back into the sides of them as i was walking down the hall of that hotel. i didn't want Jesse to see how much i made on that deal because he would've wanted

an outrageous price for his driving me to it. Master, i had bills stuffed in my pockets...in my purse... down my bra. i couldn't believe a girl could make that much cash in about 2 hrs. or so. those bad boys were a shit load of fun too!!!!!!!!!!!!!! when Tony asked me if i thought i could handle six guys at this hotel, i was almost going to ask him to send another girl with me, because once you got undressed... it could get ugly... depending on how drunk they were. i'd done multiple calls before and had some real problems getting away from them. this was at one of the best in-town hotels, so i figured they weren't going to give me too much grief, and finally told Tony i'd do it. he smiled and said he knew that his tammy wouldn't turn this one down. Tony was seeing dollar signs from the six guys who'd want to get laid and he didn't care who did the call, just as long as someone took it. i almost knelt and kissed his feet when i came back to the office... but i never told him what i got. all i said was that it turned out to be a decent call, and i was glad he sent me. <big smiles>

now... about the guys... the coke... and the money. they had this suite that had two or three bedrooms and a huge living room area. there were suitcases of coke everywhere... i've never seen as much as i saw that night. they had coke on the coffee table all cut into lines that they were snorting... coke in the bedrooms... coke in the bathroom. lord-have-mercy... it was a winter wonderland everywhere you looked. i don't know if they were planning on dumping all that in D.C. or were moving on to other cities. i was very nervous about the room getting raided with all that shit in there, because we'd still be in jail. i didn't do and have never done coke... so it was no big temptation for me. if i'd been a user... i'd have probably left with them and left Jesse parked in the hotel garage. these boys were in there late 20's and early 30's. they were nice looking and treated me well... not to mention... paid me handsomely! from the time we first started talking cash... it became apparent that it'd be no problem. they started out by handing me 50's and 100's... and just kept adding to the pile after that. they had wads of the shit!!!! they were cramming it in my purse... tossing it at me... laying it on the table... just to let me know that they could afford my price and it was no problem for them. we stopped talking money... i called in a 2 hr. call to Tony... and we let the games begin. have you ever been around anyone who does a lot of coke? well, let me tell you this about some guys who coke. there ain't no way on god's green earth that they can get off while using it. they get wonderful hard-ons... but they can't cum. they can fuck you to **parade rest** but the hard-on is still there and they still want more. it's a slut's slice of heaven! we fucked in all the bedrooms... the

living room... wherever they wanted to. i tried my best to get all of them off... but never managed even one. they were jumping on me... one after the other... and everytime they did... they'd cram more bills into my purse to let me know they could afford me. i was laughing... they were laughing and some kinda horny. we did it in all the positions you could think of. talk about being a party doll... i felt more like a rag doll by the time they got done with me. my cunt was burning sore from them being so swollen and hard. my tits were sore from them grabbing me and playing with them. my hair was trashed and i reeked from their sweat and cologne. we spent a little over two hours fucking most of that time... non-stop. finally it sunk in that they weren't going to get off and we called a truce and called it a night. it was real late and they were already fried from all the coke they'd done and just wanted to veg out after that. i'd never been with guys like that before... they were like trying to get a donkey off. over all... it was probably one of the easiest groups i'd done and definitely the best paying bunch of boys. i've thought about that night many times... and secretly wished i'd become a call girl years before that and quit around age 36. i could've had a decent amount stashed away for a rainy day or two. where was my head? what was i thinking? why didn't i cash in on the biggest money maker god ever gave me? because i'm a dumb cunt... is the answer. slave brained idiot, pure and simple. it's mighty tempting for girls to do that work for years once they get a taste of that kind of easy cash. if somebody had their shit together and could stay off drugs, they could clean house. but after you do it for awhile... you need the drugs to dull the pain in your mind from all the things you've done and how cheap and sleezy you feel in the morning sometimes. there were calls that weren't all that enjoyable and didn't pay as well as i would've liked, but it comes with the turf.

i can't stop thinking about you calling next week. i've wanted to talk to you since the first day i wrote to you. i liked you right away and your personality has kept me hooked ever since. i don't know a whole lot.... and i'm no match for your level of intelligence, but what i do know.... is that you're a very unique individual with a heart as large as that Texas sized ego of yours. you do your best to hide it.... and i'm gonna have to tell ya... it shows. it shows in the patience you have with me... even when i've been real bad. it shows in your ability to be able to forgive as quickly as you do. lastly, it shows in the way you've handled everything i've told you about myself and my past, because you haven't once judged me.... or abandoned me. i'm not used to being accepted for who i am. i'm used to people wanting me to be what they think i should be or shoul've been. then you

come along and say that none of that matters, and you just reach inside to find the real me. why didn't they ever see that? what do you have that they lack? i don't know what it is, but i want more and more of it.

Your very happy and grateful slave kneels and offers you tonight's assignment and hopes it pleases you, Master.

i hope you're feeling much better by the time you get up and get around to reading this. please don't worry about sending me a letter if you're still tired. i'll write to you anyway. your slave doesn't want you to be without mail to read.

many hugs and much love.... trinket

Digital Postcard for Master
Date: 97-08-16

Moonchild slave sends Love

Dear Master, You need an extra dose of love and caring when You aren't feeling well. this moonchild slave of Yours is sending You hugs, love, and thoughts of You feeling better today. try to do something relaxing this weekend. You work much too hard and far too long. You're in my heart and on my mind. adoring You... wanting You... needing You... serving You... obeying You... caring about You... loving You... hugging You... Your obedient slave, trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 16 Aug 1997 17:22:45
Subject: RE: checking in, Sir

Dear Master,
^

my poor Master.... you aren't having a very good weekend at all, are you? i hope you're not too awful sick. you sound tired in your letters, and i appreciate that you even stayed up long enough to write to me. you shouldn't have.

why did they get only one girl? my uneducated guess would be from the amount of coke in that room, Sir. think about it.... would they want six girls in there seeing all that? i don't think so. get one... pay her well... she won't say shit. and i didn't.

do girls fantasize about 6 guys? hell no!!! it was a call, Sir. nothing more.... nothing less... just a better paying call than most. <smile> doing 6 guys under normal circumstances ain't shit for a working girl. there in.... they cum... you're out... and stashing the cash. piece-a-cake! but those guys were hard and stayed hard.... because of the damn coke. Master, the average guy would cum in 3-5 min. you learn to use the inner muscles and milk them from the time they stick their cocks in. tricks of the trade.

You wanted to know why i didn't want Jesse to know how much money i had made on that call. to make something clear, Sir. Jesse wasn't my pimp... just my driver. but the drivers always expected to get paid more if you did really well on a call. some of the girls tipped them quite well. bar tenders expect the Joee from you when you have a good night. when i first started working the bars... i was told that by the Marine bartender. they actually wanted a cut of our tips for making the drinks they were already getting paid to make, if you can believe it. if you didn't pay them... you stood in line everytime you came to the bar and put in your order. they could make your night real slow if you didn't cooperate. Joee game with drivers... they could get you to calls real fast depending on how well you paid. also, the protection came with a hefty price tag. i gave Jesse more than a fair share for driving me... i paid for gas, oil and all repairs. i bought him breakfast every day. paid for motel rooms for us to fuck in, and paid for our weekend getaways. when i saw him trying to milk me for more... stupid bitch caught on real fast. i stopped telling him how much i made on the calls and i never left my money in his van anymore. some nights i worked so fast that i didn't count in between calls... i'd just hand him the cash when i came out and he'd stash it in the glove box until the end of the night. i guess he could've helped himself to as much as he wanted...and i'd have never known the difference. whores don't even care.... there's always more where that came from. but that tidy bundle was all mine and i didn't want to share it with anyone other than my family. Tony never took more than his price for the call. i loved that he never milked us for so much as a nickel extra. Tony was good to us girls and got us a lot of nice clothes and leather coats at a discounted price from some of his Italian **family members** <wink> <wink> out of Jersey. he was a drunk...he was a male slut...but he was a fair and decent boss, and he always treated us with respect. i liked him a lot.... and when i left there, he told me if it didn't work out with John...give him a call and come back to work in a heartbeat. he did one other thing for me that i can't put on paper, but it was

grand...to say the least. he told me he did it... because he was taught that you take care of your own...and he considered me one of them. he was a teddy bear with his own Texas sized heart. you find the nicest people in the strangest places. i found Tony in an out call massage office.... and he put up with my dumb ass for a year... and hugged and cried when i left... as did i. i miss that whole office of guys. they were more like family to me than my real family.

Your humbled slave....trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 18 Aug 1997 11:20:46 EDT
Subject: RE: Your surprise notes, Sir

Dear Master,

i'm really sorry that You're still under the weather. i was hoping that a weekend of rest would do You a world of good. do rest today and don't even worry about answering any of my letters. i will still write to You anyway... You know that, don't You? trinket hugs You and says... feel better my Master. i wish i was there to help take care of You. i'm sure Your slave does an excellent job, but 4 hands could do twice as much for You.

hugs... love... more hugs... more love... more hugs... pet

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 18 Aug 1997 23:15:13 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: checking in, Sir

Dear Master,

my favorite brother, Barry, is coming to visit for a couple of days this week. will be here Wed. morning. i can't wait to spend some time with him, and i'll be wired by the time he leaves... You've been warned. his timing couldn't be better and i could stand to laugh a little.

Erin and one of her friends from icq got the net meeting thing downloaded and we almost have it connected. they can hear her, but she can't hear them. Dorene did the Joee thing until she found the right button to push. will be contacting her in the morning to find

that out. they played with it for an hour or two and finally gave up til morning. now i'll need to use bodily force to get her out of here at night. she has 25-30 different friends in icq to talk to. i can hear the bitching already. i may have shot myself in the foot by telling her about it. didn't have a choice... couldn't do it myself. tomorrow i have her working on downloading IRC for me. kids... everybody should have one for times like this!!!

nothing much going on and i'm in a fog and can't seem to find anything to write about right now. maybe i'll dump some more caffeine into me and try to crawl out. yawn.

the orgasm this morning was great... crashed immediately after. i absolutely love Your scenes... You must wear Your slave out. lucky... lucky slave. You'd have to cage me to keep me away from You. maybe not? but then.....

good-night my brown-eyed Brooklyn voiced Master. Your trinket adores you and sends much love and many hugs.

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 18 Aug 1997 23:39:04 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: tape-recorder person, Sir

Dear Master,

i'm definiately the tape recorder person. i remember conversations, and who said what... when. always covering my ass. if you can remember in detail... you can confuse those who don't have the ability. Sir... we have to talk about this in person... some time. we are so much alike in so many ways!!! i still review all the day's events and log into my memory before i go to sleep. it makes John crazy that i can't lay down and sleep like a normal person... without this nightly review. have to... want to make sure everything is in order. i could go on for hours, but i'll shoot this out so You can see that i'm thinking about it. the tape recorder/camera in my head are always going. i save everything that happens... good and bad. how the sky looked that day... clothes i had on... what others were wearing... what we ate for food... etc. You name it... i'll remember it. i've been John's computer for years. when i get to know you better... i'll tell You more about other abilities i have... like being able to **feel** where things are... even if they're not mine and i didn't put them there. i find John's lost stuff all the time... drives him nuts. hazy blue

#####

trinket's prison yard

#####

%%%%%%%%
%%%%%%%%

trinket will pick Him some flowers anyway

%%%%%%%%
%%%%%%%%

(((((the sound of His voice echoes in her mind))))))

[illegible]

.....

trinket crosses the tracks and goes back to her side of town

====and waits==just like before

.....

[illegible]

+++++

trinket logs today's memories in her mind

+++++

////////////////////

she hugs the pillow and thinks of only Him

////////////////////

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Tue, 19 Aug 1997 11:21:40 EDT

Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i don't know as i'm much of an expert at out-call work. i learned by trial and error... just like all the girls did. i'm sure there were better ways to do it, and if i'd worked at it for another year or two, i'd probably have been quite the expert. trust me when i say that Jesse was no pimp. i've been up-close-and-personal with two from the D.C. area and they were slick.... to say the least. a couple of the girls who worked for Tony had at one time had a pimp and filled me

in on what to watch out for. Roxanne became a good friend that year and she even lived with us for awhile. she'd been working massage parlors and been the property of a pimp since she was about 15 or 16. Roxanne was as seasoned as they come for 23. you could look in her eyes and see many years of pain and abuse. i knew nothing about pimps until i went on a call one night to a really plush apartment building in the middle of town. extremely nice looking black man...polite... fairly educated... expensive stuff..... great style... smooth in bed... spoke slowly and quietly... used me like a queen... wanted me to stay with him... paid me better than any call i'd been on for a single person.... served expensive champagne.... wanted to buy me things... jewelry..... clothes... whatever. i came home and told Roxanne about this really great black man that i'd been seeing for several calls in the last two weeks, and how nice he was to me.... then she asked me his name. when i told her.... she said,"don't ever go back there again". of course, i wanted to know why.... and she told me that she'd been one of his whores for several years and that's how he traps all his women. he uses them like queens... then turns them out to work so they can pay him back for all he's done for them, and so on... and so on. then he refuses to let them go... shoots them up with drugs, and then they need to work to keep buying the stuff. i guess she had one hell of a time getting away from him, and stopped working the streets for fear of him finding her. i guess You know that i didn't go back there again. i'll tell You about the second one another time. his name was Louis and i actually lived with him for a short time when i first started working. i met him at the sex club... of all places. please remind me to tell You about him on some night when You don't have a lot to ask me. he's kind of a long story and i can't talk about him tonight.

would You mind terribly if i didn't go into the tape recorder stuff until we talk? it's so much to write and wouldn't take half the time to tell You as it would be to get it all down here? if You'd rather not discuss it on the phone... please tell me and i'll write it for You. do You still save things in Your head like back then? i never could stop it and i don't think i want to. i always thought it was a gift to be able to remember things in detail. You Sir, are my idea of a perfect rainy weekend friend. You know the kind i mean, don't You? somebody that You can talk to for hours and be comfortable enough with to discuss anything. i'd like to retract something i said earlier this evening in one of my notes. i told You that when i got to know You better... maybe i'd tell You some other things about me. i'm sorry i said that to You. it's just the fear of rejection monster i carry around

inside me that tries to keep me from sharing with others. i'm more comfortable with You than i have been with anyone in years, and i think i could tell You just about anything. as time goes on... You'll know everything. i don't want to keep anything from You.

Your slave kneels and hands You tonight's work for Your inspection and approval, Sir.

Your very collared slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 19 Aug 1997 14:59:27 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: Sir, yes Sir

Dear Master,

lots of questions in today's letter. my Master is back in his research mode again. my tape recorder/camera wasn't only used to keep track of what they did/said... i recorded/taped what i did/said as well. i'm always trying to see where i went wrong and what my part in it was. nobody escapes the always running recorder/camera. it wasn't only my parents/family that i examined. i did it with friends/teachers/neighbors. i wanted to know why everybody reacted the way they did. if you know what upsets people and angers them... you have a better chance of surviving around them. it was and is about protection, Sir. just trying to stay out of the line of fire and avoid becoming the target. my mother could turn on a dime, and you had to be quick. i moved quickly and i thought quickly... i found her weakness and used it to my advantage... then i'd hammer her with it when she tried to hurt me or control me too much. her weakness was easy to read... it was appearances. just as long as everything looked **normal**, she was content. do You see where i learned my codependency from? codependents always want everything to look okay... even though we know it's not. words to live by for us are... cover up/clean up/avoid/evade, and above all else... for heaven's sake... smile. <smile> mothers are powerful people, aren't they? they can love you or they can fuck you up for life.

Your childhood hurt You deeply, didn't it? You still seem to carry a lot of the pain... as do i. i feel You suffered more than i did... even if i was molested. sometimes all i want to do with You... is hold You. You weren't loved/held nearly enough and my heart aches for You at

times.

i'm glad You're in my life today, and i enjoy talking about my feelings and thoughts with You. do You realize how few men in this world can even discuss feelings? You're a rare breed, my Master.

must run for now... have a few things i need to get done before giggles arrives in the morning. will write again before You go to bed. hugs... love... smiles... Your pet

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Tue, 19 Aug 1997 23:23:24 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: just because, Sir

Dear Master,

i'm writing to You at this time because Erin hasn't come home and it doesn't look like she will tonight. she went out to dinner with Joe's ex-girlfriend who's trying to hang onto Joe by being nice to the baby sister. girls are so crafty, aren't they? actually, Gina was a nice girl and we all miss her a lot. if i had to choose a girl for him... she'd be my pick. but..i'm not that kind of mother. i say... let them choose their own hell, we did.

i've been thinking about Your letter all evening. this thing we do in our heads can be very useful to us, but sometimes it drives me crazy because there's too much information to see on the screen that's never empty, and there's times i don't like what i see on it. what i mean by that is... i have days that i can't get bad memories to stop playing. i try to think about other things, but those are the ones that keep playing over and over again... and then they go away for awhile. certain scents, textures, colors or sounds will sometimes trigger them. one sound that makes me just nuts is the sound of a pan of boiling water. when she was in one of her super bitchy moods and would freeze everyone out by not talking to any of us... she'd usually cook... standing there by the stove... waiting for that water to boil for something or other... rigid as a telephone pole, and wearing that stone cold face of hers. being in the Joee room with her at times like that made me want to scream at the top of my lungs. usually she was angry with my Dad, but would take it out on the whole house. another sound is paper bags rattling. all my kids know that it makes mom wild and they don't do it around me if i'm not in a good mood. i don't know why some sounds grate my

nerves... but they do. i won't bore You with my laundry list of sounds that assault my senses, but it would be safe to say that i'm extremely sensitive to noise. this is one reason i enjoy the night so much, because i just want it to be quiet. the big attraction to drugs was that they gave me short term peace and allowed me to sleep without having to review lots of tapes before i could quiet the mind long enough to get tired. i've been on a roll lately and can never get more than 3 1/2-4 hours sleep each day. sometimes i'm still tired, but the eyes won't close. i wonder if other tape recorders have the Joe type of problems? i've known some adult children of alcoholics, but we never got around to talking about the things we still carry around in our heads today as a result of what we went through as kids.

i can't write anymore right now. i'd tried to get this out to you earlier... and then Erin and Gina showed up... Erin wanted to use this and Gina stayed to talk to me for awhile. well... as luck would have it... Joe comes home trashed to the gills and i feel a fight coming on. just heard something crash in the living room and the dog came downstairs awfully fast. this isn't going to be a good night and i want to get this out to You before You go to bed. my train of thought is a little scattered at the moment and i know i'd just babble if i tried to finish what i was talking about. please forgive me for bailing out on You. don't worry about me, been through this a gazillion times.

loving You... thinking about You... grateful for You... hugs... trinket slave says good-night

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 20 Aug 1997 00:44:02 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: RE: coast is clear, Sir

Dear Master,

just wanted to let You know that i'm alright. Gina has him calmed down and they both went upstairs together. my heart was pounding for awhile, but the storm has passed and soon another drunk will fall asleep for the night. You'd think that he'd get tired of doing that every night, wouldn't You?

i pulled up my mail a couple of min. ago and found another note of hugs from You. thank-you, Sir. You're in a really loving space today. i like this side of You too. i wish i could hug You in person, but since i can't... know that i'm holding my arms around You in my mind.

i adore You, my master... Your pet... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 20 Aug 1997 09:38:54 EDT
Subject: RE: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

Sir, of course i wasn't being snotty to You in last night's notes about talking to you on the computer. i have no wish to piss You off or upset You in any way. i was just being trinket and she's a bit playful at times. now that i've had 24 hrs. to process the disappointment of Your putting off Your phone call to me for a week... i see Your reasoning behind it. it would've been hard to totally focus on us if i'd just spent hours laughing and giggling with Barry. and i probably would be a little more off the wall than You'd like me to be. You're a very wise man, my Master. i too don't want to share the moment with anyone but You. i've waited for months and one more week won't kill me. please forgive me for not accepting Your decision right away. i let my excitement get in the way of Your better judgement. when will i learn that You do what You do for a reason, even if it isn't understood by me at the time? thank-you for remaining firm with Your decision, and for not letting me wear You down. You're a strong man and i'm a very weak female who needs to learn obedience and patience. i complained that i had no consistency in my relationships with men in the past, and now that i have that with You, i'm still complaining. what a selfish slave i am. why do You waste Your time with me, Sir ? actually, i like the fact that Your decisions are final and can never be swayed by my emotional displays of disappointment or outright temper tantrums. i respect You for that. i repeat... how do You know women so well ? nothing gets by You at all, and i feel naked and exposed standing before You with that knowing look on Your face.

no Sir, i don't want to motivate You into thinking up punishments from Hell. i'll be good... You have my word.

Barry is coming for no other reason than our anual August **M & M** get together. that's mirth and merriment for the truly insane! nobody does insane quite like Barry and i do. i love this brother of mine so much. we've weathered some family storms over the years and have always found a way to laugh our way through each and

every one. i start giggling from the time he gets out of the car. we have secrets that have been locked away in a vault and we threw away the key. i'm a good sister too... i just cleaned up the kitchen and filled up all the ice cube trays. he likes a couple of pieces in his Black Velvet every now and then... like every 20 min.... when he **freshens** up his drink.

yes Sir, i do understand that i developed the tape recorder as a defense mechanism because of the ever present tension filled mood of our household. things could fall apart in a heart beat, and quite often did. one wrong move or statement would send her into days of rage and revenge. she had to control everyone..... her every waking moment. and god help you if you didn't appease her quickly enough. when i started dating boys in Junior High, i'd go with them to their houses after school, and their mothers always seemed so nice and relaxed. they'd offer a soft drink or something to eat and weren't dogging us the whole time we were there. at my house... the warden hardly ever left the room. maybe she thought our guests would become unruly and take to stealing the silverware or something? who knows what went through her head? Master, You're lucky that You got to scribble on the walls at all. if You did that in our house, You would've been beheaded. she didn't tolerate messes of any kind. i'm sorry... i don't mean to make light of what happened to You, and i'm sure You were frightened by the unpredictability of that kind of behavior, as any child would. how much older was Your sister than You? is that the only one You have, and are there any brothers? yes, i know what You mean about the replaying of the tapes to look for a pattern. Sir, You should've been riding bikes, playing in tree houses and building forts... instead of being forced to figure out the adult behavior in Your own home. You were robbed of so many carefree years, and became an adult way before Your time. it's no wonder we had a need to play when we got older. You still look for patterns in people, don't You? it's alright to say so... i do it to. i used to keep a calendar that i marked when John drank, and when he was the most violent... always trying to find out when he was likely to strike again so i could get out of his way. he has a fairly predictable pattern for everything... like most of us i guess. i assume You have mine all laid out by now, and pretty well know when i'm going to go bonkers on You, don't You? sometimes i get a little uptight because You appear to be very suspicious of everything, and then i have to admit to being that way myself. it's hard to trust when You haven't come from a home where trust was established. and by the time we get out on our own and start getting kicked around by the world... we really don't trust anyone. lately when i

feel that You aren't trusting me, i try to stop and remember that You don't know that You can yet. i've done some things that haven't exactly appeared trustworthy, and have given You more reasons not to trust. i do regret those times and know that i can't undo them, but i would hope that You don't feel You have to question too many things about me?

what made mother so angry about Ginger sending her the letter from the psyche ward was that she didn't understand why that little ingrate would say that she was a bad mother and had an unhappy childhood while growing up. she was positively livid when she read what Ginger wrote. later she tried to pass it off on her depression, and said that they must have her on too many drugs, and that's why she wrote that hateful letter. poor Ginger, she never was the queen of timing, and she left herself wide open for mother to attack her once again. was she molested too? you know... John asked me the Joee thing, and said he wouldn't doubt that there was more than just me being molested in that house. i've only told one of my sisters about that and i didn't go into details because she was so uncomfortable with hearing it. i highly doubt that either Ginger or Terri would admit that it happened to them. i could be wrong.... but as their sister, i don't think they'd ever tell. i was the only one that Tom would ever let stay up late, so if he did it to them it was after i went to sleep or during the day.... which i would've really hated. having it done to you at night is bad enough without the added torture of having to watch him do those things when it was light.

Sir, You want to be amused with my **lesbian** experiences? trust me... they were few and far between. i really had to be in the mood or stoned out of my gourd to do anything at all. whatever i did with girls was only done at the sex club or when i was working and had to go on a call with another girl. sometimes.... a guy would want to see two girls touching each other because it made him hot. the ones i took these calls with already knew that i didn't kiss and i didn't **muff** dive... nor did i want it done to me. a few times we laid on the bed facing each other and played with tits and ran our hands over each others bodies and put our hands and fingers inside our sisters cunt. i've had girls put ky-jelly on my cunt or asshole. the johns kinda always like this. and i've done it to them as well. touching another girl inside is no different than touching ourselves. we all feel the Joee and we know where to touch that feels the best. other times they'd want us both in bed with them and have us keep switching off with fucking him. if one cunt feels good...two have **got** to feel better, correct? that's as far as we went.... cunts, assholes,

and tits.... no lips & no crunch and munch. the sex club was bizarre on some nights...to say the least. with the group sex thing... you had bodies all over the place... and occasionally a pussy would brush across your face when moving to a new spot. i always tried to avoid the **wet spot** when this happened and would roll out of the way quickly. we didn't push... and we didn't shove... but some of us did move rather fast when strange pussys came in our direction. i don't mind touching, but i don't want it in my face. in the pig piles... everyone was touching any and everything that was closest to them. so i played with tits... put my fingers up cunts... touched assholes... had some strange guys balls in my mouth... sucked countless cocks and assholes of many men during those recreational free for alls. i love men's bodies and never tire of exploring them. You're truly magnificent beings!!!! okay...for other moments of pure animal delight, we'd put dildoes in each other while 9 horny men stood around and drooled. why do men like that? we'd give them a lot of ass shots and moan like it was the best thing we'd had up our cunts or assholes in years and be smiling at each other and sharing the pleasure of their torture. girls are so nasty to men, aren't we? they would swell when they saw a girl with her hand in your pussy or putting on the ky. not everyone was so free with their bodies and they would seek out the rooms with a little less action. Sir, unless you were there, it's so hard to imagine or explain that you could have any kind of sex you wanted with anybody that agreed to play with you. we didn't worry about aids then or sexually transmitted diseases. the most i ever got was some vaginal infections from time to time and crabs one other night. i can only imagine the people that got exposed that night. everyone that was in the crowd i hung with got them. not a big deal... you buy the shit... and get rid of them. can't get naked with every Tom, Dick, and Harry and expect to get off scott free. i never worried about getting pregnant, because i had an IUD. as you can see, i had no really intimate affairs with girls, just touching and rubbing and grabbing and putting junk up each others twats and assholes. shit... that's a lot when it's written down, isn't it? seemed innocent enough at the time. do You remember sex feeling any better than it did in the 70's? i don't.... not at all. i want it back... i didn't get enough.

Your adoring... worshipful slave.... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Wed, 20 Aug 1997 19:37:20 -0400

Subject: RE: assignments, Sir

Dear Master,

and so it begins... he's here and i'm happy!!! i'm already on a laugh high and i'm sure You wouldn't want to be around me. not to worry about assignments, Sir. as i said... he goes to bed early. he's in a lot of pain and needs a hip joint replaced and knee surgery, so he retires early at night. Barry will only be here until Friday. and no... he won't be staying in the den. Erin has given him her room and she moved into Joes. her bed is much more comfortable for Barry to get in and out of. i sent Joe to his girlfriends house for two nights. i need a break from his drunken sprees anyway.

if you feel like sending me something to do... please feel free. i couldn't sleep at night if i had to. i'll visit with him until noon tomorrow... catch a couple hours sleep and we can play the rest of the day and evening. so my schedule basically remains the Joee. he only had a couple of days off work and decided to come for some R 'n' R. Yes, i love my brother, but i don't want to go a day without talking to You... i'd miss You too much!!!! it was very thoughtful of You to not give me anything to do, but it really isn't going to interfere with him and i at all.

the dinner hour approaches and i must embarrass myself while i try to prepare something that a Chef would eat... yeah right. he always laughs at my feeble attempts to appease him. i should make canned soup and grilled cheese sandwiches... that will teach him .

will check later to see if You've changed Your mind about sending anything. thinking of You... will laugh enough for both of us. hugs... more hugs... love... more hugs... Your pet... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Wed, 20 Aug 1997 22:52:49 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: Re: You 'asked' for guidance, Sir ?

Dear Master,

Barry surprised me and stayed up 'til 1:00 and entertained me. my stomach aches... my back aches... and i can't stop laughing. we've had a great evening and he has definitely changed the mood of the house. at one point.. we woke John up and he came downstairs to see what the hell we were up to. he said he could hear us upstairs

in the bedroom with the fan on. John can only take the two of us together for awhile and then he usually goes to bed with a reminder to Barry that if he keeps it up... he'll be the one responsible when my coughing jag starts from laughing so much. i'm sitting here in the den all by myself and i'm still giggling. my soul feels renewed and i think i may be able to get through another year from the strength this visit has provided. it'll be tarnished somewhat tomorrow by our sister, Terri, coming for dinner with Linda and the boys. that girl is too serious for her own good. Barry is groaning already and thinking of ducking out 'til she's gone. i told him he could hide out in one of the bedrooms with his bottle and i'd bring him ice/soda. Terri is so damn rigid and controlling that she reminds us of the warden. her husband hardly says three words when she's around, and her sons make wide circles around her. speaking of the warden... Barry has to go see her tomorrow afternoon while i'm sleeping. she knew he was in town (loud mouth Terri told). so there's no getting out of it, because Barry says he doesn't want to get cut out of the will... like me and Steve. he's a sell-out!!!!

on the serious side... he's in a bad way right now. his right hip is completely shot and he needs a whole new knee... not to mention that he has the Joee back problems as myself and our sisters. Barry thinks we ought to sue mother for bad genes and causing us a life of emotional/physical pain. i'm trying to talk him into coming here after the surgery to recover. i'd love having him here that long, but i don't know if he could stand all of us. he's lived by himself for so long that chaos makes him as nuts as noise makes me. i'm still nagging.

good-night my brown eyed Master. Your slave loves You... pet
((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs))

Subject: Re: Oh,
Date: 97-08-22 02:07:45 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com (trinket's Owner)

and the Master's slave said, "like... oh-my-god...this is too good to be true". she thought about it all through dinner tonight and while the house was crawling with company and family that were all trying to talk at once. she crawled inside her head and thought about 'Him' and how erotic this was going to be as she was put over His knee and spanked until He was sure she wouldn't be begging for anymore positive attention of this nature for at least 5 days!!!!

i want it... i want it... i want it... i want it...i want it, now. thank-you...
thank-you... thank-you... thank-you... thank-you... thank-you.

slave is very hot tonight... slave is very wet tonight.. slave is very
horny tonight... slave is thinking about her Master tonight...

it's a very cold/rainy/windy night here. just the sound of the
rain/wind/fog horn out on the point. perfect for laying around in each
others arms and talking for awhile. will You come and lay down with
me, my Master? i need to feel You near me and i need to touch Your
body... if it pleases You, Sir.

slave says good-night, Master. You're on my mind and in my heart.
i kneel and lay my head in Your lap..... Your pet... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 21 Aug 1997 23:40:29 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: whoops..i forgot, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for reminding me that you have suspended my cum
privledges for 16 hours, before i did anything stupid tonight. how
soon they forget, the Master thinks. Your air-head slave is on a laugh
high and isn't thinking too clearly... and now my puss is dripping with
goo from Your note. You have a way of sending me really hot stuff
just when You've suspended cums. i know it isn't planned, even if it
feels that way to me.

if i had my car..i'd drive down to the beach and enjoy all this rain and
wind. i love nights like this, and You don't know what You're missing.
the air smells incredibly clean and fresh... and Your slave always
gets horny on rainy nights. there's only one thing that i'd add to this
night to make it an incredibly perfect one... and that is a super
fantastic demanding... controlling... superior MALE with a Texas
sized inflated ego and a Brooklyn voice. if i could find someone like
that... i'd kneel in front of Him and suck His cock until He was so
swollen that He'd want to face-fuck me and use me for His pleasure
and orgasm.

hugging You... adoring You... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 22 Aug 1997 09:43:38 EDT
Subject: Re: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i'm dreading the thought of Barry leaving tomorrow, and i wish i could go with him. if he lived closer... i would visit him at least twice a week. he does wonders for my mood and his visits allow me the chance to be completely insane without the worry of being judged. we've had such a good time being off the wall and crazy for two days. he got up this morning and we were laughing before he even got a glass of juice into him. he's every bit as warped and jaded as myself... welll..... maybe i'm just a teensy bit more jaded than him, but our passion for jaded humor is equal.

Terri brought her gloomy self for dinner with her two boys who avoided her like the plague while they were here by hiding out in the den with Erin, and playing on the computer. Barry was rolling his eyes as she was leaving and pointing to his almost empty bottle of Black Velvet. i knew what he meant. what he was implying was that she was leaving none too soon, since he was almost out of booze, and wouldn't have been able to tolerate her without a drink in his hand. she started controlling from the minute she came in. i pushed her buttons by purposely placing mismatched plates around the dinner table. she picked up on it right away and asked if i had dishes that matched. i told her that i did, but i saved them for special occasions..... like... hint... hint.... you're not a special occasion. Barry and i ping on her all the time because she's so damn picky and rigid... just like **her** mother. i don't hate her.... she just grates my nerves.

Sir, thanks for putting a moratorium on serious exercises until after the weekend. i need a few days to get back to normal before i can even think of running a serious thought through this head. You knew that... didn't You? i've really fallen off the slave wagon this week, haven't i? You've been very patient with me, but... here comes the but, i know that i'll pay dearly next week for this mini vacation. i feel it coming.... You're too quiet. i do appreciate the long rope You attached to my collar, and the freedom You've given me to play with my brother. why are You so sensitive to my needs after all the grief i've put You through? You really do care about Your property, don't You? Master, i love being a slave to such a kind and caring man. and no.... i don't think You're a pushover. You just always know

when i need some slack, and You never fail to give it to me.

Sir, yes Sir, the hormones are up and running. i'm feeling 200% better than i was. my skin feels and looks better.... and my cunt.... my luscious slave cunt is wet all the time!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! i like to orgasm myself off the bed this morning. my cums just keep getting more intense each day. hormones certainly help, but it's mostly as a result of and reading Your letters, plus the added benefit of being collared by the most erotic/creative MAN that's ever crossed my path! this is not flattery... it's fact. i've **never** known a man who could express himself the way You do, and be able to hold my attention without even physically touching me. You say all the things to me that i ever wanted a man to say, and You say them in a way that has me climbing the walls and wishing i could do these things with You in person. Sir, You know exactly how a woman wants to be talked to, and You constantly amaze me with Your knowledge of our needs and desires. i'm only surprised that You don't have 15 slaves living with You. if word ever gets out...You'll have to move. i suggest You hide out in N.H.. sound like a plan? did You buy a book to study this stuff... or have You always been in **control**? when You were in High School, did You control girlfriends on dates? how about in Your 20's? there's so much i want to know about You and how Your mind works. i want to look inside that head of Yours. maybe Your back ground has been a blessing in disguise if it made You into the man You are today. ever look at it that way? i really like this man that You've shown me.... i like You more every day, and i can't get enough of You. why is it always the ones that seem to be the best fit, usually turn out to be the ones we can't have.... or do we just think they're the best because we can't have them? never could figure that one out. if i'd actually known that a man like You existed, i would've **crawled** to him in a **New York** minute instead of spending my life looking for a truly dominating Man in all the wrong places. the head part is what i wanted the most... what i settled for was the belts/whips/cuffs. You're the missing piece to the puzzle of why it never fulfilled me. when You told me in the beginning that You could play with my head some, i had no idea it would be so intense. You do play with my head... in a way that i've never been played with before, and i like the way it makes me feel. i want nothing more than to kneel at Your feet and be owned/used by You. i'd like to kiss/suck Your ass for the pleasure of knowing You. Elliot had his slaves kissing his ass a lot, and i kinda liked his style.

now to get back on track.... i got carried away thinking about You when i started talking about hormones. see... they are working, Sir.

last time i had blood pressure checked was about a year ago. i told You i don't do doctors well, and i avoid them as much as possible.

Your now chastised and very humbled slave with the red face and tears... kneels and thanks You for giving her what she deserved.... and then she hands You her assignment for the night, and prays that it pleases You because she is too sore to go through another face slapping right now.

the now thinking about being more obedient and humble..... slave trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 22 Aug 1997 22:53:01 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: slave ((hugs)), Sir

Dear Master,

how's everything in your world tonight? mine's a little less full with the absense of my whacky/wonderful brother. i sadly had to release him today, and now i feel abandoned.

i'm so looking forward to another weekend of revolving drunks and dirty dishes...full ash trays and toilet seats left up!!! how i treasure these special moments in my life, and the assault to my senses that they bring. i'd like to put about 5 of them on a Greyhound and ship them to You to dispose of in a canyon out there. could we work something out?

and what peaceful things do You have planned for the weekend? i may not know what to do with one when i finally get it. i'll most likely miss the chaos and consider my life dull without the constant pumping of adrenaline through my veins.

Your slave is sorry that i didn't send You a note earlier today. Erin had girlfriends over and they were hogging the computer.

i tried to get her to do the IRC thing for me tonight, but she said she was too tired and went to bed. oh well... maybe tomorrow???? i probably should ask my friend, Dorene, to come over and do it for me. she's the one who told me how to do the phone thing with icq. what would i do without girlfriends?

did i hear You saying that i might be a tad passive-aggressive?
You're not the first person that's ever mentioned this to me, and i'll
just bet that You're surprised to here that???

i'm trying to settle down... bear with me...i'll get there. thinking about
You tonight and certain nights next week. i did not say it... i will not
say it... i can not say it. <smiles>

hugging You good-night my Master. adoring You...Your pet

From: trinket
To: "trinket's Owner" <abouteliot@aol.com>
Date: Sat, 23 Aug 1997 00:05:45 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: come,

---trinket's Owner <abouteliot> wrote:

>
> pet,
>
> crawl onto the bed with me.... put your head down on my chest....
now you
> rest while I rub your back..... good girl, good pet, good slave,
good
> trinket.....

>
Master... You're so good to me. what did i do to deserve You? no...
i'm not down...just a little tired from all the fun and frivolity. Barry is a
very up-beat person and he does tend to keep me cranked, and
when he leaves... i always feel a little deflated. not to worry... i
bounce back quickly. yes, i'd love to lay my head on Your chest and
have You rub my back while i listened to the beat of Your heart, and
breathed in that wonderful Male scent of Yours... and then my pussy
would become wet... and my nipples would get hard... and i'd be
rubbing myself on You... and then You'd start to swell... and then....
god only knows what the hell we'd find to do next!!!! these things
always happen everytime i get near You, Sir. how i'd love to lay my
naked slave body on Yours and feel Your swollen cock underneath
me... while i buried my face in Your chest hair and planted small
kisses as i moved my face through it. now i'm going to be wet for
the rest of the night. why must You always start these things?
seriously... thanks for holding me... i needed that. here's some hugs
for You too. ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs)) ((hugs))
((hugs)) ((hugs)) pet-trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 23 Aug 1997 07:55:14 EDT
Subject: Re: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

about gloomy Terri... of course she'd have found 75 other things to complain about... and did. she can't help herself... she does it to all of us. she's always checking up on everything and asks prying questions. Barry and i like to torment her by doing things she'll complain about, and we do this because she lets herself be an easy target and we can't resist. we don't hate her... she just rubs us the wrong way. some family members won't invite her to anything because of her being so damn controlling and picky. i at least asked her for dinner... i did my part. let the record state that, Sir. brothers/sisters always hack at each other, but that doesn't mean there's no love. i know it sounded mean on paper... but i covered it up well with a smile as i said it to her. Barry used to wear a white glove when he visited us, and he'd run his hand along book cases and shelves to show us what slutty house keepers we were. sometimes he'd move pictures or nick-knacks to let us know that he saw how dusty the shelves were. the sickness is all through our family and no one takes it to heart for long. Barry no longer inspects... he just drinks!!!! we've driven him to drink!!!!

about the blood pressure.... i have a blood pressure cuff, but i'm just not to regular at checking it. i've had it so long that i know when it's high without even checking. my mood alone will gage that. knowing that You wouldn't accept this for an answer...i just checked it for You. 90/65... pulse rate of 77 (not bad for a smoker). before i started meds it was running 115-130/90 with pulse rate of 99 and above. how would You have liked to known me then? i was MEGA bitchy. i know about keeping an eye on it, and i have no desire to stroke out and be a burden to family. i'd rather be dead than sit in a chair and drool for years. if it makes You happy... i'll try to be better at checking it. i don't want to make You worry about me... if it was You... i'd be equally concerned. it's nothing to screw with at our age.

my Master is getting to know my MO. soon i'll have no secrets left... where will i hide then?

yes Sir, that tammy is some kinda slut and hopefully we'll get her needs taken care of this weekend so that she can go away and play

somewhere. then we can be left alone without her and her slutty need to play in the streets with all manner of rif-raff. she flat wears me out at times. i'll never understand what she sees in those kind of men, but she won't leave them alone, no matter how much i warn her that they'll only hurt and degrade her... and when they're done with her, they'll just walk away like they always do.

slave kneels and hands You her work for Your inspection and approval, Sir.

Your collared slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 23 Aug 1997 18:14:18 -0400
Subject: Re: checking in, Sir

Dear Master,

hello...how's Your day going? slow and quiet around here. Erin finally got around to downloading IRC for me, but we haven't figured out how to use it yet. will have to do the same thing i did with icq, find on-line pals to help this neophyte. i hate being computer challenged... it's a drag. so much to learn... so little time.

You can have all Your sunshine and hot weather!!!! i'd rather have the snow any day of the week. winter wouldn't be winter without my Currier and Ives Christmas Eve. i've spent at least 10 winters away from N.H. and i've hated all of them. Christmas day in Jacksonville... we went to the beach with John's parents... wasn't too merry ho-ho. <smile> just how long have You been in Ca? do You 'really' like it there, or have You just got used to it?

so many things i don't know about my Master... so many things i'd like to know. yes, i'm the nosey type... does it show? i heard that!

Erin's girlfriend just came and got her for the night. looks like a quiet Sat. is shaping up. now if the revoling drunks stay away, i'll have some peace and quiet. Joe is back with his old girlfriend, Gina, the one i like. (the mother smiles) hopefully... he'll move back in with her and give me a freaking break from his drunken rampages. he came home to get some clothes this morning and looked like he'd been a 3 day drunk. i see so much of myself in Gina. she's in for a long ride with Joe, and i've tried to talk with her and explain that he's

very sick right now and needs help, but she still thinks she can 'fix' him with love. if she only knew what she was in for... she'd run the other way. the circle of alcoholism continues to widen in this family, and now it has enclosed Gina. once again... be grateful that You're not a parent.

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 03:10:37 -0400
Subject: Re: your note, Sir

Dear Master,

Sir... Jewish is 'great'... circumcised is 'yummy'... sloppy is 'scary'!! i live with two males who are very sloppy. next man i live with will be a flaming Queen... and 'extremely' neat. he's going to know how to laugh and we're going to talk clothes/hair/make-up. our bathroom will be spotless...the floors will shine... and the ash trays will never be full. i'm such a hopeless dreamer. does Montana have any flaming Queens?

thanks for telling me more about Yourself. You're standing in line story is 'so' New York. You become more huggable to me all the time. i enjoy the hell out of You... just in case You haven't realized it yet.

You sound relaxed... You must have had a relaxing evening? i'll write more about Your note in tonights letter.

kisses/hugs good-night... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 10:13:05 EDT
Subject: Re: just words, Sir

Dear Master,

what we have here for Your reading pleasure this morning is just words... nothing fancy... kinda plain and simple... the nickel/dime variety. i've been 'net cruising... trying to figure out how to use this damn IRC deal. i'm getting there... made connection with some strange being from the planet 'befuddled'. now it's after 6:00 am, and i'm just getting around to writing. i was mind tripping while i

was cruising and completely lost track of the time. i read quite a few stories and several bios of people in the scene. You're correct... i am 'way' to jaded to be out here. once you've found someone who does it the way you like and says the things you need to hear.... the others don't quite measure up. perhaps i haven't given it a fair chance yet, and maybe for the sole purpose of very light entertainment.... they could pick up the slack on a cold snowy winter night. i guess i know where i'll be taking my real needs. and where is that, You ask? straight to You, my Master with the Texas sized ego and overly demanding personality. i've had enough men to know quality when i see it.... trust me on this.

You are a Master at saying things without saying much about Yourself, aren't You? why are You so evasive with me? i'm not the IRS or the FBI.... i'm just Your trinket. part of me thinks that You like to tease by doling Yourself out in bits and pieces, and the other part thinks that i'll never really know You because You don't want me to. is keeping Your distance part of being a Master? i don't know... that's why i'm asking. i was born with questions... and i drive people nuts when i press for answers. i don't mean to be pushy... i'm just very interested in this man i've come to know. You thrill and excite me more than any other man i've ever written to.

life screws with my head all the time. You've had two wives who evidently didn't want to be controlled, and i've had two husbands who didn't know the first thing about controlling a woman. today we find each other... and we both have committments to other people. out of all the seven people involved in this set up... only You and Your slave actually got what they wanted. this really bites!!!! some people have all the damn luck and i'm getting pissed off with waiting for my turn. it won't be much fun playing whips/riding crops with some old goat in a nursing home. the way my luck has run so far... i figure that's when i'll finally meet someone who's free and into s/m. <laughing> i've always picked the ones who could swing a mean belt, but didn't do shit with the head part. John is as creative with the emotional side of s/m as a 15 yr. old..... what i mean by that is... he loses interest after the beating and the orgasm are over. he usually gets back to whatever he was wrapped up in before i dragged him into my silly game. he used to say that i was insatiable because i wouldn't leave him alone after he'd beaten me. good god.... i was horny and i had needs... damn it. where were all the men who wouldn't have complained, i ask You? so much wasted time with the wrong person, and so many years i'll never be able to reclaim. these are some of the things that i think about in the middle of the

night. i just want a man who'll play with me, and let me get it out of my system once and for all. it ain't gonna happen in this marriage. i'm 48 and i still see myself using a vibrator at 70.... should i live so long. if i keep smoking.... perhaps i can shave some years off? i shouldn't whine... some women have never even had an orgasm. i've had a gazillion... but i'm still empty... empty... empty... empty... empty... empty.

reading the 'neighbors' book, let me know that i wasn't alone with this problem... since most of them had partners who weren't into s/m either. you know, it was a shot in the dark that i picked that book over the others, and now i'm glad i did because of the part about You in there. i'd say that Kelly/Mary/Glenda liked You quite well, and Your style. how did You learn all this stuff? these are things i want to know about You.

why won't You tell me what You do for art work? do You think i won't like it? i don't know much about art... i've known a few artists in my time, and i knew plenty about them, but not much about their work... save for my long time friend, Al, the one who lives in N.H.. he paints ocean/beach scenes, does some people... and whatever strikes him at the time... like maybe ships or wooded scenes. he is also an excellent photographer. he's nagged me for years to let him take pictures of me, but i would never let him. just not comfortable in front of a camera.... the sight of them makes me freeze. here i've been talking to You since the middle of May and You've yet to tell me what You do. i'm not asking so that i can judge You... i just want to know You better... that's all. is it hard for You to share Yourself with other people? if it is, i'll try to understand, and i won't nag You, Sir.

why couldn't You do Your art work in northern Ca., or in Oregon? why do You have to be in LA? Maryann's old lover was from Oregon and she showed me lots of pictures, and there's some pretty country up there. take a vacation and check it out sometime.... You're not that far. have You traveled around the country much? where have You been? two of the prettiest places i've seen were eastern Kentucky and Tenn. in the Great Smokey Mountains. went through there many times but the time that will be in my mind forever is an early morning in June in 1985 when we were coming back home for good. as we rode through the mountains, there was this blue tinted... smokey haze that just hung in the air between the mountains, and that mixed with the early morning mist and fog... just took my breath away. You can't imagine how clean the air is up there. i've gotta live in the mountains before i die... just once.

driving through there on those narrow roads with that scenery was so quietly eerie that i wanted to stay. i got a bad case of gypsy in my blood from all the moves we made during John's Navy years. there's still so many places i want to see, but Montana is at the top of the list. would You make a good hostage? that's what i thought You'd say. made the heart race a little bit? Masters don't do hostage well, do they?

different direction now.... how many on-line slaves have You had before me, and did it work out well over time? the reason i ask... is that You seem to be so good at it that it led me to believe that You've done this before. i didn't mean for this to be a questionnaire, it's just that i have so many unanswered questions about You, and my need to know increases every day. another one i have is... how many real time slaves have You trained over the years? i don't expect that You'll answer many, but You can't blame a slave for trying. it's quite normal to want to know about a person you're interested in, isn't it? wellllllll.... i'm very interested in You... so my need is more than normal. would You rather i not care who You were or what You were all about, and just be here for the words and the fantasies You provide me with?

You asked if i've figured out what to do with myself without the merriment of Barry's presence, and the answer is.... i'll survive... but not as well. he changes my whole mood and outlook on life whenever i'm around him. we have such a good time together, and we always can find something to talk or laugh about. John and i don't talk much anymore. i usually try to avoid him as much as possible, because we work each others nerves, and i'm always on the edge of unloading years of stored anger. terrible way to live.... but it's the truth. i'd rather read a book or play on here than talk to him. he's not being mean or anything like that... i just don't have the desire to try to be close again after his 6 1/2 yr. emotional absence with the religious cult group. i guess it would be honest to say that i'm still very angry. maybe if i made some voo-do dolls and stuck pins in them... i'd feel better? remember when he was dogging me with flowers, dinner, and all the s/m talk a few weeks ago? that came to a crashing halt. i'm still wondering what was up with that. there i go analyzing shit again. i can never accept when anyone is nice to me, and i always figure there has to be a reason. maybe he was reading our letters and got a little jealous.

when i talked to my friend, Elizabeth, this week, she asked what was going on in my life these days. she said that i sounded so much

happier than the last time she talked to me. i told her that i met this really interesting person on the internet and we've been talking for awhile about things that interest me, and i was enjoying myself. Elizabeth knows me well enough to know that must mean i'm talking to a man, but she never asked who, and i didn't volunteer anymore information. she said that she could hear the change in my voice and i was laughing again. this was before Barry showed up... so we can't blame it on him. You're the guilty party here, and it's all Your fault. now people will start to like me again, and i'll have less peace and quiet in my life. just look at what You've done, Sir. please don't be angry.... i'm playing with You.

have to get off here now. the day people are filtering downstairs and my privacy is about to come to a halt. i've been sitting here thinking and running stuff through my head that needs to be saved on tape.... and here it is morning already. time for this night owl to go hide out in a dark room... read for awhile.... orgasm with the **slapping** tape..... and drift off to sleep with a wet cunt and a special place in my heart for You, my Master.

hugs/love/warm thoughts/orgasms..... Your trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 15:56:50 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: phone sex, Sir (me)??? :)

Dear Master,

i would **love** to do phone sex for money. that does appeal to the slut in me, and what the hell... i'd probably be damn good at it!!! question is... would i have enough to say to those hungry little boys? i hear that you can make a few pennies at it if you're good. believe it or nor... Maryann was always trying to talk me into it and i have given it serious consideration from time to time, but with Erin still at home... i kind of dismissed the idea for fear that she'd answer the phone when i wasn't around sometime. Erin... bridget and i all sound somewhat alike on the phone and god knows what she'd hear, but then again... she will be 18 next June.... maybe then???? i don't think i'd even know where or how to start. when John and i were separated, i was desperate for a job and answered an ad for telemarketing. you had to call to set up an interview because they wanted to hear what you sounded like on the phone before they decided if they'd waste their time with an interview. the lady was wild about my voice and told me

that i had a 'velvet' voice on the phone and sounded like i'd be good for the job. so i go in for the interview... take a written personality test and a math test. passed the math... but she said my personality test clearly showed that i wasn't aggressive enough for phone sales. she was a little disappointed with me and said she'd wanted my voice on the phones in the worst way. oh well. but that was 9 yrs. and many cigarette packs ago... don't know how good i'd be today.

animals are stalking the cage... glop/gruel time. will be back to You later.... have a good evening, my Master. i **crawl** to You and kiss Your feet.... hugs/love... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 23:03:31 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: thank-you, Sir :)

Dear Master,

thanks for the vote of confidence, i was hoping you'd say that. at the risk of sounding arrogant... i know i could do it, and i'd love to get paid for being a slut and saying things that i like to say anyway. could i not have fun at this? whoa... momma!!!! two years ago, John actually called the phone company to see how expensive a 900 number would be and how the whole deal worked. i forget the exact quote she gave... but it ain't cheap. at the time he called... he was still with that church gang and he backed out on me because he couldn't handle the thought of what i'd actually be doing. who knows...maybe memories of DC were dogging him and he didn't want me to get on a roll again. he knows how i get once i start talking sex every day. the idea of the money appealed to him and i think that's why he got the info for me. maybe i'll hit him with it again and see what he says now. Master, in my heart of hearts... i don't think i'd have any problem getting guys off on the phone. i know the words they love to hear and i'll say them with the feeling they'd expect to get if only they could find a real life slut who'd do all the things they want to talk about. you know for a fact that i'd be lethal with the freedom to be myself. :) i was watching either Donahue or Oprah one time and they had several women on there who did this for a living. one lady was older... grandmother type... but had a great voice and worked out of her home. just goes to show ya... you never know what really goes on behind closed doors. funny You should mention plumbers and credit cards. we have this ex-hippy that lives near us and he's a plumber... who still smokes dope and

drinks like a fish. i'm sure he would love to run some credit cards through... for a small fee, of course. Bill has quite the eye for the ladies... even if they don't find him attractive, and he's married to this twit, who's a city worker, and god is she boring... not to mention wholesome. i pick up all their phone calls on my scanner, and i've heard her on there talking to all kinds of people. she's so squeaky clean and patronizing that she makes me want to hurl. John cut that channel out once when i wasn't around because he didn't think it was right to be listening to our neighbors phone calls. i hit the fucking roof and demanded he program it back in. i can't be responsible for them having a portable phone that just happens to be picked up by my police scanner. i made his life miserable until he programed it back in for me. today... i can do it my damn self... but at the time... it was new and i didn't know how. Sir, yes Sir, i am one of those nosey New England women who wants to know what everybody's up to, and i'm damn proud of it. for all i know... people are most likely listening to us, and have heard god knows what over the last few years.

slave thinks she'll give the phone sex some serious thought. hell... just think how much better next years August **M&M** could be for Barry and i with new material to laugh about. Barry loves to hear new stories... the more jaded... the better.

guess i should shoot this off if You're ever going to get it before You go to bed. Sweet dreams... my Jewish..brown-eyed... Brooklyn voiced Master. slave lays her face in Your crotch and **licks** Your cock from balls to head... and then slides her warm moist all the way down Your rock hard swollen shaft until You reach the back of her throat.

hugs/kisses/love/licks/sucks... Your slave puppy

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 25 Aug 1997 10:57:25 EDT
Subject: Re: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i didn't mean to make it sound like You haven't told me anything about Yourself, i'm sorry for that, Sir. it's just that i have so many questions to ask You, that it seems like i don't know a whole lot yet. it took so long for You to tell me anything that i'm now getting greedy

and nagging too much. You excite me and i'm very interested in knowing the man behind the words that have touched me so deeply.

that explanation of Your art work really helped. thank-you for helping me to understand just what it is that You do. i'm now farther out in left field than before i asked, but i feel better about being here. You're **too** deep for me sometimes. trinket has a slave brain and she doesn't grasp things like You do, Sir.

Sir, do You really want me to go on the IRC channels and be so arrogant as to try to educate some Doms/Dommes? they'd eat me for breakfast, and then You'd be laughing at Your pea brained slave. no... no... no... trinket won't be going there to do that. in fact, trinket won't be going at all... that sleezy tammy is the one who wants to play cat 'n' mouse with the night people. she likes to play ping pong with the words they throw around, and she likes the shock value she receives from some unsuspecting males. sometimes it's fun to be bad and nasty for no other reason than being bad and nasty. kinda like slumming when you go to sleezy bars to get down and be an animal for an evening. trinket hasn't been in a bar in years, so the IRC will have to suffice. found out how to work it tonight and get into the channels i wanted. where did i go first? welll.... the bdsm one... of course. didn't like it much there... lots of different servers to choose from and will try another one some time later this week. went to this all spanking channel.... some fun people were in there!!! i scared some guy... he thought i was a guy because i talked about sex so easily. took me 10 sentences to convince him i was a female. do i sound like a guy when i write? was i too aggressive with You when i first met You? i tend to scare a lot of men with my come backs when i don't have to keep a grip on them. they probably weren't real men, because a **real** man doesn't back down... You didn't act like You were afraid of me, Sir. You started ordering me around from the get go, and i've been crawling after You ever since. when i was trying to be brazen with You, You insisted i be even more so. guess we both know what separates the boys from the men, don't we? anyhow... a slut could have one hell of a time tripping from room to room with different names and different personalities. it will keep that damn tammy amused for awhile, and keep her away from us.

yes, i'll give some thought to my situation and what living with John will do to retard my progress. if i'm not mistaken... i kinda caused world war 3 when i mentioned something about changing my future back about 3 wks ago...do You remember? now You want me to

think about it again? slave is getting dizzy and doesn't know what You want her to do? i'm just going to stay close to You until we both figure it out. i don't want to upset You ever again with any sudden surprises. it takes a lot of groveling to make up to You, and i don't take any pleasure from hurting You after all You've given to me.

slave giving away sex talk like a nice vanilla girl? slave thinks about that, Sir, and thinks You may have a point. slave smiles at her Master, and the wheels turn in slaves pea brained head.... small wheels... but wheels just the same. slave loves her Master for thinking these things through for her. slave thinks the Master is a very smart man. slave kneels and kisses the Masters feet for planting seeds of possibilities and watches as He waters to see if they will grow.

now... You want me to take care of You and Your needs? with pleasure, my Master, with the greatest of pleasure will i take care of You and Your needs. i kneel and thank You for this treat.

slave very humbly **crawls** to You, kneels and gives You tonight's assignment with a look of gratitude on her face and love in her heart.

Your collared slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 25 Aug 1997 15:56:59 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: your note, Sir

Dear Master,

just read Your note at 6:30 and realize that You must still be in bed. not to worry that You didn't send letter at the usual time. as You know, i'm up all night and there will be plenty of time to send one. i'll just check later. bridget/andy are here so i can't write much right now, because the natives are restless/hungry. slave must cook. (groan) Bridget had an ultra-sound done today... it's a boy!!! grandson #3 will pop into our lives around the first to middle of February. the circle of this families pain widens. yet another child will be exposed to the chaos and the madness. my heart aches at the thought of it, and i do realize that i'm powerless to stop it.

catch ya later... much love... many ((hugs))... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Mon, 25 Aug 1997 22:42:25 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: trinket drops in, Sir

Dear Master,

and as He opens the door, He sees his slave standing there, and waiting for Him to tell her to come in. she enters... kneels in front of Him... lays her head on His lap and listens as He softly strokes her hair and talks to her. she loves this quiet time with Him before He goes to bed. her body is sore from last night's beating, but she feels loved and cared for... no matter what He does to her. she adores this man that she's given her heart and soul to, and lives only to please and obey Him.

i hope You got some rest today, Sir. You were up awfully late last night. keep this up and we'll soon have matching schedules. You're on my mind tonight and close to my heart. last night's fantasy is still revolving in my mind and i get wet whenever i think about it. this morning's orgasm was a killer one!!!!!! george is sounding a little tired and he may have to be replaced if he doesn't continue to pleasure me in the manner to which i have grown accustomed. after all, he is **just** a male vibrator and he can be replaced with one that will perform as i expect him to.

i'm going to send that tammy out to play among the night people. who shall we have her be? maybe... kitten? purrrr purrrr maybe... lollipop? lick lick maybe... jaded one? oooh, bad girl. maybe... jessica? snotty bitch maybe... hot 'n' moist? slutty. or maybe...wet 'n' wild? tramp. oh the temptations of so many flavors of lust and sinful games. maybe she'll be a butterfly, and just touch lightly and fly away? maybe she'll be a steam roller and flatten out egos? tammy is many things to many people, and she has a different mood for every personality. tammy is a free spirit and a solo traveler.

good-night my brown-eyed... Brooklyn voiced Master. Your slave loves You and sends snuggy ((hugs)).... pet-slavepuppy-trinket

Subj: Re: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-08-26 09:37:26 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

Sir, i'm glad to hear that Your table manners are questionable. somehow, that makes You more real to me. all men eat like dogs when they're hungry, and it's okay... i grew up with brothers. You're too funny sometimes. i can tell that You had a good nap today.

oh my Master, the internet is in a sad state of affairs if some of the people tammy has met is typical of what they think s/m is. she came back in a downer mood and was appalled at the lack of creativity that she experienced with some males. they can barely speak of spanking without blushing. what would they do if you wanted real sex? babies... just babies. met a 57 yr. old who thought face slapping came under the heading of abuse. tried to explain that it was erotic for some girls and he disagreed again. told him i had laundry to do. sorting dirty socks is more fun than speaking with morons. Master, we're both too jaded for them. on some channels that were supposed to be for adults and adult talk... they sounded like a PTA meeting with everyone skirting around subjects and not saying what they really came there for. why can't adults talk about sex openly? lord have mercy... what an eye opener. i know You told me it would be like this, but i had to see for myself. no wonder You're disgusted with them and don't waste Your time. yes... i haven't been to that many, but it's not getting off to a good start. yawn... boring... yawn... real boring. i prefer men who can give it back as fast as i put it out... whether it's sex... or talk. and then there's the spelling... like-oh-my-god.... 5th grade level. i know You're laughing at me, and that's why You let me go so freely, because You knew i'd see that i had the best already. You're a slick Master and an extremely confident one. thank-you for allowing me the freedom to find these things out myself. i like choices in my life... even if i've made a lot of bad ones... i still need to keep trying to make the correct ones. and then there's the girls on here who act more like coquettish kittens than full grown women cruising the net to satisfy sexual needs and desires. am i out of touch... or what? isn't this the 90's? can't we talk about sex today? that does it... i'm moving to the planet **jaded** and i'm going to stay with my own kind. Master, i bow down to You and thank You for being here and being in my life. of all the men i could've found to write to on the net... i found You. what a stroke of fucking luck that's turned out to be. You have risen 10 more notches higher than You were before i got IRC. who are You? and where did You come from? are there anymore like You? we must rush to preserve Your kind. intelligent and kinky

men are a rare breed and may become extinct if we don't do something fast. who do i call? i'll call **Bill Clinton**.... he's kinky. am i too hardened....

now for questions that You asked. family is doing okay.... Joe is staying with Gina, and that makes me happy.... John hasn't been drunk in a couple of weeks and Erin will be going back to school, at least part time... probably in a week or so. my back is kinda sorta okay.... good days... bad days, and some killer days. allergies.... let's not even go there... fall pollens have started... golden rod is out, mold spore count is up. not good things when you have allergies. i'll most likely be sneezing and coughing and having swollen itchy eyes until the end of October. been doing this since i was a kid, so i'm more than used to it. sometimes the medication helps... sometimes not. the pine pollen liked to kill me this summer. it was so thick that you could scrape it off the cars in the morning by the handful. of course... it doesn't help that we live in the middle of a freaking forrest. i picked this place... so i have no one to blame but myself. trinket made another bad choice.... when will they end? i liked laying and talking to You while You played with my tits and nipples. and that hard-on that i feel brushing against my leg is making me very wet. whenever my tits are played with, i get wet. i have very sensitive nipples that respond to touch immediately. You'd think that all the nursing i did over the years would've lessened that, but it didn't. nursing is very sensual in a different kind of way. it sends sensations to your cunt but they aren't the same as a man touching you. i had several men ask me when i was nursing if it felt good, and the answer was always yes. felt real good to have all that milk drained.... the 40's were more like 50's when they were full. thank-you, Sir, for caring about me and asking how i was doing with health problems and family.

Your humbled slave.... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 27 Aug 1997 00:02:49 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: thank-you... thank-you, Sir

Dear Master,

thank-you for letting me finally talk to You. I love Your voice and Your laugh and Your sense of humor and Your scolding and Your caring approach to what happens to me and Your interest in Erin and Your

positive strokes about me being able to do something for myself. i love the way You tell me i'm a bitch and a slut and an insolent brat. i love it when You tell me that You're gonna beat me. God knows i want You to!!!!!! i love the way You took charge of the whole phone call and Your demanding, controlling nature. what a godsend You are. i will do these things You've ordered me to do. i want to please You. i kneel and thank You for talking to me. i love the man You are and the man You are with me. i respect You... i need You... i want You... i adore You. i want to suck You right now. i want to kneel in front of You and beg You to let me suck You and... and... and... and... and... and i'm gonna be upstairs getting george if i say much more right now. i'm actually shaking after speaking with You. only one other man has done that to me in my life... and that's my artist friend. i used to shake after his phone calls too. You're so pushy and controlling to talk to that i want to **crawl** to You and listen to Your voice forever. i'll be crawling to You for the rest of the night. my arms are holding You tightly as You read this and Your swollen cock brushes against the softness of me and You can feel my desire for You and see my hard nipples through this little pink gown that i have on. good-night my brown-eyed, Brooklyn voiced Master. ((hugs))pet

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Wed, 27 Aug 1997 10:38:31 EDT
Subject: Re: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

i'm still high from talking to You.

You thrill me...You excite me...You own me.....

about the "Wolf Man"..... Roxy and i went on that call to the intown Hyatt... i believe... or maybe it was the International. who cares? Roxy had done famous and semi-famous people before, and wanted no part of the Wolfman. she chose to take his road manager instead. i was later to find out why. what a mutha-fucking-asshole he turned out to be! we get to the suite... and Roxy goes into the other bedroom with the manager, and i'm thinking this is gonna be fun. he's not a bad looking man in person and was big like i like them. loved that deep voice of his and thought he'd be a great fuck. trinket is so stupid when it comes to men. he was in bed with just this wildly colored smoking jacket on if You can believe it. he was wiped slick with coke... had coke on the nightstand and a huge bag

of weed on the bed that he was rolling into joints. he tells me to come and sit by him and we'll talk price. i could barely get him to go above the absolute minimum. he didn't want to fuck... he wanted a blow job. naturally... i was trying my hardest to talk him into more because i knew he had the cash, and could damn well afford any price i asked. he wouldn't budge... so we settled on the price of a blow job. he's still rolling all the time we're talking and even stopped at one point to talk to someone who'd called the room. he acted like i wasn't even there. when he gets done... he tells me to strip and get started already. i knew it was going to be a wasted effort because he was so far gone with the coke that he'd never feel me anyway. he lights up a joint as i begin sucking him and continued to smoke for another half hour while i tried like hell to get him off. he was hard but he couldn't cum. i asked him once if he'd like to call it quits since we weren't getting anywhere, and he said, "no... just keep sucking... that's what i paid you for". i maybe gave him another 5-10 min. and then i said... enough. told him that he paid me but not to suck til the cows came home. he was so fucking high that i doubt he even knew i stopped. i got an autograph from him... dated... to show Tony because he said he doubted it was the Wolfman when the call came in by his road manager for two girls to come to their suite. when we got outside... that's when Roxanne told me that she'd always rather do the managers than the celebrities, because they were arrogant assholes that never paid well and used you like a piece of shit. then she told me what the manager gave her, and i knew what she was talking about. hard lesson to learn, but i never forgot it. made me wonder how many girls in other towns he'd done the same thing to. safe to say... i didn't like him much after that and still don't. told ya that not all the calls were fun calls. some could really leave you feeling like a street whore.

now for another upper-crust story from the sin and lust filled neighborhood of Georgetown. a place where the rich come to live and hide their secrets behind well painted front doors and manicured lawns. trinket got to see how they really lived and that their needs were the same as ours... they too couldn't deny that they liked sex reduced to it's lowest common denominator for the erotic pleasure it gave them. some paid us well...some were really cheap... some paid to have sex... some paid to watch us have sex... some paid dearly and never even got off. most used us like they did their gardeners or house maids and talked to us like we were trash. the men who usually called had been drinking for several hours before they sunk low enough to even make the call in the first place. this

one call involved me and a guy named Tim who went with me. don't remember the clients name and don't care to recall any of them. Tony said that he wanted a couple for sex... that's all he knew about the call. there were no straight guys working that night... so one of the gay guys had to go with me. oh... lucky me! i loved them all!!!!!! Tim was a handsome little thing that i used to fuck around with and beg him to beat me like he did his lover who came by the office to help with the phones when they were short handed. he was quite macho and word had it that he used to work his lover over on a regular basis. You know that made me want him more when i heard that, don't You? he was always trying to peel me off him and would give me calls right away when he was on the phones, just to get me out of his hair. and now he had to go on a call with me.... there is justice some times in this world. all the way there... he's telling me not to get any ideas and to settle my damn self down because this wasn't a pleasure call for him, and he only consented because he needed the money that week to get his lovers car fixed. i'm smiling and yessssing him to death.... while my little panties were getting moist. these Georgetown snobs may have had vanilla sex with the anal retentive bitches they were married to, but it's not what they wanted when they called the escort service. this particular john invited us in with his booze laced breath and we were terribly civilized while we sat there, had a drink with him, and talked cash amount for what he wanted. what he wanted was.....

to watch a girl being spanked by a guy, and then watch them having sex. Your sex kitten was jumping up and down inside by then. Tim was sitting beside me and i pinched his leg because i knew he was squirming and now i would get some of what i wanted from him. we got a hefty little price for that fantasy to be acted out, and Tim didn't seem to be as uptight after the cash was handed over. "money talks... and bullshit walks". we all go upstairs to his beautifully decorated master bedroom.... Tim and i get undressed, and the guy hands Tim a large wooden handled hairbrush that he took off his wife's dressing table. he told Tim that he wanted to see him spank me with his hand first...and then use the brush on me. my nipples were hard and my cunt was soaked, and ole gay boy Tim seemed to be getting a hard-on. well, can You believe that.... and i thought he didn't like me. he grabs me and says, "okay bitch, you've been nagging me for months to hurt you and now you're gonna get your chance". he puts me over his knee and slaps like i like to be slapped. he hit hard and fast and tried his best to make it hurt. i knew the john wanted to see some resistance on my part.... so i pretended that he was really hurting me and tried to get up several

times and was begging him to slow down and not hit so hard. this...of course delighted the john and gave Tim the excuse he needed to leave some lasting hand prints on my very red ass. he then picked up the hairbrush and began giving me the kind of spanking he must have been used to giving his lover. that damn brush really hurt on top of the spanking i'd just had, but i wouldn't give him the pleasure of folding after my constant nagging for this very thing. let me tell You, Sir, he gave that john his money's worth before he finally turned me loose. i was in some kinda pain... but god... wasn't i hot and wet. then we get to lay on the bed and have sex. i took advantage of this and kissed him... sucked his cock and rode him like a well trained horse. he was about mid-twenties and he could fuck enough to keep three women happy. his cock was beautiful and i loved touching it and looking at it.... and it felt divine in me. we did vanilla position, doggie position and me sitting on him before he finally came. i was so excited by him that i came myself and could have spent the rest of the night with him, if only this wasn't a forced encounter. i was a shameless slut who enjoyed every minute of that call. i kept touching him on the way back to the office and he was slapping my hand away as he drove. when we got inside.... he told Tony that he didn't want to go on any more calls with tammy because she wouldn't leave him alone when it was over. Tony was laughing at him and telling him it was good for him to have to work for his easy money once in awhile. i nagged Tim for a repeat performance all the rest of the time i worked there, but don't You know.... he wouldn't. i have that one good memory and it still brings a smile to my face and makes me laugh today. i even remember the song that was playing on the radio as we drove home and whenever i hear it on the oldies station, i can't help but to think of Tim. that john never moved out of his chair in the bedroom the whole time this was going on... so i guess he wanted us to watch instead of renting a fuck video before he masturbated himself to sleep. he walked us to the door and we left. easy call if you ask me.

Your very grateful slave kneels and hands You tonight's assignment and thanks You for being the best master a slave could have.

humbly.... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Wed, 27 Aug 1997 16:08:16 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: Re: trinket smiles, Sir

Dear Master,

Your trinket smiled when she read Your letter. my pussy is oozing already and in my mind... we're out to the back of the lot now. trinket will enjoy adding to this fantasy.

how's your day going? i woke up to the sound of the rain falling through the trees. the rain makes me mellow... moody... and very horny. wanna come and have coffee with me on the sun porch? we can talk while we breathe in the smell of summer rain and ocean air. i'll give You the most comfortable chair and kneel by Your side in silence as i listen to You tell me what's expected of me this evening. i answer only when You tell me to. Your trinket likes to be told to shut up and just listen like You told her to do last night. i love being ordered around by You because You do it so well. <smiles>
<adoring smiles>

now for something not quite so pleasant. i didn't want to tell You last night because that was our time and i didn't want anything to tarnish what i'd waited for months to hear. it seems that we'll have yet another family member added to our ranks in the spring. i'm not happy about this addition at all and i'm sure Joe isn't, but it was his choice and now he'll pay the price for the next 18 yrs. or longer. his ex-girlfriend, Shelly, is pregnant and broke the news to him Monday night. he, of course, was already back with Gina... the one we all like. Joe told me yesterday morning before i went to bed, and last night he was back here with Shelly by his side. i tried to explain to him that he didn't need to be with someone he'd got pregnant if he didn't love her and he wasn't doing the girl any favors by **trying** to do the right thing. he probably never even listened. i can see it all now and dread the thought of her with a baby from our family, but if it's my son's choice... i'll have to grit my teeth and pretend to be nice to her. she **says** she forgot to get her birth control pills refilled. yeah... right. haven't we heard that story a couple hundred times in our life? some days i **hate** being a mother. today is one of those days.

i need to finish waking up. will go dump half a gallon of coffee into me and be bouncing off the walls in no time. i'll write again before You go to bed.

hugs/love/kisses/grovels/crawls/smiles.... Your pet... trinket

From: trinket

To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Wed, 27 Aug 1997 22:41:10 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: Re: sent hugs, Sir

Dear Master,

thanks for the hugs and i did need them. You always know when i need them the most. been kinda down all day whenever i think about this whole mess to be. You know what bothers me the most? Shelly has been drinking and drugging heavy for at least the last year, and the first three months of pregnancy are the most important because nervous system is being formed. Joe and her came in tonight... high as usual. Joe had his beer and she was either wasted on pills or had been smoking weed. i wanted to scream at them, but i stayed out of it and just went into the kitchen to clean up and avoid getting into a hassel. they don't even care that they might be creating a child who'll end up being retarded or brain dead. as a mother... this disturbs me deeply. she already has one son who has no father. he took off when he found out she was pregnant. the baby was a year old in May and now here she is pregnant with yet another man's baby. she lives at home with mommy/daddy/grandmother. her mother/grandmother take care of the baby all the time while she runs around with drunks/druggies to bars and wherever. she stays here with joe at night instead of going home to her baby. i pointed this out to Joe yesterday when he told me she'd be having his baby. i asked him if he really thought she was going to change when she had his kid. he agreed that she probably wouldn't, but had little else to say. he's been bed hopping between Gina and Shelly since April and doesn't have any idea of what the fuck being a father is all about. he hates the kid she has and calls him a whiney spoiled brat. can't You just see how this horror story will play out? i can and it's making me sick, but i'm powerless to stop it and i have to give him the freedom to fuck up his own life the same way i did.

Sir, yes Sir, You can count on me **NOT** raising this baby. i want no part of it and at 48... i don't want to raise anymore babies. been there... done that... and survived it... thank-you very much. also... yes, our family is very well known at social services, police dept., ins. co., and the DMV. Montana is looking better every day. they had both just come in last night before You called and it made me a little uncomfortable knowing they were awake and could come downstairs at any moment. they usually come in the den and talk for awhile before they go to bed, and i knew You'd most likely cut the conversation short if i asked You to hold for a minute while i got rid of

them.

tonight i'm just going to listen to the rain and wind while i try to relax and put this bad scene out of my head. i can't stay focussed on it or it will eat me up. writing to you will definitely help to give me more pleasant things to think about. isn't it amazing how much our lives can change in one day?

thanks for letting me vent about my screwed up family. You must be so sick of this on going soap opera that's laced with drunks and druggies. i know i am... and they're mine.

thinking of You even as You read this. Your voice is still fresh in my memory and made a great addition to the slapping tape that is used for many urgent orgasms. my Master, You're truly an Internet Treasure!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! loving you... hugging You... serving You... obeying You...

Your adoring... worshiping... submissive slave... trinket

Subj: Re: as ordered, Sir
Date: 97-08-28 12:41:14 EDT
From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Dear Master,

no Sir, i wasn't aware that i had a southern accent. maybe picked it up from the 10 yrs. we lived in the south? i don't hear myself talk like others do, and no one has ever mentioned it. i guess i can live with it. sultry is the usual tag that men put on my voice and i'm always pleased to hear that. if i only have one voice... dear God... let it be sultry!

i spoke with John about the possibility of getting into phone sex like i've always wanted to do. he not only said yes... he said... hell yes. we spent some time talking about the business part of it and he has a friend who may be of help to us. i approached him with the idea by saying that i think i need to start looking at what i can do for myself should anything happen to you. after all, insurance money only goes so far. couldn't very well tell him that i was thinking about a solo future... now could i? i need him to help me get it set up... so i have to be nice. this friend of his is in telephone communications and works with people setting up home buisnesses. John knows

gazillions of people like most drunks do. he's very much a people person and is always talking to somebody or other. Your suggestion about me demanding that he get my car fixed if he wanted to continue eating meals here would never fly with him. John doesn't budge when i give him ultimatums, and would most likely take even longer to get it fixed. if i made his life miserable... he'd cut off my cigarette and coffee supply. no car... no money... i need him right now. one doesn't know off the hand that feeds you, or you get real hungry. he loves to control me on a non-sexual basis and he ain't giving it up without a fight. i'll do this like i do everything else with him... one step at a time. and when he's not looking, i take another one. trinket is always thinking and planning and waiting for the right move. been resting the last 6 yrs.... time to start making some moves to benefit my future and remove his control. never underestimate the determination of a stubborn irish girl. Maryann and i have been battling around ideas for the last two years, but couldn't come up with anything that would work for me as well as phone sex. the back is too far gone to ever work full time again and i know it. just something as simple as a full day of housework can leave me in screaming pain for three days or more. time to use the head... not the back. those years are long gone now.

i will talk with Erin this weekend about school. she's had friends around and Lisa is coming back today, so it makes more sense to wait til we have time to be alone.

thank-you, Sir, for Your very loving notes that You sent me last night. i just read them at 5:00 this morning and it was too late to respond to them, since You were already in bed. i didn't check after i sent You my usual good-night note, because i needed some time to think about what i was going to say to Joe/Shelly about drugs and pregnancy. after i sent Your letter... i thought i could let it go, but i can't. good suggestion You had for me to call the social services people, and i will do that today. i don't expect that they'll be much help, but it's sure worth a shot at trying. please don't ever feel that Your opinions aren't wanted and valued, because they are. i know You're trying to help and i see it as that. i honestly don't mean to involve You with my family problems, but the pain just keeps pouring out and it sometimes spills on You. also, i feel You need to be informed about these changes because they affect me and sometimes my mood. that way... You know that it's not You... but is quite possibly what's going on here that makes me seem like i'm going off the deep end. and i don't believe that You've said anything to offend me yet, and most likely never will. i truly appreciate Your

concern for me and what happens to the people i love. You're very tender with me when i'm in emotional pain, and i love you for that. thanks for being here for me, and for telling me that You are. You're a very generous man who cares about his property and shows it in many ways. slave kneels and lays her head in Your lap and hugs You, Sir.

obedient... humbled... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Thu, 28 Aug 1997 22:58:59 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: left 40, Sir

Dear Master,

if i had the symptoms You describe after quitting smoking, i'd be real tempted to start again, but i am a weak person and tend to give into temptation at a moments notice. You didn't know that about me, did You? yeah... right.

do i plan to keep some of the money for myself? does a bear shit in the woods, Sir? i'm really not as dumb as i may appear to be at times... or all the time... whatever. the answer is a most definite yes. have learned many things about life and love since Tony's job. after the tender age of 50... a woman needs cash more than she needs love and she'd best be thinking along those lines if she wants to survive at all. i don't have the body of a 27 yr. old anymore, but my mouth and past experiences with sex can still bring in some cash flow for this computer challenged middle-aged chick!!!! i have a saleable item behind these lips and i'm **going** to use it for my benefit. i've always wanted to do phone sex... i know how men respond to my voice by trying out my craft at the hotel... and this can and **will** work for me. i like jobs that i can have fun at and the freedom to be myself... and god knows i love to play. please don't think i'm being arrogant, because i'm not. if we can't recognize our best assets and market them... we're doomed to work for others. i know what mine are and always were... my ass, my eyes, and my voice. i'm pretty creative with my hands too, but the prior three sell better. <smiles> not to worry about Your trinket... she'll do fine. good-night my brown-eyed Brooklyn voiced Master. Your slave loves You and is thinking about You this very min. hugs/kisses/love/more hugs/crawls/grovels/smiles... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Fri, 29 Aug 1997 10:18:45 EDT
Subject: Re: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

Sooooo..... my Master thinks that i'm in a heavy duty M/s relationship.... does He? You're shaking my cage, Sir. slave is bouncing off the bars, and saying, but Master, You don't understand. i know how it must look from Your side of the fence, and i don't blame You for feeling like that, but what we have here, Sir, is no relationship. it's more like a semi-hostage position that i'm temporarily trapped in, but not necessarily doomed to stay in. do not panic, Sir. all things in time. had to wait for my Erin to grow up first. have wanted to leave him since she was 10 1/2. but she loves him and wanted me to stay, and my baby's needs are more important than mine. there will be plenty of time left for me to think about changes for myself.

yes Sir, i know that You want the best for me and that You're only trying to help. i'm not offended at all and i appreciate these things You're telling me for my own good. he didn't take all my money when i worked for the escort service either. i gave him what i wanted him to have, and paid for the things that i wanted all of us to have. i spent a good chunk of that money on myself as well. should i manage to pull this deal off.... i won't have the expenses i had before.... like children/large house/and mega bills.

i did as You suggested and called the social services folks today before i went to bed and talked with a couple of gals who worked there. they told me that they could give the report to her case worker and they would handle it from there. shelly gets State aid for her baby and can be called in for a drug test if they follow up on the report. i asked to be left out of it, and they assured me that it would be held in confidence. knowing the State and how they usually run things... the report will never get around to being processed. gave it my best shot.... we'll have to wait and see what happens. i'm sure we'll be hearing about it from her if they do call her in. also.... i had a serious talk with Joe today and told him some of the health risks to the baby when a mother takes drugs/drinks/or smokes pot while being pregnant. he tried to tell me that he threw out her pot the other night and won't be letting her smoke anymore or take pain/sleeping pills. i don't know if i believe him or not. You can bet

that i'll be looking for signs of drug use. this ain't any kid we're talking about here.... this will be my grandchild, and i want him or her to be as healthy as they can be when they come into this world. told Joe it was time to grow up and start thinking about taking responsibility for his child's welfare right now. i'd like to think he listened, but i don't know. he talks to me easier than John.... maybe i got through.... all one can do is hope.

Your very obedient and loving slave kneels and hands You tonight's assignment.

Your collared slave... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 30 Aug 1997 11:25:40 EDT
Subject: Re: as ordered, Sir

Dear Master,

yes Sir, i will give some thought to giving the social workers a follow up call in a week or so. had already thought about it myself, because you can't trust those State workers, can you?

yes Sir, i agree that my list of options does seem to be growing, and could quite possibly expand as time goes on... maybe... maybe not. will take the wait and see approach.

what do John/Erin have to say about the Joe/Shelly fiasco? they're about as thrilled as i am. John has talked to the both of them about her drug use and this pregnancy. Shelly was a little put out that he said something to her, but i don't really give a rip. this is our son's baby she's carrying and i'd like it to be a healthy one, as does John. Erin is just sick over losing Gina, since they've grown to like each other a lot over these last two and a half years. Gina was like family and she will be missed by all of us. Erin doesn't like this Shelly chick at all.... and neither do i. like You didn't know that, correct? it will really take getting used to seeing her face with Joe all the time. Gina would have given him beautiful babies. she's 5' 10"..... legs from her neck down, long dark, slightly wavy hair, pretty face and sexy eyes. sooooo..... who does he knock up? this dumpy little bottle blonde.... 5'2" and very top heavy.... with a face he'll grow to hate.... a codependant personality, and a brain that's already seen too many drugs. don't i sound like one of those bitchy mothers who

think it's their god given right to choose who their sons will bed down with? i hate this about myself, but dammit all to hell.... Gina is the best choice!!!!!! i know that You're laughing at me right now. only mothers with sons would know how i feel about this. we're talking **family** genes here, not tacos.

yes, i'm a little more than upset, and don't really want to be around to see the horror show unfold. i'm glad that You now understand my need for a cabin in the Montana mountains. there are days when it seems it will be the only sane choice i will have made in this lifetime. i get real close to the edge with this family, and i need some space. i need a lot of space... truth be told. two years of being left alone by all of them would be a good place to start. then we could ease into 20 min. visits...once a year for the next 10 yrs., and at that time i would **think** about interacting with them a little more often. think i'm kidding? i'm not.

slave kneels and hands You tonight's work.

Your obedient slave..... trinket

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 30 Aug 1997 16:47:30 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: mail problems, Sir?

Dear Master,

You're a magnet for mail screw-ups. they love to target you. poor Master... poor Master... poor Master... poor Master

just got up awhile ago and it's pouring buckets outside. i love the rain....keeps family and annoying guests away. <smile> can't barbeque in the rain.... oooh gee... and i was so looking forward to it..... maybe another time? <my biggest smiles>

all Your letters got here.... there were 3... correct? maybe there's something to be said for live one-on-one chat? but You didn't here it from me. just a casual observation from a computer challenged neophyte. i have several people that i live chat with on a daily basis and we never have problems with mail.

do You laugh much, Sir, or are You pretty serious? trinket thinks You need a Barry fix. i'm glad i had his visit before this latest chapter

opened up. perhaps i'm making too much of it, and it won't be any worse than the rest of the chapters that have been added to the book. just seems worse now because it's new. i do whine about things more than the average person.

here's hoping that at least Your weekend is going well. thinking about You and You'll be in my rainy night thoughts tonight. do have a good Saturday night.... and **relax**.

Your slave-puppy-pet-trinket ((((((hugs))))))

From: trinket
To: abouteliot@aol.com
Date: Sat, 30 Aug 1997 21:53:49 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: Re: night thoughts, Sir

Dear Master,

having a very (peaceful) Sat. nite with the dogs and this fantastic radio station i happened onto outta Dallas. R&B... with this black DJ who has a killer night voice. he's making slave quite moist. <slave smiles> so many night people... so little time. <sigh>

John went to bed a couple of hours ago..Joe/Shelly/Erin are gone.... so it's me...the radio...and the rain. and know what? i like it that way. i'm a loner from the word go and i get more like that all the time. don't mind talking on here, but don't care to talk in person to anyone lately. always screaming inside my head... just shut the fuck up and leave me alone. good thing they can't hear me.

have been squirling around with dizzy night people on IRC. jesus..joseph..and mary...you have no idea of what some of these people think a Dom is. and the wannabees are a hoot. i listen in some chat rooms as they talk to subs. my dog cliff has more authority than they do. having fun just being my bad self. <giggles> wish Barry was here... we'd have fun tonight. so anyhow... that's the nightly report from the rainy coast of N.H. this late summer evening. thaDJ is tearing me up with that deep **come here** voice. better switch to all news?????

love/hugs/kisses/crawls/grovels/smiles/laughs.... trinket

From: Maryann
To: abouteliot@aol.com

Date: Mon, 1 Sept 1997 11:47:17

Subject: Tammy

We don't know each other, but Tammy made me promise to contact you if anything ever happended to her. Yesterday, Tammy's son Joe came home drunk, got his father's gun, and shot and killed Tammy, John, and then himself. Thank God Erin wasn't at home. She was staying with a girlfriend for the night.

I am very sorry to have to give you this news like this I don't know what else to say.

Sincerely,

Maryann